

# THE RISING TIDE

A Novel Dealing With the Spread  
of Bolshevism and Atheism  
Throughout America

By  
ELIZABETH KNAUSS

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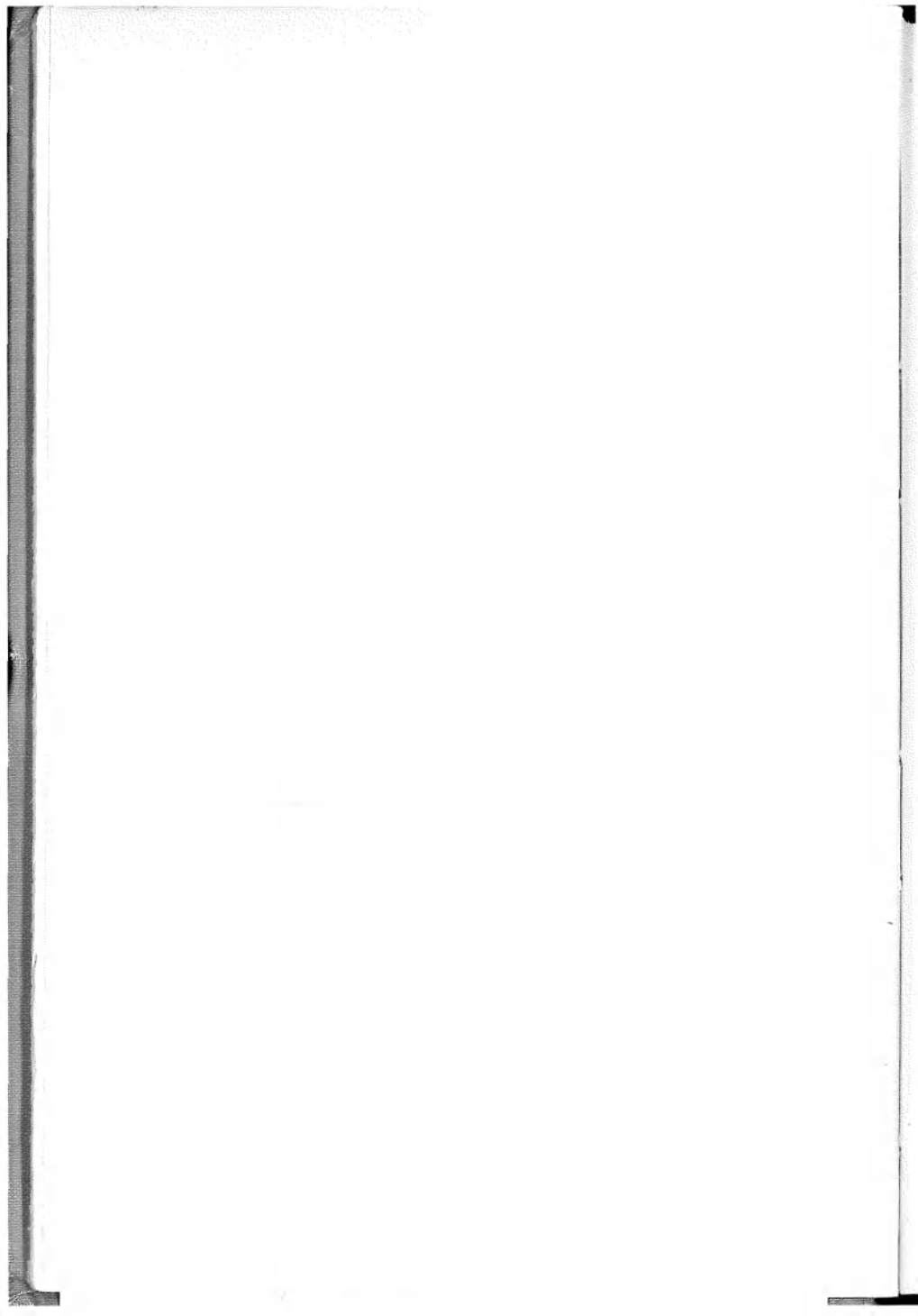
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*In Memory of*  
*My Beloved Mother,*  
*Mrs. Mary Louise Knauss,*  
*This Book,*  
*"THE RISING TIDE,"*  
*Is affectionately dedicated,*  
*By her daughter, the author,*  
*Elizabeth Knauss.*





## PREFACE

BY THE AUTHOR

**G**REAT opportunities do not knock at our doors every day. Very often people miss their outstanding opportunity when it does appear, and perhaps it will never return. About four years ago the author providentially secured some leaflets published in Washington, D. C., by the American Defense Society, dealing with a very important raid which had been made in Michigan by state and county officials. This raid was made on what is known as the "illegal Communist Party of America," with offices and headquarters in Moscow, Russia. Two barrels full of documentary proof were secured, containing the most incriminating evidence against the conspirators, proving that the threefold, openly-avowed purpose of the Communists is the complete destruction of the institutions held most dear by all Americans; namely, the Home, the Church and the Government.

In the opinion of the author, this information which came into her hands, constituted a great opportunity for the sending forth of some startling facts concerning the gravity of present-day conditions along every line, and in connection with almost every walk and avenue of American life. Within the following pages will be found material which should arouse all Americans, and especially Christian parents.

The advocacy of reform measures will not be found in the pages of "The Rising Tide." The author is too well acquainted with the Word of God to allow her to sanction anything along the line of mere human reformation. We are surely living in the perilous times of which Paul so repeatedly warned Christians as bound to come in the

future, and the only hope for men and women today—as ever—is *regeneration* of the individual.

However, the right kind of knowledge is essential for the intelligent Christian who wishes to be correctly informed. People need to be warned and safeguarded against the encroachments of all conceivable forms of evil, and especially against the inroads being made in such an insidious and camouflaged manner that multitudes of men, women and children are being daily swept into the maelstrom without even the faintest consciousness of danger. May God protect and save many of the rising generation. It is therefore the sincere desire of the author that the eyes of all who read this book may be opened, and that Christians in particular may be warned against and prepared for the oncoming tide of Communism. The existence of this powerful, mysterious and secretly-working body is a solemn fact which must be reckoned with in the life of the present day.

It is not an exaggerated statement to assert that unless one has at least a general idea of the nature of Communism, it is impossible to understand many things which are taking place in the world today. Many people, in a vague and troubled way, realize that things are not as they should be, but very few know the actual truth about conditions. It is impossible to get the accurate information about these things through the medium of the public press.

The Youth Movement, the Junior Atheist Association, Modernism in the churches, and kindred evils, can all be traced to the real source—to Communism—granting, of course, that at the root of all evil is *sin*. It is very essential for every intelligent Christian to be correctly informed.

Every statement made throughout the book in connection with the policies of the Communistic Party is well founded and can be proven to be true. The proofs which were secured at the time the raid was made are now

in the Government files at Washington. For several years the author has been in touch, through correspondence, with the Washington Director of the American Defense Society. Of this society, the well-beloved, departed American president, Theodore Roosevelt, was the first Honorary President. This fact immediately insures confidence in the hearts of the people in connection with the work of the society.

"The Rising Tide" has been prepared in the form of Christian romance. Invariably, almost, people like to read a work of fiction, and there are multitudes who seldom take time to read anything else, particularly those who are indifferent to the deeper spiritual truths. It is the desire of the author to reach the unsaved with this book, as well as the saved. Many sincere Christians, it is hoped, will read this book as a means of relaxation, and at the same time will secure the facts contained herein.

Grateful public acknowledgment is hereby made to Mr. Hazael West, the present Director of the American Defense Society, for his willing coöperation, in steady correspondence during the days of preparation of the manuscript. Also, much valuable information was secured from the writings of the late Mr. R. E. Whitney, the man who was chosen to compile the information secured when the raid was made.

This public acknowledgment would be incomplete without a strong word of appreciation concerning the help received from the writings of Rev. W. Lamb, of Australia, especially his timely book "The World in Convulsion, or The Impending Tragedy of Bolshevism." The author is glad to commend this book to the attention of anyone who wishes to study further into this important subject. Gratitude is also hereby expressed to Samuel Saloman for facts gleaned from his timely book "The Red War on the Family."

Aside from the fictional part of the story, the general facts concerning present-day conditions are all true. Some of the characters described are purely fictional; others are associated in the mind of the author with real individuals. For obvious reasons none of these characters are true to life in every detail. But no statement about conditions is exaggerated. The author has in her possession a number of books dealing with conditions as described in "The Rising Tide." What the future holds no one but God knows. The Michigan raid may have checked the spread of Communism temporarily, but their activities go on just the same. They work constantly and secretly, under cover.

It is the desire of the author to express herein a few words of appreciation also for much spiritual inspiration derived from the consecrated Christian lives of two ministers, some of whose experiences are touched upon in this book. These men are Rev. William McCarrell, of Cicero, Illinois, and Rev. Arthur G. Slaght, of Rochester, New York.

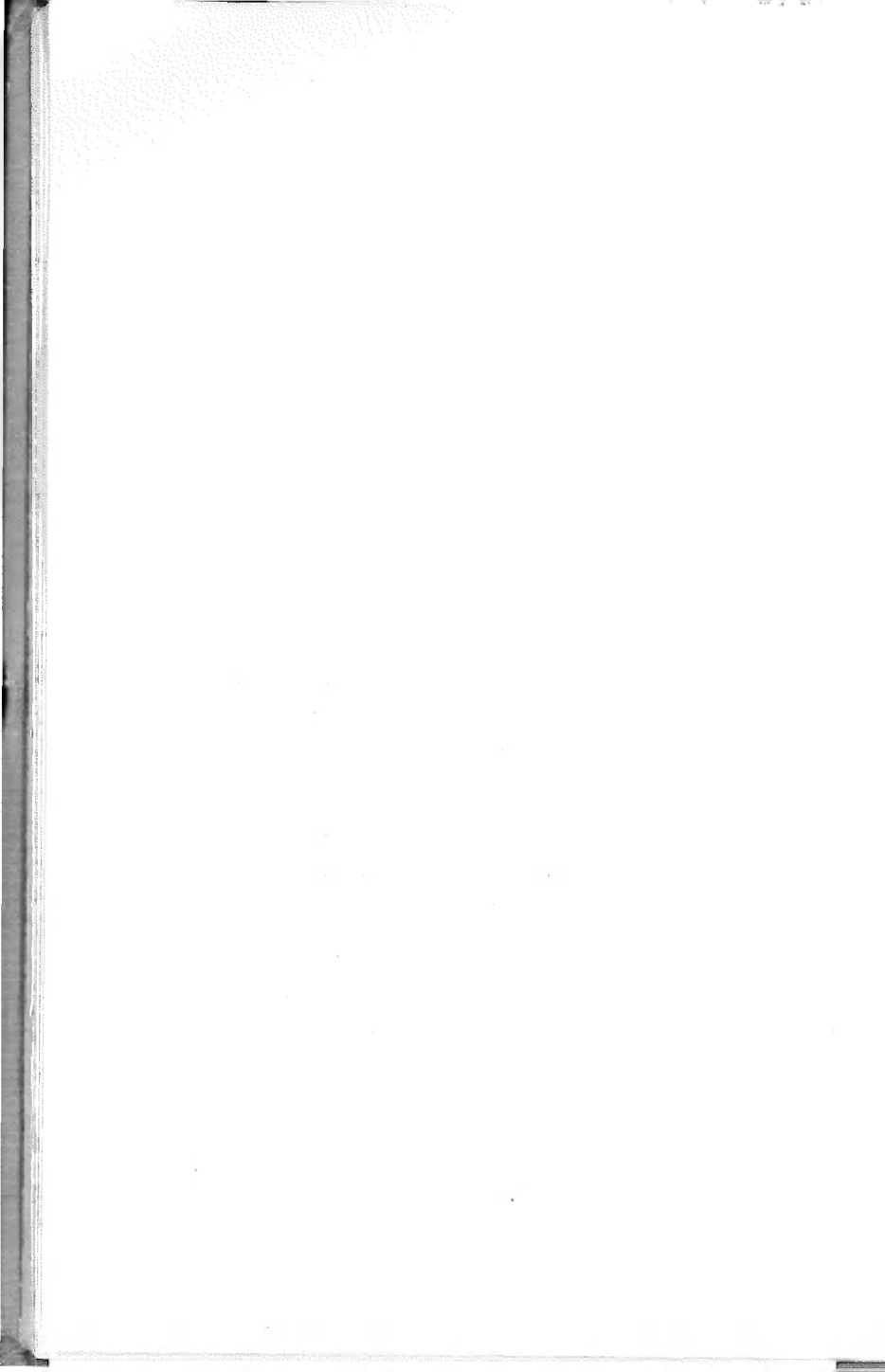
Praying that God's Spirit may rest upon the message of this book, and that multitudes of men and women may have their spiritual eyes opened to the truth about the coming apostasy as it is revealed in the Word of God, the author hereby sends forth "The Rising Tide."

ELIZABETH KNAUSS.

*Davenport, Iowa.*  
*October, 1927.*

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## CHAPTER I

### THE STRANGER

UPON a certain morning in March several belated students were hurrying from the men's dormitories to the classrooms of the Union Bible Institute. Situated as these buildings were, in a restricted section of the city about a mile from the business district of Stockton, they were well removed from the roar and confusion of the heaviest traffic. Much of the spirit of city life, however, penetrated even here. The stream of automobiles, filled with representatives of the city's wealth and easy luxury, was constant and unceasing. Hurried pedestrians, crossing from one side of the boulevard to the other, had need for watchfulness. Youngsters not yet in their teens proved their sophistication to city life by the agility with which they dodged the passing cars. The approach of spring was evident, in spite of the typical March winds which blew up from the river flowing at the foot of the city.

One student in the group was not too hurried to glance a second time at a gentleman who was approaching slowly from the opposite direction. Not only was there something vaguely familiar about the tall, scholarly-looking man, but there was also a nameless distinction which would be sure to appeal to inexperienced youth. The face, tanned and bearded, might have suggested a man of foreign birth; but, as the student hastened to his classes, he had the conviction that the man was an American.

"Perhaps some lecturer who will appear on the Institute platform," was his mental comment, as he noted the man's evident interest in the buildings. The next moment the young man had disappeared into one of the open courts which surrounded the vast pile of magnificent buildings.

Unconscious that he had been the object of mental attention from any of the passing students, the stranger finally paused. He seemed almost astonished at the size and beauty of the modern structures which arose before him, some of them many stories in height. His keen eyes missed nothing. The narrow strips of ground, stretching evenly in front of the buildings, were trim and well-kept and within a few months would be filled with flowers and shrubbery.

Ten years before Dr. Canon Hildreth had been a student in the Institute. They had been ten years filled with many unusual experiences which do not come to the average individual. During these years there had come to the Institute many changes,—this Institute which was best known to hundreds of students the world over as the "U. B. I."

The man allowed his thoughts to travel back to the time when he had gone out from this school to enter upon his chosen life-work. He had known then that months and years must elapse before he would return,—perhaps he would never come back. A vividly mental picture came to him of the way the Institute had appeared in the olden days. Had he not known of the changes which from time to time had been made, it would have been difficult for him to realize that it was the same place. In what a marvelous manner God had prospered the work of the U. B. I! The Institute was indeed a worthy monument to the group of men who years before had been led of God to establish a place where consecrated young men and women might prepare for a life of definite service to Jesus Christ. Uncaring what any curious passer-by might think, Dr. Hildreth stood for a moment with uncovered head. In great thankfulness his heart went out to God.

He recalled the shabby buildings of former years, crowded and inadequate to the increasing needs of the work which had grown so rapidly. The dormitories and



classrooms had always been uncomfortably filled. One large room had been rather doubtfully called "the Auditorium." In spite of inconveniences, however, those had been blessed days and never-to-be-forgotten years. Then came to Dr. Hildreth's eyes a tinge of longing and regret. After all, would these modern buildings ever hold for him the old and happy memories associated during his Institute days with those crowded rooms and stuffy halls? Very dear to him during all these years had been the memories of the past.

During his momentary absorption in the changes which had taken place, there had been driven from his gaze the haunting shadow which, in these days, was scarcely ever absent from his eyes—those deep-set eyes which looked out upon life with disillusionment. As a young man, like many other fellow-students, he had been buoyant, optimistic and almost impatient with those who surveyed life with pessimism. Today, after having faced for ten years the stern realities of an extraordinary career, he knew how to place a correct estimate upon the values of life. The stress of many unusual experiences, some of them almost unbelievable, would utterly have embittered his life had it not been for the grace given him from above. His faith in Divine Providence had never wavered; for, back of all the world's misery, he knew there was the permissive will of God.

Most men, returning to the Institute after an absence of ten years, would have gone directly to the offices in the executive building; but Canon Hildreth was not yet ready to be claimed by members of the faculty. Such would be the inevitable result if he made his first appearance there. To one certain student in the Institute would he go before being ready to meet others.

During the years of his absence he had been in close correspondence with Dr. Clancy, Dean of the Institute, and occasionally with Professor Caverly. As Medical Director of a large mission station in Russia he had been

able to keep the faculty members of the institute fairly well informed in regard to many things of importance which were occurring in that far-off land of the North. But owing to the constant censorship of mails in that country, he had been obliged to write guardedly. The situation had never been free from peril. The possession of a naturally shrewd diplomacy, however, had enabled him to learn much and reveal little. In spite of some narrow escapes, therefore, he had been able to learn at first hand much about the conditions which existed in Soviet Russia under the new order.

Before entering the woman's building, he glanced at his watch. It lacked fifteen minutes until eleven o'clock. The absence of students outside of the buildings made him realize that classes were in session. He could almost visualize these students in their classrooms. These morning hours were so full of opportunities for the hosts of young people who studied here! Had it not been for the thought of the certain rare privilege which lay just ahead of him, he would have slipped into one of the classrooms in the building over which he read the words "Ridley Hall."

As he stepped into the great reception hall of the stone structure which had been erected for the housing of the women teachers and assistants on the faculty, as well as for the girl students, he instantly sensed the luxurious refinement which prevailed. The doors swung noiselessly behind him, and the confusion of the city was left outside. It was a world of its own into which he had entered.

An attractive young woman, seated at the switchboard desk, was instantly all attention as he went forward. She glanced up at him with a pleasant nod of inquiry, in trained silence saying nothing, but waiting for him to speak. Almost unconsciously she realized his importance. Unwilling to reveal his identity, however, Dr. Hildreth smiled down at her rather gravely.

"May I be permitted to wait in this restful place until

the students come from their classes?" he questioned. The rich cadence of his voice did not escape her. Mentally she rendered him instant homage as she granted his request, but outwardly she manifested only the quiet courtesy of a student on duty. There was no undue eagerness to show attention even to a man of distinction and charm. As she glanced at her wrist watch, however, it was only natural that she should wonder rather curiously for whom he wished to wait.

"Classes will be out in ten minutes," she informed him. "You are quite welcome to wait here. If I can be of further service, let me know."

He thanked her and seated himself. As he observantly took in his surroundings, with the same critically comprehending eyes, Hildreth was again struck by the great contrast between the past and the present. The dim spaciousness of this square, open hall had no connection for him with the Institute of the past.

The floors of white marble were rendered noiseless and restful by the deep rugs beneath his feet. In every part of the immense hall were large divans and chairs, deeply cushioned in richest upholstery. The air was fragrant with the scent of the hot-house flowers which stood in their vases on the tables, while a hint of the tropics was suggested in the beautiful palms and tubs of indoor shrubbery. Hildreth noticed the richness of the hangings at the doors and windows and the perfect harmony of the colors. The entire setting of this stately reception hall portrayed the skilled workmanship of several artists. Hildreth found it impossible to realize that he was in the U. B. I.

Over at the left end of the hall was the elevator. The building towered upward for ten stories, therefore such a convenience was a necessity. On the north side of the hall were several doors which suggested smaller rooms for various purposes. Later he discovered that they were study rooms and music parlors.

Another contrast came to Hildreth as he waited. All this was so different from the bare, unfinished rooms at his mission station in Russia. No rugs covered the floors there, while very little furniture occupied the rooms. One large barnlike room stood out very sharply in his memory. It was a room which served many purposes, chief among which was the conducting of a hospital clinic during many hours of the day. Services were held there regularly on the Lord's Day. As this contrast forced itself upon him, Hildreth finally shook it off. He was back home again in his beloved America, back again in the school of his youth, and he must not allow himself to make such comparisons. God had been marvelously good to him in allowing him to return and in preserving his life all through the years.

The first bell had already sounded. While he waited the ringing of the second bell which should release the students, Hildreth's mind went back over the political changes which had taken place the world over, since he had taken his departure from America. He had arrived in New York a few days previous, and had come directly to Stockton. Already he was beginning to find out that the vast majority of Americans knew very little about world conditions, nor did they see them in their true light. On every hand there existed a false optimism which fairly startled him. Because of the knowledge of facts which he had at his command, this false optimism, he knew, constituted one of the gravest dangers. Occasionally he met an individual, more serious and farsighted than others, who seemed troubled over existing conditions, realizing that things were radically wrong. But to the vast majority of American people he felt that the force of the truth had not yet been brought home. America, his own fair land, was in danger, and Americans realized it not.

He knew how ominous and serious were the conditions prevailing in Europe—how great was the peril which

people of every nation had to face. Perhaps America was not in the same immediate danger, but the utter indifference and unpreparedness of the people here in his own land appalled him. Tremendous events were taking place in every European country, while the shadow of a real and imminent danger hung like a pall over the lives of earth's millions,—the millions who were perishing without any knowledge of a saving Christ.

The incredible thing to Canon Hildreth was that even professedly saved people were actually assisting in sending forth propaganda and teaching false theories to the effect that conditions were improving! This curious inability of people to grasp the true situation he likened to a woman sleeping peacefully in her home, while a band of desperadoes surrounded her house. Just as such a woman quietly asleep would be totally unaware of her danger, and consequently unprepared, so were Americans today totally in ignorance and unprepared for the coming of the dangerous and relentless system which in Russia and elsewhere throughout the world was known as Communism.

Somewhere in the near distance the bell sounded again. Dr. Hildreth's meditations were abruptly terminated. Almost immediately afterward a hum of subdued voices reached his ears. To the left of the elevator a door led out into a wide corridor. This door was open now, and evidently led to the passageway between the classrooms and the woman's building. Groups of young women, a perfect stream of them, commenced to emerge into the hall. Some of them immediately went toward the elevator, others lingered for a friendly chat, while a number of them made their way to the smaller study rooms. A few of them seated themselves as though expecting possible arrivals from the outside. Even at that moment several young men entered the swinging doors. Many of the women looked frankly and interestedly at the stranger seated on the divan.

Hildreth now was keenly alert. Although the crowd had thinned down considerably, there were students still coming in. He began to wonder if he might possibly miss the very one for whom he waited.

A door over in the far corner suddenly opened, and a woman came out from a side office. With an unmistakable air of authority she walked over to the switch-board desk. Referring to some papers which she held in her hand, she commenced to give some instructions to the young woman on duty.

She evidently had not noticed the presence of Canon Hildreth. At sight of her, however, the man gripped the arm of his chair. He recognized her at once as Barbara Clancy, daughter of the Dean. There arose within him a great longing to speak with her, but she was not the one whose appearance he awaited. He knew that Miss Clancy now occupied the position of Assistant Superintendent in the women's department of the Institute. The sight of her had filled him with many old memories. If she saw him, would she recognize him immediately?

Finally a subdued laugh fell on Hildreth's listening ears. His eyes suddenly alight, he turned toward the door. Holding in check a strong desire to arise, he saw three young women, arm in arm, making their way toward one of the music-rooms. Would she see him, that lovely, charming girl in the center; and if she did, would she know him at once?

As they came slowly toward him, Hildreth observed how the object of his attention held the interest of the other two girls. She was slightly taller than either of her companions, radiating a charm of manner that was very appealing. Undeniably she was beautiful, with a rare natural loveliness. As Canon Hildreth watched her, a mist came into his eyes and he swallowed hard.

Some one from the group outside the music-rooms hailed the girl. She was now only a few steps from where Dr. Hildreth was seated.

"Will you use the organ in the chapel-room during the next period, Eleanor?" The girl student who had hailed her asked the question, but it was never answered, for the girl's glance had suddenly fallen upon Dr. Hildreth.

For just a moment she stood rooted to the floor. Then her face paled and flushed instantly, as she broke away from the others and took a step forward. As she hesitated, there was a quick intake of her breath. Could she believe the evidence of her eyes? Was this man the one for whom she had waited and longed so many times during the past years? Could this be her own brother, Canon Hildreth? As the man arose and stretched forth his arms, Eleanor Hildreth knew that for her a long-looked-for moment had arrived.

"Canon, my brother. . . . oh, Canon!" It was all the girl could say, as Dr. Hildreth took her into his arms. The next moment, in spite of a very brave effort, she had broken down completely.

Realizing that something out of the ordinary had occurred, Barbara Clancy looked up. Other students were watching the scene with much interest. Many of them realized that this must be Eleanor's brother who had so signally distinguished himself in his work in Russia. His coming to the Institute had been a subject under discussion for weeks previous.

Miss Clancy recognized him at once and went forward. Whatever might be the glad rejoicing in her own heart, she put it aside. It would simply be her great privilege to extend to this returned missionary a royal welcome. With all her heart she appreciated the reunion of brother and sister.

A few minutes later Dr. Hildreth turned to the Dean's daughter. Having recovered her self-possession, Eleanor was smiling now through her tears. In a simple, cordial manner which was characteristic of the woman, Barbara Clancy welcomed home the traveler.

Then she turned to Eleanor. Smiling down into the radiant face of the young girl the older woman said, "Of course you will be excused from your study period during this next hour. There are times when study would be impossible." Then looking to Hildreth she asked,

"Have you seen Stephen? As he is very busy and always in demand, I presume you have not. Does father know you are here?"

To both of these questions he shook his head, and she continued:

"I think I understand. . . . you came first to Eleanor. I do not in the least wonder at that. She well deserves such consideration." With a smile she pressed the girl's hand affectionately. There were very few people in the Institute, either among the student body or faculty members, who did not know and love the girl. Eleanor Hildreth had always been a favorite of Miss Clancy's.

Experiencing for the first time in years this supreme joy of home-coming, Canon Hildreth's heart was full. He had never forgotten how inconsolable his sister had been when he had left for far-off Russia. Then only a child of nine she had cried for him to remain, not realizing, as later she did, the imperative urge within him to go out and do his share in the work of world evangelization. During the years, she had written him weekly letters, always cheering and comforting him with the assurance of her prayers and her interest in his work. Canon Hildreth could never forget those years during which she had been so faithful and true. These things were sacred to him. It was this faithful sister who had been one of the strong ties in the homeland, beckoning to him to return when the time of his furlough came, but acting always as a guiding star, blessing him richly in his hard life in Russia. Hers had been the right to see him first, before the claims of others might present themselves.

Miss Clancy finally offered to take them to one of the smaller reception parlors. As she led them to the room



farthest removed, Hildreth requested that as soon as his brother Stephen could be located he might be sent to him. She nodded, as she threw open the door of the room. A little framed card on the outside bore the inscription "Empty." Turning the card around on the other side were the words "No Admittance."

"This will insure you against interruptions," she said. "I am going to leave you for the present, as I have an appointment at eleven-thirty." She was on the point of leaving the room; then she turned toward them again.

"You will have dinner with us at our table, Dr. Hildreth?"

Her tones contained a question, and he consented.

"Father will be anxious to talk with you about conditions," she added. "We will arrange to have Eleanor and Stephen join us at the faculty tables." Then as she quietly closed the door, brother and sister were left alone together.

There were so many things about which they wanted to talk. In spite of the joy of his home-coming, Eleanor sensed the fact that a heavy burden rested upon the heart of her brother. She had always been so devoted and loyal to him,—now that she caught something of the spirit of sadness that seemed to possess him, in spite of his effort to keep it in the background, her first desire was to share the burden with him, whatever it might be. She had always been justly proud of his life-work, of his chosen career. A conviction was slowly taking shape within her, while upon her lips hung a question she dreaded to ask. Was this vague spirit of sadness caused by a certain family affair over which neither of them had any control?

After the first few minutes of silence she turned to him; and, as she spoke, her voice was tremulous.

"I did not intend to give way before all those students, Canon, but just at the moment I was so unprepared for your coming. It seems like a dream even yet, that you should be here. But you cannot know how much it means

to me. These ten years have been so long, but through all the months and weeks I have been so proud of your work, Canon, and glad that God has given me such a brother. It is the ambition of my life that I may do something worth while. I always want you to be proud of me, Canon. . . . . I do not want to be like—Harriet. Perhaps I should not speak of her today, but I have wondered so often where she is."

The mention of the name of Harriet brought to both of them the vivid realization of their family tragedy. Sooner or later the discussion of this unpleasant subject would be inevitable. This nightmare, however, must not spoil the first joy of their reunion. . . . . they must put from them anything that would tend to mar their present happiness.

"Let us leave the discussion of Harriet until later," he suggested gently. "I have often wondered why such things must come to tarnish the joy of our lives. There is, however, some Divine purpose back of everything which is allowed to come into our experience. We will talk of this matter another time. I will only say now that I fear there is no hope of ever reaching her. She seems gone even beyond the possibility of our prayers."

Eleanor changed the subject, and while waiting for Stephen they discussed other things. As he did not come at once, they concluded that he was not in the buildings.

Sitting here with this splendid girl, his own sister, Hildreth was keenly aware of the changes made in her through the past years while he had been laboring in far-away fields. Over ten years had elapsed since he had bidden her farewell. After he had completed his course in the medical school, he had entered the U. B. I. to further fit himself for service. He had been the first of the Hildreths to take this step. Before leaving for Russia, he had expressed to his aunt a deep desire that both Stephen and Eleanor might one day enter the Institute after they had completed a high-school course. It was

in the home of this aunt that his brother and sister had been reared, the family home having been sold upon the death of their parents.

From the sale of this home an income had been provided which their aunt had invested wisely, and which had been sufficient to cover the expenses incident upon the training of the Hildreth children. But no sum of money, however large, could have purchased for them the love and care which they received from their aunt. Owing to this Christian woman's interest in his brother and sister, Hildreth had been able to go to his work in Russia, untroubled over the welfare of the children. The news of the recent death of his aunt had come to him the year previous, and with it a sense of great loss. Her money had been left unconditionally to Eleanor and Stephen.

In Eleanor's mind there had never been any question as to whether she should enter the Institute. The very fact that Canon desired it had been sufficient for her. With a heart and life utterly surrendered to Jesus Christ, she had been glad to give herself in consecration to His service and to preparation for it.

Stephen, on the other hand, had at first shown no willingness to enter training for Christian service. Possessing a distinctly musical gift, there had come to him the temptation to prepare for teaching music, both vocal and instrumental. His plans were suddenly changed, however, and the prayer of Canon Hildreth's heart was answered in a definite way. During a series of evangelistic services, held under the leadership of one who proved to be true to his trust, Stephen Hildreth received a Divine call to Christian service. Deciding that God wanted him to take a course which would fit him for leadership in evangelistic singing, he had entered the Institute six months before Eleanor. He would graduate in the spring.

The city factory whistles suddenly shrieked the hour of noon, and still Stephen had not made his appearance. Dinner, the principal meal of the day at the Institute, was

served at twelve-thirty. The conversation had turned to the subject of the work in Russia, and Eleanor had been plying him with intelligent questions. He endeavored to dwell, just for the moment only, upon the brighter side of his Russian experiences. It was coming home to him forcibly each moment that the child had developed into a charming, intelligent young woman. He began to realize that it would be to his sister that he could turn most readily for a sympathetic understanding of the perplexing problems that had so sorely vexed him in the past. To her he could freely open his heart and tell about the conditions which existed in Europe, and as they might exist one day in America if the people did not awaken.

He could not fail to notice her suppressed eagerness as he mentioned different phases of the work in Russia, even though he guarded himself carefully as he talked. For years it had been customary with him to weigh his words. From sheer force of habit he steered clear of the darkest side of the picture. Gradually he would open up and tell her of the real darkness and the appalling dangers which threatened, as never before, all the peoples of the earth. Even as he talked, Eleanor realized that much was being withheld. She sensed something of the great spiritual struggles existing everywhere throughout the world.

"The work in Russia is handicapped in many districts by the rules of the new regime," he admitted, in answer to a question. "There have been times when only through miraculous intervention have I been able to avoid serious dangers. But I have learned to trust solely in His protecting care and His matchless grace, Eleanor. This is the thing which counts, not only in the homeland, but in the far corners of the earth. It is the same wonderful God who is everywhere, the One whom we can know only through a knowledge of His Son, Jesus Christ. To see souls come out from appalling darkness and misery, out from rank heathenism or pagan superstition, is the crowning reward of our work here on earth. The real foretaste

of heaven is the bringing of despairing souls to the light of the Gospel."

Eleanor leaned forward, her lovely face serious, as into the dark eyes there came a question. The man noticed how keenly interested she was.

"Canon," she said slowly, "I want your opinion upon a subject about which many people differ. There is much discussion among the students and even among some of the faculty members. There are those who believe that through unceasing prayer there will come to all of the nations of the earth a great spiritual revival. God alone knows how much such a revival is needed. I wish it were true, but *is* it true? There are those who think at times that I am very pessimistic, but I cannot help my convictions. I do not see things the way so many people do. I reach my own conclusions rather than to simply swallow the opinions of others. But I believe you must know what is true, Canon. You have studied conditions with a world-wide perspective.

"Does it seem to you possible that there will come a general improvement of the troublous conditions which exist everywhere? According to prophecy, have we a right to expect world betterment? We hear so much glib talk about optimism that some times I wonder if I am hopelessly pessimistic. Or am I right, Canon? Do you share these convictions with me that conditions are growing worse instead of better? I have not studied the subject as closely as you have; but, from facts which I have gathered here and there, and after reading much, and hearing speakers from different parts of Europe tell of conditions existing everywhere, I wonder if Americans are being correctly informed. The newspaper reports differ so much from those which are presented to us here at the school. On every hand we see the results of unbelief and Socialism,—utter indifference or antagonism to the Gospel message. Do we fully realize the spiritual crisis which exists, Canon? Perhaps I am wrong to allow

these things to bother me, but I feel we should know the truth."

As Hildreth listened he marveled. His own sister, sheltered in every way from all care and responsibility, had correctly reached an estimate of the prevailing conditions, and had grasped the truth more accurately than many statesmen did. She was not one who would be satisfied with merely a surface veneer of false statements which the majority swallowed as bona-fide facts. Truly, God had "hidden these things from the wise and the prudent and revealed them unto babes."

It was at this moment that the gong sounded through the hall announcing dinner. As they arose to go, Hildreth answered her question.

"You are right in your convictions, Eleanor," he said. He stood for a moment looking down into the upturned face, and with a caressing touch he fingered her dark hair. "It is because I want to avoid all unpleasantness during our first day together that I have been steering clear of any reference to the more serious and alarming conditions which exist universally. But because of the fact that you have asked these questions almost immediately after my arrival, I know your heart is burdened much the same as mine is, and that you want the truth. We shall come to a mutual understanding on many topics of interest. In regard to your question concerning a revival, in some places a spirit of true revival is being manifested, for which we sincerely thank God. Usually, however, the groups are small when a revival does come, and it comes only in answer to unceasing prayer, as you have suggested. But this is not a world-wide revival such as many are predicting will come. While I praise God for every evidence He gives of spiritual power and awakening, yet I am afraid it is a false hope to expect anything universal along this line. Just what will take place is beyond our ability to judge. We know that God often works mysteriously and unexpectedly, but there

never was a time when Satan was more active than he is at the present hour."

"How few recognize him as the 'god of this world,'" the girl replied, and he nodded.

"His power is felt intensely in the heathen countries," Hildreth went on. "We must face the fact that there is no salvation of the multitudes today,—the individuals are coming one by one. My personal conviction, fostered by years spent in the midst of unspeakable conditions, is that the end is very near,—much nearer than people think. The thing that causes me much heaviness of heart is that such terrible spiritual blindness exists everywhere. So few people are coming to the light. Even among professing Christians so few there are whose lamps are trimmed and burning—just a group of believers here and there who know anything about Christ's coming. You have well called it the spiritual crisis, Eleanor,—the ignorance on the part of multitudes is depressing and appalling."

The girl's eyes shone suddenly with a little glow of hope. A mysterious radiance seemed to envelop her, as she smiled.

"His Coming!" she replied, almost under her breath, and her voice was hushed now. "It is indeed His coming again which is our precious living hope. How glad I am that I know this 'blessed truth, Canon.'"

They left the quiet room and went out; and as they did so, they almost collided with a hurried young man who was on the verge of entering. In one hand he carried a violin case. Evidently he was very much excited. The next moment two men had embraced each other in all the strength of their manhood. The young man was Stephen Hildreth.

Eleanor stood back, sharing in their joy. Between the brothers there was not the slightest physical resemblance. It was Eleanor who strikingly resembled Dr. Hildreth. That had been the reason why the belated student earlier

in the morning had found something so hauntingly familiar about the appearance of Dr. Hildreth.

Stephen's blond hair, inclined to curl, had come from his mother's side of the house. Standing here this morning, rejoicing in Canon Hildreth's return, he presented a fine looking specimen of athletic, vigorous young manhood. Because of his personality and appearance he was well fitted for the leadership which he enjoyed in the Institute in connection with the clean sports in which the students indulged during their recreational periods. Favored in many ways, he was well liked by both faculty members and students. Very soon he would be ready to go out into the world and enter the lists in fighting the forces of evil which were so abundant.

Stephen had just returned from what the Institute termed an "assignment." Throughout their three years of training at the School, each student had various opportunities for doing all kinds of Christian work, in hospitals, jails, shops, mission halls, in churches and on the streets. During the entire course, therefore, the students ran the gamut of practically all the experiences of city life in connection with evangelization work. The training was invaluable, an advance step in Christian service which many seminaries did not include in their curriculum.

For just a few minutes longer they stood exchanging their greetings. Most of the students had already taken their way to the dining room. As they were about to leave the corridor and follow the others, they saw Barbara Clancy coming toward them, accompanied by a tall, keen-eyed man of scholarly appearance. The shaggy head of hair had turned an iron gray. Only the slightest stoop, however, was noticeable in the broad shoulders which during the past years had so capably and efficiently carried many responsibilities. Dean Clancy was coming to welcome home the returned missionary.

The grip which the two men exchanged expressed better than words the undying friendship existing between



them. During former years, Dr. Clancy had welcomed back to these hospitable walls many other students who had gone forth and then returned after seasons spent in the thick of life's battle against the evil forces. But none of them ever received a warmer greeting than this man whom he was now welcoming back from foreign shores. Dr. Canon Hildreth was a man of whom he was justly proud.

No higher reward could have come to the faculty of the Institute than to have men and women go into the outside world and make records not only for themselves but for the great institution which they represented. When a man went forth and made for himself a name in the religious world, such as Dr. Hildreth had made, it was indeed a credit to the institutions from which he had been graduated. A lifetime invested in such service as Dr. Clancy rendered was time well spent if the Institute could produce such results.

During the past ten years, the faculty members had watched with increasing interest the work which Dr. Hildreth had accomplished in Russia as Medical Director of one of the largest stations in that country. In spite of almost insurmountable obstacles Hildreth had won out where many others had failed. In the Dean's heart, as they went to dinner, was a pride and gratitude that was indeed justifiable.

## CHAPTER II

### AT THE DEAN'S TABLE

THE dining-room of the Institute occupied the entire space underneath two of the largest buildings, the men's quarters and the executive building. Through the center of the room ran the sliding doors which on special occasions could partition two separate dining-rooms. Usually, however, both men and women students enjoyed their meals together in friendly companionship. At the north end of the long room were the tables reserved for the faculty members.

In the evening many of the professors and teachers were absent, going to their several homes, but during the noon hour this room was an especially interesting place. The atmosphere of cheerful home-life tended toward the enjoyment of much Christian fellowship, the spotless linen and bowls of flowers on each table, all making their appeal to those who appreciated the finer comforts of life.

As the Dean entered, accompanied by his group, they found the students already assembled in an attitude of expectancy. The supervisor of the dining-room had made the announcement that dinner would be delayed for a few minutes owing to the fact that Dr. Canon Hildreth, of Russia, had just arrived, and would dine with them that day. Interest had been running high, and there had been much comment. Through the articles appearing from time to time in the "Institute Bulletin," many of the students had been keeping in touch with the work which Dr. Hildreth had been doing in Russia. Frequent announcements of his work had also been posted upon the boards in "Fellowship Hall."

Dr. Hildreth caught the subdued hum of conversation which sounded like the buzzing of many bees, then sud-

denly ceased. For when the students realized that this man was actually in their midst, they arose to their feet and gave him the Chautauqua salute. Owing to the interest which surrounded the work which had been done by Dr. Hildreth, there was an added enthusiasm in their welcome.

Touched to the heart and fully appreciative of this unexpected tribute from students whom he had never seen, Dr. Hildreth raised his hand. The silence which fell was so deep and instant that the ticking of the large clock at the end of the room could be distinctly heard.

"This recognition and welcome means a great deal to me, students of the U. B. I.," he said, and his voice broke. "Until some of you have gone forth from this school and for years, perhaps, are cut off from real fellowship, you can never fully realize what a privilege this home-coming is to me. I hope during the coming months that I shall get to know many, if not all of you, personally. My wish for every student of this great school is that God's richest blessings may rest upon your lives. I realize that during my stay here in America I shall feel nothing more profoundly than this silent welcome, for I know it has come from the depths of many sincere hearts."

By the simplicity of his response to their welcome he won his way into all hearts. Hildreth was a truly great man who really belonged to them, and he was a very vital part of the family life of the Institute. The spiritual tie which cements together men and women of every race and nationality in Jesus Christ was very strong in the Union Bible Institute. Dr. Hildreth was one of the Institute family, returning after a prolonged absence. With some guests who visited the Institute there existed barriers—not so in the case of Dr. Hildreth who had gone forth from *their* school to a rich life of service for the Master.

One of the white-aproned young women on duty ushered them at once to the Dean's table. After Dr. Clancy had called upon his guest for prayer, the conversation began

again. Capable assistants went quietly about their work of serving. Much of the domestic work of the Institute was taken care of by the students themselves, many of them in this way earning their way through the school.

Hildreth studied with keen interest the other members of the faculty to whom, after dinner, he would be introduced. Aside from Professor Caverly most of the faces were new to him. The Dean mentioned their names to his guest, as he pointed them out, seated at the various faculty tables.

Through the medium of the "Institute Bulletin," a monthly paper edited by the school, Hildreth had kept himself posted in regard to the work which these men and women had been doing through the years. There had been many changes in the staff since he had been a student here. Hildreth's interest was quickened when the Dean pointed out to him Professor Caverly's daughter Ruth, who sat at the table opposite. Owing to the fact that there had only been room for two extra places at the Dean's table, Stephen had been placed beside Ruth Caverly. Hildreth remembered Ruth. When he had been a student at the school, she had been an attractive youngster of eight years. She was still attractive, but a child no longer. It was evident that Stephen was much interested. Professor Caverly, with whom he had already shaken hands, was now one of the leading executives in the school, having full charge of the Music Department, and able in many ways to relieve the Dean of much detail work.

At the same table with the Caverlys was Mrs. Ina Grantham, Superintendent of Women, and Dr. Elrod Turner, Superintendent of Men. A table on their right was occupied by about a dozen other men and women who held various positions in the Institute.

It was to Eleanor Hildreth one of the truly great moments of her life. The joy of having her brother back again could be surpassed by no other event on earth.

Hildreth noticed the deference paid to her by the Dean, as he included her in all the conversation. He was also aware of the girl's quick mentality, and her interest in every subject touched upon.

In spite of Hildreth's determination to spend the first hours of his home-coming in discussing only the brighter side of his Russian experiences, it proved rather difficult for him to keep within certain bounds, for it was evident that about Russia centered much thought and interest. Naturally the questions regarding his work came freely. As soon as dinner was over, Dr. Clancy accomplished the introduction of his guest to other members of the Faculty. He then suggested that for a brief period they draw their chairs into a circle for a season of good Christian fellowship.

While answering their questions, which proved their interest and their desire for accurate information, Hildreth was not slow to grasp the opportunity to draw out those who were listening to him. He was rapidly forming his conclusions in regard to their attitude concerning many problems which were up for current discussion.

He told of the spiritual work which had been accomplished in his effort to spread the good news of the Gospel. They were particularly interested in his account of the Russian children, as he pictured vividly the pathetic interest of many of them in the glad story of salvation. Some of them had trudged for many weary miles, willing to sit upon hard benches without backs for the privilege of hearing the story of Jesus. They had enjoyed the picture lesson-rolls which had been sent over to his station by a group of American Christians—pictures always making an appeal to their imaginative minds.

They failed to notice, however, that he spoke largely in terms of a past experience. Each year it grew more difficult to reach the children, because of the corruption being forced into their lives by the leaders of the new regime. It was not his purpose now to bring out the

terrible changes which had come to Russia, changes which were becoming more evident every day, and which was making it exceedingly difficult for the missionaries to gain access to Russian children. He admitted that in some parts of Russia conditions were worse than in other sections. Later he would come out fully and describe the terrible conditions existing everywhere.

"Some of the brainiest people in the world have lived in Russia," he explained, as some one in the group remarked upon the intelligence of the Russian people. "It has always been interesting to notice how the children have responded to the effort made by the missionaries to bring into their lives the principles of the Gospel. Were it not for the new order, it would be possible to see the spirit of evangelization spread rapidly. We have always faced our biggest problem when we have been brought into contact with the parents of the children. One reason why I have, perhaps, enjoyed a larger measure of success than many missionaries do, is because of the fact that I have had it within my power to alleviate suffering by the medical attention which I have been able to give. Medical men are scarce in Russia, and disease of all kinds is prevalent. Over in those lands we have to reckon with the superstition of the multitudes, superstition which for centuries has been fostered and fed by the preaching of the priests of the Russian church. Paganism and idolatry are rampant. Our greatest weapon is prayer.

"We pray constantly for those whose lives have been touched by the power of the Gospel, that their endurance be not too severely tested. We cannot expect too much from children who are brought up in homes where famine and misery and ignorance prevail. Our most profitable and permanent work is accomplished when we take young people into our mission stations and train them for future service among their own people. They make the most effective missionaries, for they know the language and the customs. There are a number of families which have be-

come entirely Christian, and where the name of Jesus Christ is loved and honored. But compared to those millions who still sit in darkness, the Christians are pitifully small in numbers."

To Barbara Clancy it was evident that Dr. Hildreth was purposely avoiding mention of certain phases of the Russian situation. There was much more he might tell. The articles written frequently by Dr. Hildreth for publication had been followed most eagerly by Miss Clancy. Even when he had been a student in the Institute, she had been held by the opinions and the conclusions drawn by this man. Afterward she had followed his work with increasing interest. His insight into conditions had always been keen and accurate. As she heard him now, and looked into the face which showed evidence of the storm and stress of many hard years of experience in a strenuous northern climate, she realized what unusual opportunities must have come to him. He was reserving many things now which he might tell, possibly for a purpose. But she could not resist one question.

"What are the actual conditions, Dr. Hildreth, prevailing under the present rule, and which are the correct reports we hear about Russia in these days? They seem to be so many and so conflicting. Russia indeed seems to be a very storm center for discussion. On one hand we find a class of folks who tell us that conditions are still very serious, and growing worse. But from another class of people we hear far different reports, to the effect that under the new regime Russia is making rapid advancement, and that today in every respect her condition is better than at any other period of her national history. It seems to me that you have been in a splendid position to judge the situation correctly."

Only for a moment did Dr. Hildreth hesitate before giving his reply. Although desiring for the present to keep away from such questions as this one, yet he could not refuse to answer Miss Clancy.

"Before I leave America and return to Russia, it is my intention to give out all the facts I have at my command, touching upon the present condition of Russia," he replied. "I can understand the deep desire which thoughtful people everywhere have to know the truth, and my coming to America at this time is supremely for the purpose of giving out correct information. The reports which we hear today from many quarters which accredit Russia with a better condition of affairs than ever before in her history are absolutely false and misleading. Not only in Russia, but in other countries the world over, conditions are by no means improving, but growing worse. I wish I might come to you with a different statement, Miss Clancy, one more hopeful and optimistic regarding the present outlook, but were I to do so I would not be able to bring you the truth. If I understand the rank and file of American people correctly, they are not yet aroused to the seriousness of the situation. They are being lulled to sleep by a false optimism."

The note of sternness which had crept into his voice did not escape the attention of a single individual in the group gathered about the tables. Barbara Clancy was not the only one present who felt the solemnity of the moment. In Dr. Hildreth's attitude there was a suggestion of the command and authority which had become habitual with him, as often under strange circumstances he had handled many difficult situations. Again there was noticeable that intangible spirit of concern and sadness which had so forcibly impressed Eleanor a short while before. Very tactfully the Dean's daughter turned the conversation into another channel.

Into the early life of Barbara Clancy there had come a chastening experience. After finishing a Bible-Music course at the Institute, she had attended an eastern college which had drifted into modernistic teaching, in spite of a reputation for sound orthodoxy. Had the institution been more openly radical in its tendencies, it would have



been less fraught with danger. But because of the subtle nature of its false teaching along many lines, hundreds of unsuspecting parents sent their sons and daughters to the school, only to have them return at the end of four years with their faith shattered and destroyed.

The Institution was coeducational. Here Miss Clancy had met Delmar Mansfield, a man to whom she had become engaged soon after the end of her first school year. Barbara Clancy recognized this as the one serious mistake of her life; for, after her engagement, she had discovered that Mansfield was a staunch advocate of Communism, steeped in infidelity and atheism. There had been a sham profession of Christianity which at first deceived her. Of Communism she had known little, excepting the fact that the group of students in the school who embraced it always held their meetings in secret and seemed to exert a wrong influence upon other students. Gradually she realized the fact that they were the refractory students, and instinctively she shunned those who favored this foreign system.

The day came when Miss Clancy faced the issue squarely, realizing that she must give up this man. A contempt for his deceitfulness had come into her heart. He was so terribly different from what she had supposed him to be. Her Christian training and staunch womanly character helped to tide her over the period of hurt pride and indignation which followed her final interview with Mansfield. She did not like to recall the stormy scene which had followed, but the grace of God had sustained her in the trying hour. The modernistic teaching in the school had not been able to touch Barbara, for her faith in God had been too well founded. In after years she had often been thankful that she had thus been brought face to face with Modernism. Returning to the Institute at the request of the board members, after her graduation, she had accepted the position offered to her as Assistant Superintendent of the Women's Department. Her

experience with the subtle modernistic teaching of the school had been of service to her, as she had been able to direct many young women into the wise choice of colleges that were sound. The bitter experience of former years, therefore, had been the means under God of ennobling her life, filling it with rich service. She could enter fully into the heart problems which every normal girl has to face. During the years her assistance had been invaluable to Mrs. Grantham, whose responsibility as Superintendent was so great. By a very necessary quality of reserved dignity Mrs. Grantham kept the discipline of the women's department up to an irreproachable standard. Many of the girls stood in awe of her, for even in such a Christian institution there was much need for discipline. Having been accustomed to more or less liberty in many of the homes from which these students had come, there was need for a restraining hand over those who were naturally care-free or impulsive in temperament. So it was to Miss Clancy that the girls brought their little perplexities and heart problems. Always affectionate and dominated by a Christian kindliness, she proved to be a sincere friend and confidante to all the girl students.

Like a panorama the events of those early years came before Barbara's mental vision as they sat about the table and touched upon the subject of Communism. A few of the group had been excused, for some of the faculty members had early afternoon appointments. Hildreth noticed that among the younger generation there seemed to be no sensing of the seriousness of the Russian situation. Finally the Dean pulled from his inner coat pocket a notebook. After consulting it he turned to their guest.

"If agreeable to you, Dr. Hildreth, we will book you for the ten o'clock hour on Friday. It will be very fitting that you should have this particular period, for Friday happens to be the first of the month. As you remember, we always call the students together on this

first day and spend the hour from nine to ten in prayer and consecration. We are not sufficiently aroused to the seriousness of the conditions existing in Europe. Our students need authentic information. I know of no more opportune time for your home-coming address than this particular day when our entire student body and members of the faculty assemble together. It is always a great occasion, but you will make it memorable by your address. Can you arrange it, Hildreth?"

It was for this purpose he had returned to them, therefore he gave a ready consent. The Dean scribbled a few words on a piece of paper and handed it to Professor Caverly. Hildreth should be well announced.

Excepting for the students who were studying music, there were no classes in the afternoons. A number of the men and women earned their way through the Institute by doing special service about the buildings. The dining-room was almost deserted now, except for the silent girls who went here and there among the tables, preparing them for the evening meal. Dr. Clancy turned to Hildreth.

"Come to my office for a short conference," he suggested. "I want to discuss some things of importance with you. At three o'clock I have an appointment which it will be impossible for me to break. I'm sure you would enjoy a drive about the city, Dr. Hildreth, after your long absence. Stephen may take you in my car. There have been many changes here in Stockton. Perhaps Miss Hildreth would enjoy going with you."

Eleanor had left the room a few minutes previously with Miss Clancy. When Hildreth accepted the Dean's gracious offer, a messenger was promptly sent to inform Miss Hildreth that she was included in the invitation. A message was dispatched to Stephen to have the car ready at three.

The boy had gone to his room, mounting two steps at a time. He was young and full of life, therefore a natural pride and elation over the events of the day was excus-

able. The messenger had just brought him the word about the Dean's car—and this, in addition to the exceptional honor he had enjoyed in dining at the faculty tables at noon, seated beside Ruth Caverly. On other occasions he had driven the Dean's car, but that was somewhat different from the present opportunity. He would act as host upon this gala day of his brother's return, with the rare privilege of driving the new Rolls-Royce car, which the Dean had only used a short time. Upon the impulse of the moment he sent a note to Ruth asking her to accompany them.

For over thirty years Dr. Halbert Clancy had been Dean of the Union Bible Institute. During this time his had been a remarkable career as leader of a great work. As student and teacher he could look back over a well-spent life of service. In spite of the seventy-odd years resting upon him, the spirit of this man still dominated the life of the Institution which his exceptional ability and keen judgment had helped to establish. From all parts of the world men and women, students and friends of the Institute, looked up to and honored this man whose unwavering stand for orthodoxy was unquestioned. Having written a number of books whose clear, logical arguments could not fail to convince, he had touched the hearts and changed the lives of many individuals whose faces he had never seen.

As they went to the Dean's office, Hildreth's heart was full. It was indeed a privilege to return to such a welcome as he was receiving. While they walked through almost countless corridors, the presence of this familiar figure at his side was a tonic to him. Not to many men did Dr. Clancy offer such an intimate fellowship. Canon Hildreth, in his innate humility, felt himself favored above other men, wondering why he should thus be singled out for attention. He was yet to realize the place of prominence which he had won for himself in the hearts of multitudes of American Christians, because of the out-

standing service he had rendered to the Russian people with whom he had been brought into contact. He was to learn that the splendid record he had made in the foreign mission field was not the modest, unassuming career he had always felt it to be. His has been pioneer work of a high order. Without having awakened to the fact, he had, nevertheless, won for himself a place of distinction among Christian people in his own land.

The Dean's suite of rooms, ideally situated on the second floor, comprised a general reception room, a study and a private office. They entered, and for a moment the Dean excused himself. Hildreth took the opportunity to look about him. He contrasted this place with the room occupied by Dr. Clancy in former years. There was a vast difference. Here, as everywhere else throughout the buildings, luxury and comfort prevailed.

He recalled one memorable occasion when he had entered Dr. Clancy's study. Going to the Dean, he had unburdened himself regarding the call which he knew had come to him of God. The need in Russia had been laid upon his heart. Even during his early college days, while studying medicine, he had felt a sincere conviction that his field of labor should lie in some distant land. The call, therefore, had finally been to Russia.

It was habitual for Dr. Clancy to hold much in reserve, but even in these earlier years he had been greatly interested in Canon Hildreth. While it was customary for a student to go forth and make some kind of a record for himself before recognition might come to him, nevertheless the Dean always had had an unusual regard for this man. He had not been disappointed in the expectation that Dr. Hildreth would make good. Dr. Clancy had not been in touch with students for over thirty years without having gained a thorough knowledge of human nature. There had been promise of big things in the life of the young man who had gone forth with such a serious com-

prehension of the duties lying before him. Hildreth had fully justified the Dean's faith in him.

The room in which he now sat was spacious. It was a place used on special occasions for committee and board meetings, several built-in cabinets lining the walls. In one corner, near the east window, stood the table-desk reserved for the Dean's private secretary.

When the Dean reappeared, he invited his guest into a smaller office, more simply furnished. Motioning him to an easy chair, he took one at the desk just opposite. The high windows, with shades now partly drawn, furnished a comfortable light restful to the eyes. For a few moments there was a silence in the room, the thoughts of both men going back over the long period of ten years. How very much had taken place in the lives of both of them.

The first to break the silence, the Dean finally brought himself out of his reverie. He drummed his fingers rather absently on the polished mahogany desk before him.

"For many reasons I am thankful that you have returned, Hildreth," he said slowly. "I feel confident that you will bring to us a new message, one greatly needed. Missionaries are constantly returning to us from foreign shores: from China, pagan India, and the darkened lands of Africa; in fact, from the uttermost parts of the earth. We have had several from Russia also, it is true, but none who have been so vitally in touch with the real situation as you have been. Therefore I am glad that you of all our men have returned. By the way, Hildreth, may I have the privilege of using your given name?" He paused a moment; then, as the other man nodded, he continued.

"Thank you, Canon, you seem like a son to me. We have not always looked upon Russia as one of the nations that needed evangelization in the same sense that India, for example, needs it. But it appears to be evident that of late years the situation has been rapidly changing in

Russia,—that much of their national religion is hopelessly mixed with priest-craft and dead superstition. There is nothing vital or life-giving in a spiritual sense. While many Russians are brilliantly educated, we know that education means nothing to a man's spiritual life. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that the Russians are not to be classed with the heathen savages to be found in other lands, I am becoming concerned about this very subject which we were discussing today at the table, this foreign system which seems to be threatening America. I confess I have, on different occasions, put from me some of these misgivings, counting them as fanciful and unreal; for one hears such conflicting reports. However, after the few words you gave us this noon, I begin to see that there may be a very real foundation for these forebodings. It is difficult for those of us here in America, sheltered in every way, to realize any sense of danger. Americans are so sure of themselves."

Hildreth waited for a moment before he spoke. Then he nodded slowly as he leaned across the table, his head in his hands.

"I fear that it is this very optimism of the American people which will prove to be their undoing, Dr. Clancy," he replied. "Not until they are willing to face the facts as they actually exist will they become sufficiently aroused. My message, of course, will be primarily to the Christian people of America. If only it were possible to get Christians to study current events in the light of prophecy, they would more readily understand that these things which are happening are in fulfilment of the Scriptures. But with the subtle lie of Satan being taught everywhere, that we are very close to the Millennium, it is difficult to get people to realize that any real danger can exist. With just a few minutes before us now, Dr. Clancy, I would hardly know where or how to commence to tell you about conditions—there is such a net-work of intrigue to be explained."

As the Dean glanced at his desk-clock, he realized that indeed the time was slipping from them. They must await a more convenient season.

"You are right, Canon, we must postpone this conversation until later. Tell us all you have time for on Friday. What are your plans for your stay in America? When last you wrote me you were not sure of the length of your furlough. We could use you here in America for a year or so, but you are the best judge of how long you will be able to remain away from your station. There are several places from which pastors have written to us, urging that you be sent to them when you return, and where the people seem to be actually concerned about the Russian situation. Since we announced your coming, through the medium of our *Bulletin*, your return has been looked forward to with keen interest."

The bell over the transom tinkled softly, and Dr. Clancy went to the door. The secretary having returned from lunch stood outside, a sheaf of letters in her hand. They were already typed, the result of her morning's dictation received from the Dean. He nodded gravely as he took them.

"Thank you, Miss Joyce," he said. She stepped back as she saw the Dean occupied with a visitor. "I shall not need you for dictation this afternoon. But please prepare the monthly reports, so we may present them at the board meeting tomorrow," he suggested. She gave a business-like nod. "That will be all for today, Miss Joyce."

When he returned to the desk, Hildreth had already risen.

"During my stay in America I desire to place myself at the service of the Institute faculty, Dr. Clancy," he remarked. "I shall gladly leave all details and arrangements in your hands. This is little enough that I can do in return for the interest and the prayers which you have put back of my work in Russia. I have come home partly for a rest such as it is impossible to gain over there under



the stress and strain; but my chief purpose, however, is that I may give to the people here the information which I feel they should have. In regard to the length of my furlough, much depends upon the way the work is handled during the first few months of my absence from the station. I believe Dr. Jack Terrel, who is now in charge, will do very well. In a remarkable way he has been proving his fitness for the work. However, I trust I shall be able to remain here for at least a year. I am leaving the matter in God's hand. While I am here, I shall, of course, do my utmost."

They discussed several other points briefly, and Hildreth was on the verge of taking his leave when the Dean detained him.

"Did you happen to meet Bruce McKinnom while in Russia?" he questioned. "McKinnom is an attorney who went over about a year ago to study conditions at first hand. His purpose was to observe the political rather than the religious situation, but he is a Christian layman and a keen judge of human nature. I understand that the collection of facts he obtained is quite extensive."

Hildreth shook his head. Through the *Bulletin* he had learned of the trip McKinnom had taken, but had not met him. He questioned the Dean as to the attorney's present location, but Dr. Clancy did not know.

"It is a matter which we can easily determine," he replied. "Since his return he has been doing some work for the Government, through the Defense Bureau at Washington. I believe he has reasons for keeping his location generally quiet. It might be a good idea for you to get in touch with him if we can locate him. Of one fact I am sure. He tried repeatedly to get before the people here the result of his investigations in Russia through the medium of the daily press, but there were rumors that a strong attempt was made at suppression."

Hildreth's jaws stiffened, and a glint of steel came into his eyes. For just a moment Dr. Clancy caught a

glimpse of the other side of the man's strong nature. Here was another touch of the same austerity and power which he had manifested in one brief flash at the dinner table.

"Ah, yes, suppression!" he exclaimed. "So they are attempting that here. I did not suppose it had gone very far in America as yet. In Russia, however, much is being constantly suppressed. The daily press of the old world is coming more and more under the control and domination of Communistic leaders. Their constant aim is to suppress the actual truth about all conditions. Perhaps there is more of that same spirit of suppression abroad here in America than is evident on the surface. I should like to meet Bruce McKinnom. If you hear anything further concerning his present place of residence, by all means let me know."

The Dean nodded. Canon Hildreth was giving him food for much thought.

"Just one other thing before you go, Canon," he said. "If you have not yet made arrangements for your stay in Stockton, will you stop with us? We are living in the suburbs—a good place for you to rest. Barbara will make you welcome, and I shall receive you as I would my own son, had he not already gone home." For a moment his voice broke, then controlling himself he added:

"May we have this pleasure, Canon, your presence in our home?" There was in his voice a note of pleading rarely heard from the Dean. Touched by the genuine sincerity of the invitation, Hildreth accepted. This consideration from Dr. Clancy was more than he had expected, for he knew that Mrs. Clancy for years had been an invalid. So, as they separated, it was understood that Stephen that evening should drive him out in time for dinner.

As he emerged once more into the teeming life of the Institute, shutting out the dim quiet of the Dean's reception room, Hildreth felt again that great surge of thank-

fulness in his heart toward God for granting to him such a homecoming. As he passed the various offices used by the different teachers and members of the faculty, he tried to visualize those who occupied them. Hildreth realized that, in the deepest sense of the word, he belonged here.

For years he had been so absorbed in his Russian work that there had been little time for his thoughts to dwell upon the home atmosphere which is the natural environment of the average individual. But now, as he went below to meet those who waited for him, there swept over him a sudden longing for the tasting again of American Christian home-life. It would come to him almost as a new and long-renounced privilege, to live once more in the ideal atmosphere of a real home. The invitation he had just received meant much to him. With a prayer in his heart that he might prove worthy of such trust and confidence, and that he might faithfully fulfill his mission to the people during his stay in America, Dr. Hildreth joined the others as they waited for him at the entrance to Ridley Hall.

## CHAPTER III

### SHADOWS OF THE PAST

THE City of Stockton had been built along the river's edge. For several miles, running north, a well-cared-for River Road stretched away into the distance. In the finely macadamized paving there was a suggestion of the very latest thing in modern improvements. During the summer months, the hedge-rows and shrubbery added much to the beauty of the boulevards, while the magnificent homes overlooking the river, with their sloping, terraced lawns, presented a delightful picture to the thousands of autoists who passed daily. Every year the city crept out farther. Homes which were situated too near the heart of the throbbing life of the city were being gradually exchanged for dwelling places in the more desirable sections of Stockton. Even in the hottest weather a delightful breeze always reached those whose incomes were sufficiently large to warrant the purchase of the fabulously priced homes along the River Road.

The weather on this particular afternoon was ideal. Dr. Hildreth noticed the ease with which his brother handled the big touring car. Before taking them out along the river, Stephen drove first into the heart of the business district, for his brother had expressed a wish that he might see the town proper. At the same time they would stop and look after Dr. Hildreth's luggage.

It was not so much of a surprise to him that Stockton should have grown to such considerable size. This fact had been predicted years before by progressive business men, even while Canon Hildreth had been a student at the Institute. Owing to the advantages of climate and location, a great commercial future had always been prophesied for this city. The thing that did surprise him,

however, was the great number of wretched, unspeakable hovels crowded together, tenement fashion. From some of these places came odors of filth and stench. For several blocks they drove along the narrow streets, on their way to the depot, until finally Dr. Hildreth leaned forward in the car.

"Some of these places have degenerated into veritable fire-traps, Stephen! It is hard to believe that this is part of the city of Stockton!" he exclaimed. "I remember this particular street years ago. Then it was a part of quite a respectable middle-class residence district. But now it begins to resemble the slums of New York on a miniature scale. When people write of the beauties of Stockton, they forget to mention this sort of thing."

Ruth Caverly, sitting in front with Stephen, gave a little shrug. She had often driven through this section of the city. To her the ragged, staring urchins who played and shouted on these streets, represented the very worst element of American cosmopolitan life. Hildreth had just commented on their miserable appearance. Glancing at Eleanor, seated beside him, he saw that her eyes were full of compassion. Although she had also on many former occasions driven through this particular street, nevertheless these children tugged at her heart strings.

It was Ruth who answered the remark which Dr. Hildreth had addressed to his brother.

"It is impossible to do anything lasting for these children or their parents, Dr. Hildreth," she said with shrewd insight. "People talk so much about 'Americanization.' But these foreigners, at least ninety-nine per cent of them, do not care to be Americanized. I get disgusted with their ingratitude. I must tell you of one experience I had which I shall never forget."

She laughed rather grimly at the recollection. Stephen was busy steering his way through mobs of youngsters who seemed to have no thought of danger. One of the schools in the neighborhood had just dismissed, and the

children were swarming everywhere like bees. Some of them stood and hooted at young Hildreth, defying him to run them down.

"I was sent to one of the mission settlements one afternoon on an assignment. They were to have a religious service at three o'clock, and I was to sing," continued the girl. "I arrived rather early, and found the Superintendent down-stairs giving out clothing. They thought it would be a profitable experience for me to help give out some of the garments, so I went down. But I wish you could have seen those foreign children, Dr. Hildreth, how utterly heathenish they acted. The Superintendent was called up-stairs for a moment, and then began the wildest scramble that I ever witnessed. I did not know at first what had happened. They stood in awe of the Superintendent, but they surely took advantage of my inexperience. It was supposed that each child should wait his turn, also the adults who were present, and take only what was given to them. But nothing like that when they had the place to themselves. No sooner had she disappeared than they made one wild rush for the clothing, grabbed all their greedy arms could hold, and, before I realized what had taken place, they had bolted out of the side door. I stood there, frightened, making a perfect fool of myself, and half crying. My skirt was torn, and one boy had stepped on my foot in trying to escape before he should be detained. I finally sank into a chair completely exhausted."

In spite of themselves even Eleanor and Dr. Hildreth laughed. Her description had been so very vivid. Always noticeable in her talk was the peculiar southern drawl; and as Canon Hildreth, from his vantage point behind, commenced to study her rather closely, he felt her charm. It was not at all difficult to understand why Stephen was so very attentive. After the laugh had subsided, she finished her story with engaging frankness.

"Even though I happen to be Professor Caverly's

daughter," she said, "I am supposed to be on the same footing with other students, no partiality shown. Therefore I have always taken the assignments given to me, and up to that time I had never rebelled. But I resolved that this was the last time I would ever enter a mission settlement of that type. I sang that afternoon to a lot of stupid, sleepy women who did not appreciate my singing in the least. I had all the mission settlement work that afternoon that I cared for. There are very few of this class who are ever touched by the real Gospel. Well, the Superintendent sent a letter of apology to father, but I told Dad, when I returned, that I was through with such work, and they changed my assignment. Some people may feel peculiarly fitted for that kind of work, but not Ruth Caverly."

It was Eleanor who spoke next. In spite of the fact that there was a difference in temperament, nevertheless she and Ruth were very good friends. She was glad for Stephen's attachment, but she did not share the girl's opinion in regard to mission settlement work.

"I do not agree with you, Ruth," she said gravely. Dr. Hildreth, glancing at his sister's sensitive face, caught the note of protest in the girl's voice. "You say that very few are reached with the Gospel. That may be true, but we are to preach it to all classes of people. Much of the social service seems to me to be a waste of time, I admit, but when the transformation of the Gospel message does its work, very often it is the hardest case that is reached. You know that we have some very encouraging cases of genuine conversions discussed each month at the monthly report hour. God has used many students to win souls in the slum districts, and even now in the Institute we have a number who are preparing themselves for special Christian work as a result of their accepting Christ through efforts put forth by students of the Institute."

Ruth Caverly laughed good naturedly.

"All right, Eleanor," she said, "you may have the set-

tlement work. I prefer to put forth my efforts among a more civilized class of folks. I am afraid I should make a poor city missionary."

After they had left the slum section of the city, Stephen having capably looked after his brother's trunks, they headed for the River Road. Dr. Hildreth lapsed for a few minutes into a reverie which Eleanor did not interrupt. The vast differences which exist in life, between the lives of the very rich and the very poor, had been brought to him forcibly even here in Stockton. He had seen these contrasts in European countries, but surely such conditions were a reproach to any city,—the squalor and degradation of folks who lived in these tenement districts. They called this a "Christian" civilization in America. After all, Ruth Caverly was not so very far wrong in one shrewdly uttered remark she had made. These foreign-born citizens, many of them becoming naturalized at an alarming rate, did *not* want to become Americanized. Hildreth admitted the force of her statement.

It was the presence of this very undesirable class, those who did not care for American institutions and American Government, which was becoming a formidable menace to the peace and safety of true American citizens. He had good reasons for believing that the majority of men, women and children who were being dumped on the shores of America, were not coming here for love of America, but for more subtle purposes. But even Canon Hildreth was as yet unaware of the dangerous inroads being made by this foreign invasion, and the extent to which this movement had already become a menace. He wanted to get at the root of the matter, if such a thing were possible. During the following months he would try to discover whether there were serious grounds for the forebodings which filled his heart.

They were out on the winding road now, with the river spreading before them. Ruth had just made a passing



remark which had led to the thought of pacifism. For the following few minutes the discussion was lively.

"One would scarcely think, Dr. Hildreth, that underneath that shining, shimmery surface of water lies such a treacherous current—such deceptive peacefulness. Of course you are aware of the reputation which the river has for claiming many lives."

It was Eleanor who turned the conversation toward the subject of peace. Ruth's remark had been very suggestive of an important illustration.

"That river is just like the false peace which men and women are constantly talking about!" exclaimed the girl, quickly.

Canon Hildreth, aroused from his reverie, turned to her suddenly. He was commencing to understand the unexpected depths of this sister of his. Whenever she contributed anything to the conversation, even though only a few sentences, it was always something worth while and to the point. Just as he was on the verge of approving the thought of her apt illustration, however, Stephen interrupted. Dr. Hildreth did not fail to catch the note of impatience in the young man's voice.

Evidently this was a subject upon which his young brother and sister did not agree.

"I do not like to see you take this pessimistic view, Eleanor," he said, a little pucker between his fine eyes. He was steering the car deftly to avoid a careless pedestrian, yet never losing control of the wheel. "If peace could become world-wide, I think it would be a most wonderful thing. Of course I accept the teaching in regard to Christ's return, but I am sure that peace is the thing which men and women have a right to strive for. Surely it is a commendable desire which exists today in so many hearts, that war and butchery might end, and that nations might stop slaughtering each other. During the war we had in our midst many conscientious objectors.

They should not be condemned because they preferred peace to war."

When Dr. Hildreth spoke, his voice had a hint of sternness in it. So this was the attitude which Stephen took toward this much-discussed question.

"I am afraid, Stephen, that you have not studied the situation today as you should study it. I wonder if you realize that the stand you take is just the attitude the Communists are delighted with. It is the spirit they are trying to foster everywhere to carry their disarmament plans. You are unconsciously aiding them when you utter such prattle as that. God's Word tells us plainly that they shall cry 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' As long as Satan is the god of this world, wars and rumors of war will not cease. Peace, in a political sense, will never come during this dispensation. Not until the Prince of Peace comes to reign can we have universal peace. Except for that individual gift of peace which comes to the human heart through the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, there will be none other before Christ returns. And such peace will by no means be universal. It is true there were certain sincere objectors who were exempted from war service. But to speak of peace in a political sense as being established in this dispensation, together with the ending of all wars, is not Scriptural. I do not doubt your motive, Stephen, but you are on dangerous ground, and you simply help to further Pacifist propaganda which is all backed up by Bolshevism."

Stephen's face flushed, but he said nothing in reply. He had too much respect for his brother. Somehow Canon Hildreth sensed Eleanor's sympathy, and her understanding of this subject. As he continued, a kinder note crept into his voice. After all, was it so much Stephen's fault, his failure to understand the terrible situation being fostered by the Communists?

"There is too little real information being disseminated today, Stephen. People ought not to be satisfied with

what they hear in general conversation. Even multitudes of Christians are being deceived by this lie which is being spread broadcast in such a subtle manner. Our business as Christians is to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. In this way we shall do more to bring real peace into the hearts and lives of men and women. But as for the establishment of world-wide, universal peace, the whole suggestion is absurd and unscriptural."

The subject dropped then, and the conversation drifted into safer channels. They came in a few minutes to a glen which was a favorite resort for many of the Institute students. Before returning to Stockton (they were now several miles out of the city), they would get out and spend a half hour here. Having left the paved road, with the river lost to view for a short distance, the car had slowly chugged up a steep incline, and they finally had come out into a clearing, with the river lying below. The view from this height was glorious. Many of the trees were still bare, but tall pines were in abundance. The brilliant sunshine of the March afternoon was tempered by an invigorating breeze blowing up from the river. They alighted from the car, reveling in the intoxicating atmosphere. As Canon Hildreth drew in a deep breath, filling his lungs with the fragrant odor of the pines, many old memories came to him quite vividly.

"I well remember the Institute picnics we had out here," he remarked. "This is all so vastly different from the atmosphere of Russia—it is a veritable feast to one who comes from a land of ice and snow, where the winters are long and severe. Glad you have brought us here, Stephen."

As they stood together for a few minutes engaged in general conversation, the older man realized that Stephen was still, in many ways, a mere boy—a decidedly likeable boy, at that. As he looked back over the years to the time when he had been the age of Stephen today, he realized that he had, at that time, known practically noth-

ing about conditions as they existed out in the larger world. Stephen had much to learn—he was only one of many who were honestly ignorant of the true condition of the world. He would show a spirit of charitable patience toward those whose knowledge was not so keen as his own. There came into his heart a prayer that he might lead his brother out into a better understanding of many things.

Ruth and Stephen decided that they wished to go through the glen. Eleanor realized that this would furnish her with a good opportunity for a heart-to-heart talk with Canon. As the two young people disappeared down the steep path leading into a ravine, Dr. Hildreth pulled out his watch.

"It is four-thirty now—come back in half an hour," he called after them. "We should leave here soon after five."

After they had been seated for a few minutes in silence, Eleanor spoke first.

"Stephen is very much attached to Ruth," she remarked. "I believe it is mutual. I like Ruth, even though we disagree upon a few things. Both she and Stephen have failed to grasp and understand certain conditions—but I have faith in them. As far as their loyalty to Jesus Christ is concerned, they are thoroughly consecrated. It is hard for them to see the true situation, but they will come out all right. You ought to hear Stephen sing, Canon. He is considered one of the most promising music students. I think his voice is wonderful."

She sat with her chin in her hands, her eyes, now unsmiling, looking off to the shining waters. Behind them they could hear the soft murmur of the falls which ran ceaselessly down the steep sides of high rocks into the glen.

Canon Hildreth put his arm around his sister and drew her closer to him.

"What a regular little wise woman my sister is," he said, softly. His voice was full of the great love he felt for her. "I am so thankful that Stephen can be in the Institute at the same time you are here. But I believe you

are correct. Stephen will come out all right, I am sure. I am thankful he is succeeding so well with his music. In regard to Ruth Caverly,—well, I do not know what to think, Eleanor.” He hesitated for a moment, and the girl looked up inquiringly. Noticing the question in her glance he hastened on.

“As far as Ruth is concerned, I think she and Stephen are well suited to each other, judging at least from general appearances,” he remarked. “But there are other reasons which I have in mind which cause me to hesitate. Of those we will talk later. I am very glad to see that Ruth has not succumbed to the bobbed hair craze. That is certainly becoming prevalent among women today. I could never picture you, little sister, with your beautiful hair shorn.” His hand rested caressingly on the slender head.

Finally Eleanor looked up. When she spoke there was just a hint of determination in her voice.

“Canon,” she said, gravely, “will you please tell me about Harriet? I am not a coward. Whatever you have to tell me might just as well be told now. Where is she, and what do you know of her?”

Canon Hildreth hesitated only for a moment. Then he turned to her. Eleanor should have her wish. It was her right to know, and it could be now as well as some future time.

“When I last mentioned Harriet to you in my letter about a year ago, I told you as much as I dared to tell through correspondence,” he said, his voice dropping low. “You know she has always dabbled in things that are questionable—Socialism, in the extreme sense, and kindred evils. Because of her waywardness at home, I confess I was never much surprised that she should become interested, to some extent, in a system which so completely stands for a spirit of lawlessness. But even in the farthest reaches of my imagination, I never could have dreamed

that any child of our dear parents would become one of the recognized leaders of the most dangerous political system in the world."

For just a moment he paused, some vivid memories almost overwhelming him. Then as Eleanor pressed his hand in anxious sympathy, he forced himself to continue. The memory of a sister, utterly degenerate and lost to all self-respect, had opened afresh the wound that he knew would never heal. Sitting here with this beloved other sister, he told her the story of the one who had shamelessly trailed in the dust the proud name of Hildreth.

"I shall not have time now to explain this system of Communism, Eleanor," he went on, heavy in heart and voice. "That will come in detail on Friday morning at the Institute. People get but little real information through the brief mention of Communism seen in the newspapers. Occasionally we see articles on "The Reds"; but, on the whole, people are in the dark as to just what this system of Communism and Bolshevism really is. All I need to say now is that in Russia and other countries people are gradually getting into the grip of a terrible power.

"When I tell you that for the past two years Harriet has been one of the outstanding leaders of Communism in Russia, that she has been appointed as one of the American representatives on different international committees, that she has been present at numerous secret meetings in Russia; in fact, that she is an utterly dangerous woman—when I tell you these things, Eleanor, you will, perhaps, understand something of my anguish of heart and soul. It is a great relief for me to talk to you, Eleanor, now that I have commenced, although I shrank from telling you. I have kept these things locked up in my own life until I have felt that I could not longer endure it. One cannot talk to strangers, or even to friends, about such a horrible tragedy connected with the family honor. Always before this, sister, there has been nothing

but regard for our name. It was left for this woman, whom I cannot call sister, to bring dishonor upon us."

The hot tears were standing in the girl's eyes as he finished. After all, had she been wise in insisting upon hearing this news today? Then, with a swift revulsion of feeling, she felt that it was her right to share with him this heavy load. Canon Hildreth never forgot her next words.

"In our unaided strength, Canon, we never could bear this burden and face these facts," she said, her voice full of intense sympathy. "I am glad you have told me about it, for in His strength we can endure all things. Just why such things must come, we are not able to understand. It is too much for us to fathom. But we do know that, when we are tried in the furnace of affliction, the material of our lives becomes brighter and more like real gold. Even though it is a bitter experience, God will sustain us. I felt that conditions were serious in regard to Harriet. In your letter you referred to having seen her once. Did you talk to her?"

Hildreth shook his head.

"No," he replied. He was much comforted by his sister's words. "I did not care to speak with her; in fact, she did not see me. The occasion was when I went to a hospital in a town not far distant from my own station. I had been asked to visit this place and to treat a special case. Even though the hospital is one that is under the charge of the Russian Soviet. I hardly felt that I dared refuse. In one sense I did not greatly relish the idea of the trip, for one must so constantly guard against danger. On the other hand, it might have provoked a feeling of resentment and enmity had I refused to go. A certain patient was suffering from a disease with which I had had peculiar success. Besides, there was the opportunity to render service by the alleviation of pain. One sees such an appalling lot of misery and wretched suffering on every hand in Russia. It is heart-rending, Eleanor. Stronger

men than I am have become totally unbalanced over the awful conditions existing everywhere. Only the marvelous grace of God has kept me sane during these years."

He paused for a moment and they looked off at the river with unseeing eyes. The man's mind and heart were now back in that land from which he had come, while the girl shared the burden with him, the burden for a hopeless, helpless Russia. He was opening to her the heart of compassion within him—she could well understand how, during the past years, he had veritably lived a life time, bearing the burdens of others, even as Christ Himself had set the example for His disciples to follow.

"Harriet did not see me at that time, for which I was thankful." Hildreth forced himself to continue. "You know how mocking her attitude always has been where I am concerned. I knew she would try to make it unpleasant for me, and no good could have been accomplished. She was visiting the superintendent of the hospital on that occasion, a coarse-featured woman with bobbed hair, who looked dirty and unkempt. They were taking Harriet on a tour of inspection through the hospital. In keeping with a secret plan of the Communists, Harriet goes under another name when she is abroad. I understand she is using this false name generally now. For some reason she has taken the name of Hildresky. This is customary with many of the Communists—it seems to be part of their policy to have several names under which they can take refuge. I had seen this 'Miss Hildresky's' picture one day on a dirty bulletin put out by the Communists, and had recognized her as—as Harriet." The last words came with difficulty. Time was slipping by, and their opportunity for present confidence was nearly up. But there was a closed chapter in Dr. Hildreth's life which he felt he must open to Eleanor. This sympathy and understanding on her part was very precious to him.

Far down in the glen they knew that Stephen and Ruth were enjoying their season together, after the age-old



custom of young people. Very gently Canon Hildreth put his arm around his sister; and, drawing her close to him, he lifted the girl's chin. Looking down into the lovely upturned face, he pressed his own against it. How good God had been to him, after all, to give to him such a sister, so different, so far removed in every way from that other woman who had always seemed a stranger to them even during their childhood at home.

"Eleanor," he said, slowly, after a moment, "many folks have wondered much why I have never married. Harriet is the reason. I have never felt that I could. I tell you this, dear little girl, because I want you to know everything in my heart. The question has come to me often as to what I should advise you and Stephen, when the time comes. It is hard in a matter of this kind to know what is the best course to follow. When I left the Institute, I did not realize quite to the full the degradation which this woman has brought upon our name, but I have always been very sensitive about Harriet. Were she not such an outstanding figure, it might be somewhat different. I may be wrong in feeling as I do over this matter, but there has always been the impression in my mind that no woman would care to carry the name of Hildreth after this woman, who also bears the name, has become so notorious. That is one reason why I hesitated when you mentioned this afternoon the likelihood of Stephen and Ruth becoming more to each other than simply good friends."

The girl flashed him a quick, loyal glance which he never forgot. Her voice trembled a little when she spoke, uttering her protest.

"I cannot feel that you should make such a sacrifice, Canon, my brother," she said, as she tried to keep back the tears. "No woman living ever need be ashamed of the name Hildreth, after you have so signally honored it. You have made for yourself a splendid record in Russia. You have done nothing to disgrace our name, so why

should this self-denial be necessary? I cannot believe that God expects you to inflict such a martyrdom upon yourself. You have a right to enjoy the natural happiness and companionship which is God-given. Canon, I just wish,"—her voice dropped, and she did not finish the sentence. She looked off into the distance. Hildreth was more touched by her words than he would have cared to admit.

"What is it you wish, Eleanor?" he asked quietly. Was she right? Was he inflicting upon himself an imposed martyrdom which was unnecessary?

"You may think that I am a little meddler, Canon, instead of a wise little sister, if I utter my wish," she said, smiling rather tremulously. "But after all, Harriet is a remote figure in our lives. Why should one life spoil another? Well, my brother, I will tell you my wish—my hope, in fact. It is that some day you and Barbara Clancy might care for each other."

The words were out now. Even though she spoke in an undertone, yet the man felt the sincerity back of the girl's desire. He gave an imperceptible start. Did Eleanor suspect the longing within his own heart?

"Tell me why you wish that particular thing to happen?" he asked quietly. The pressure of his hand, rather strong upon hers, told her that the shaft had gone home. "Is there any particular reason for such a desire, Eleanor?"

They could hear the sound of voices, as the others were coming up from the glen. In a few minutes they would no longer be alone.

"Yes," the girl answered simply. "Somehow I am sure that Barbara Clancy thinks a great deal of you, Canon. A woman knows these things by intuition, even though there is never a word spoken. Barbara Clancy is wonderful. I admire her above all other women."

He had only time, then, for a sentence in reply. But it told her volumes.

"My little sister is more of a woman than I had

realized," he whispered. "I thank you, Eleanor, because you have spoken from your heart."

As Ruth and Stephen approached, slowly, the others noticed a change. Somehow their return was different from their departure. Ruth's face, flushed with a new mystery, was softly radiant. Stephen stepped forward at once, his own face full of happiness. Eleanor and Dr. Hildreth realized instantly what had taken place.

"Ruth Caverly has promised to become my wife, Canon," he said, going directly to the point. Into his face unconsciously crept the conquering pride and dominant spirit of young manhood. In the supreme moment of his life he had been successful, and it was a wonderful world in which to live. He stood before his brother and sister, Ruth's hand in his, the girl standing just a little behind in shy yet happy reserve. Coming from an old southern family, Ruth Caverly was a girl of whom any man might be proud.

Had this taken place an hour before, previous to his conversation with Eleanor, perhaps Canon Hildreth's attitude would have been different. Even as it was, the habitual dread of years could not be shaken off in a moment, and there leaped to his mind a suggestion of protest. But the influence of his sister's words were strong upon him, and he suddenly determined that no word of his should now mar the happiness of these two young people into whose lives had come the glory as of another world. It would, of course, be necessary for him to discuss with Stephen the matter of Harriet's connection with Bolshevism, but he would speak with Stephen alone. As he tendered his congratulations, he did it sincerely. Eleanor had gone to Ruth, putting her arms about her, sharing her happiness. Dr. Hildreth extended a hand, placing it upon the young man's shoulder.

"The prayer of my heart is that God's richest blessings may ever rest upon the lives of both you and Ruth," he said. "Of one thing we may be sure, Stephen, if our

faith is wholly in Jesus Christ, and if we look to Him for guidance always, He will keep us in the centre of His will. There are in the lives of all of us problems which must be faced. Only God knows the future. Perhaps it is just as well that an all-wise Providence keeps back from our finite minds just what the future holds for us. Next to the love of Christ, Christian companionship is the sweetest thing on earth. I congratulate you upon the fact that you have won Ruth Caverly."

Then he turned to Ruth and with a gracious smile he held out his hand.

"I am glad to welcome you as my sister, Ruth," he said, gently. "I remember you so well as a little girl in short dresses while I was a student at the Institute. That seems a long time ago to me. Now you are promised to Stephen. . . . may God bless you, Ruth."

In addition to the joy within her heart, on account of Stephen's love for her, Ruth Caverly considered it quite wonderful that Dr. Hildreth would become a brother of hers through marriage with Stephen. She had always greatly admired Canon Hildreth.

As Ruth and Eleanor walked a little distance away, their arms about each other, girl-fashion, Dr. Hildreth took a momentary advantage of his opportunity. The sun was getting low, and they must not tarry long. But the older man felt the need for just a word.

"Eleanor and I have been talking this afternoon about Harriet," he said, gravely. For a moment a shadow flitted over the young man's face. "I wonder just how much Professor Caverly knows about this peculiar circumstance in our family history—of course you know that Harriet is utterly notorious, and beyond hope."

Stephen shook his head. He knew very little about it, except what information had come to him from Russia through their meager correspondence. Very briefly Canon Hildreth gave the young man the gist of what he had told Eleanor that afternoon in detail. For a moment a look

of concern filled Stephen's eyes; then it passed instantly, and the determination of clean young manhood possessed him. He lifted his head with a quick pride that was characteristic of him.

"With God's help I have endeavored to live an upright life in every sense of the word, Canon," he said sincerely. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and I am proud that Ruth Caverly has consented to become my wife. It is indeed unfortunate that we should have in our family a creature like Harriet, but it seems to me that we are not in any wise responsible. I have never talked about Harriet to Professor Caverly, for somehow I hardly feel that there is any possible connection I can have with that woman. In fact, I never discuss Harriet with any one. Her actions have placed her without the pale of my life, and I know very little about her. However, if you think best, I will briefly explain the circumstances to the Professor. I know it will not make any difference to him. Why should the doings of a woman like Harriet spoil our lives, or even cast a shadow upon us? I expect to have an interview with Professor Caverly tonight. Shall I tell him of Harriet?"

The older man considered a moment. It had just come to him that perhaps he could best handle that part of the affair.

"If you wish, Stephen, I will talk with Professor Caverly about this matter," he offered. "Perhaps it will be the better way. I can explain the situation to him more thoroughly."

Much relieved, Stephen consented. The whole subject was distasteful to him. Under the circumstances, it was only natural that he should resent the intrusion of this jarring note being introduced into the outstanding happiness of his young manhood. Harriet had taken a strange way in which to bring attention to the name of Hildreth—why should it concern himself and Ruth?

Putting his hands to his lips, he whistled, and the girls

started back toward the car. It would take a good half hour to make the run to the city, and the hour was getting late. Dinner would be served at seven.

Very quiet was the group that drove back to Stockton in the Dean's car. The heart of each of them was full. To Ruth and Stephen it was a new world through which they were driving. During the past hour so much had taken place. Eleanor had looked into a life which for years had been tortured with hidden suffering. Into her loving compassionate heart had come a keen determination to be of some help to this brother who was so unspeakably dear to her. With swift insight she sensed the fact that her judgment had been unerring. She felt now that Canon loved Barbara Clancy. From her heart went a prayer that God would smooth out these tangled threads.

Just for a rare moment there had opened up before Canon Hildreth a vision of the possibilities which might lie ahead in the future. Could it be that Eleanor's was the correct, sensible viewpoint? Was it God's will that he himself should close the door, willfully, to a possible happiness which might enrich two lives? He felt that Eleanor had spoken out of a sincere heart, and with a depth of conviction which had stirred him profoundly. He wondered just how this knowledge about Barbara had come to his sister, his wise sister, who seemed to be so sure of herself, whenever she spoke on any subject.

The shaft had gone home. From the time he had first known her, Barbara Clancy had been the ideal woman for him, the only one he would ever have enthroned in his heart and life. However, he had always felt the case to be utterly hopeless, his desire locked up sternly within himself. How could he tarnish such a life as Barbara's by offering to her the name of Hildreth?

As they neared the city, Canon Hildreth put these thoughts resolutely from him. What the future held for him, only God knew. He would go into the Dean's home looking upon Miss Clancy simply as the daughter of his

host, glad for the hospitality they offered him, but expecting nothing. Were anything to lie beyond this for him, God would reveal it to him. Trained by years of experience to stern self-denial, he would not yield now. But he would try not to dwell upon the past. That was gone. The present lay before him, and the future was in God's safe keeping. With that thought he would be content.

## CHAPTER IV

### RALPH KENNEDY

THE Clancy bungalow, situated in the suburbs of Edgewood about four miles from the Institute, was an imposing place built along original lines. Standing well back from the street, the shaded lawn and stately trees gave a picturesque touch to this place which the Dean's family had occupied for a number of years. Other teachers and officers of the Institute occupied homes in this select neighborhood. Because of its separation from the confusion of city life, it furnished a haven of rest and quiet after the cares of the busy day. Life at the school was strenuous for those who wielded authority.

Downstairs on the west side of the Clancy home, overlooking the front porch, was the room which the Dean used as both den and reception room. In the east wing of the house were the sleeping porches. On one of these porches Mrs. Clancy spent most of her time, having for years been an invalid. A competent housekeeper looked after the care of the home; but, owing to her mother's invalidism, Barbara did not spend her nights at the Institute, except when Mrs. Grantham happened to be out of the city. The Board of the Institute had been very considerate along these lines.

It was into this home that Dr. Hildreth came. As he entered the place, sensing at once its hospitable atmosphere, he instinctively realized that here he should be able to rest. It was to the Dean's downstairs room, the Curio Den, that Barbara led the way from the supper table that evening, after a most excellent meal had been enjoyed. Turning to their guest as she opened the door into the Den, switching on the lights as she did so, Barbara smiled graciously.



"We want you to feel that you belong here, Dr. Hildreth," she said simply. "Your life in Russia has necessarily lacked much in the way of home comforts. Now that you are with us you are surely entitled to rest. We will see to it that you have much time to yourself. Although work awaits you, while you are home on furlough we want you also to relax. Father has such a cozy, quiet place here that one can rest almost unconsciously."

The Dean had excused himself for a few minutes after supper while he went to his wife's room. Dr. Hildreth had not yet seen Mrs. Clancy, but Barbara explained to him that her mother would see him in the morning. She was usually quite tired at night, and would feel more refreshed after her night of sleep. He at once assured her that he understood, and that he should look forward to a visit with her mother the following day.

As they stood for a few minutes together, informally, Hildreth realized anew what the presence of this dear woman meant to him. She represented the embodiment of the highest type of womanhood. However, his habitual self-control stood him now in excellent stead. Cost what it might personally, Canon Hildreth was not the type of man to allow merely selfish desires to sway him. He would never reach any important decision in life without much prayerful consideration. Having for years been schooled in hard experiences, personal happiness was far from being the dominant factor in his life. Yet somehow, just now, there came to him very vividly the memory of his talk with Eleanor. Was she right in surmising that Barbara Clancy cared? If so there was not the faintest trace of it in the easy grace and freedom which characterized her every movement. She was an ideal hostess, leaving nothing undone which might further add to his comfort. This tired medical missionary, returning home after many years of absence, should feel no lack of anything which it lay within her power to do toward his enjoyment and entertainment.

After Barbara had gone, excusing herself on the ground that her mother needed her attention, and as he waited for the Dean, Hildreth dropped into one of the luxurious chairs, relaxing tiredly. The drive of the afternoon, added to the fatigue of his journey, caused a feeling of drowsiness to come over him. With a surge of thankfulness, as he realized the period of rest which lay ahead of him, he lay back in the chair, his eyes closed.

Almost asleep, he was suddenly and unexpectedly aroused when a voice sounded throughout the room and startled him to an upright position.

"Where's Barbara?" he heard very distinctly. The words were uttered in a stained, croaking voice. Starting to his feet he was instantly ready to apologize, but he saw no one. From over in a far corner of the room a cackling laugh sounded. He got up from his chair, now very much aroused, and discovered a pair of eyes blinking at him solemnly. Then he saw that it was a beautiful parrot, sitting perfectly still on his perch.

Hildreth indulged in a good laugh. Sleep was now entirely gone from his eyes. Going over to the perch, he talked to the bird, but evidently the parrot was shy. He could not get another word out of him. Then he commenced to look about the Den. He could well understand why it was called the Curio Den.

There were in this room trophies and curious presents from almost every part of the world, numerous trinkets and rare keepsakes which, during the years, had been sent to Dr. Clancy by various students in foreign lands and by friends and travelers. Most artistically had these gifts been arranged here and there in the Den—on the walls, in cabinets, and on stands. Doubtless the parrot also had been sent to him as a gift. Hildreth could not help but marvel at the costliness of some of the curios. There were several lion and tiger skins, and even a long snake skin, which astonished Hildreth by its size.

He was standing before one of the cabinets when the

Dean came in a few minutes later. He brought to Hildreth greetings from his wife, with a message similar to that which Barbara had given him—that Mrs. Clancy would see him in the morning.

As they stood together for a few minutes before seating themselves, Hildreth assured the Dean that he understood.

"Yours has been a burden, in one sense of the word, Dr. Clancy," he said, a note of sympathy creeping into his voice. "But even while your wife's long illness must be an affliction and a trial to both of you, yet I know of no woman who has been blessed with a finer ministry of real service than Mrs. Clancy has been. Your wife has been faithful as an intercessor. Even in Russia I could feel the influence of her wonderful prayer-life. God has richly blessed the ministry of her faithful life. After all, Dr. Clancy, we are coworkers together with Jesus Christ, and His work today is the work of an advocate. If we share His work at all, we must share in the ministry of intercession. Only Eternity can possibly reveal the value of such service as your dear wife renders."

Just the faintest quiver passed over the face of the older man. Then he put his hand on Hildreth's shoulder.

"You are right, Canon," he said, with a touch of reverence. "There are many others in foreign lands, missionaries of all kinds, who have felt this influence emanating from the life of Mrs. Clancy. God has given her to a rare degree the power of prevailing with Him as an intercessor. Many of us are too busy to learn this secret well. I also, many times, have felt the power of my wife's ministry of prayer as you rightly call it, especially at times when she has known that my burdens at the Institute have been the heaviest. For a number of years, after she first took to her bed, I tried to keep back from her all the things which I felt would worry her; but I do so no longer. That place is a sanctuary to me, for Mrs. Clancy does not keep the burdens I bring to her—

she takes them instantly to the throne of grace. So, Canon, I have come to the place where I can thank God for even this cross in my life. My wife is one of the happiest persons I know, despite her affliction and the fact that she suffers a great deal. I have learned, Hildreth, that a cross can be a great blessing. There are many crosses which are covered with garlands of His rich grace. This one of mine is that kind."

Then, as his hand seemed to encircle the room, and he pointed to several cabinets, he added:

"Many of these relics which you see here have not been sent to me, but to Mrs. Clancy. The thoughtfulness of countless students has touched me again and again. She keeps a few things in her own room, but she likes to have me keep the most of them here where others can enjoy seeing them."

Just then the telephone rang. Going to the desk, the Dean lifted the receiver.

"Yes, Dr. Clancy speaking. Long Distance? All right. Yes, I am ready." There was silence for a moment as the Dean waited. Very quickly he had the long distance connection.

"Yes—Kennedy? Oh, Ralph Kennedy of Frampton. Fine. It is good to hear your voice, Kennedy. Coming tomorrow or Friday? Yes, you are driving through Stockton on your way to an appointment? Yes, we can help you out with an assistant—have a very good prospect to recommend. All right—just a moment. Get here for the ten o'clock hour Friday if possible, by all means. Dr. Canon Hildreth of Russia will speak. Yes, surely you remember him. Then we shall look for you. Don't miss Friday. It will be worth while. All right—good-bye."

Dr. Hildreth had been a much interested listener. As the Dean hung up the receiver, he turned to his guest. There was no mistaking the glow of pride which had come to Dr. Clancy's eyes. Very vividly to Hildreth there came back the memory of old days in the Institute class-

rooms. The mere mention of Ralph Kennedy's name brought many recollections.

"It will indeed be a privilege to meet Kennedy again, Dr. Clancy," he said. "I shall never forget what a remarkable character Ralph was when I knew him, and what promise he gave of a successful future. Ralph was unusual for a boy of seventeen. I often wished I had had more time while in Russia to keep up my correspondence with many of the students. But over there that is so difficult."

Hildreth well recalled how some of the faculty members had demurred when, at the age of sixteen, young Ralph Kennedy had applied to the Institute for permission to enter as a student. He was under age, no student before that time having been admitted until he was eighteen. The matter had finally been referred to the Dean for decision. Upon talking with this bright, consecrated boy from another state, and learning that he had earned his own way and traveled a thousand miles in order to enter the Institute, Dr. Clancy felt that he did not care to have upon his shoulders the responsibility of shattering this boy's trusting faith. Accordingly they had waived the rules and accepted him as a student. The Dean had read in this youth's eagerness and determination a spirit which the others had failed to see.

The teachers who had then been on the staff, as well as the officers themselves, had many times since been thankful for Dr. Clancy's decision and wise foresight. The boy had graduated with the highest honors, at the age of nineteen, and had gone forth into the world to carry the living Gospel of a risen Christ.

As the Dean took up the thread of Kennedy's life story from the time that Hildreth had lost track of him, Canon Hildreth listened attentively.

"Perhaps you knew that Ralph's father passed away soon after he graduated?" the Dean suggested.

Hildreth nodded. That had been the last thing he had

heard of Kennedy, the announcement of his father's death.

"After that," Dr. Clancy continued, "there was only one thing for Ralph to do, and that was to return home and undertake the management of their farm. His father, never having been much of a manager, had left his finances hopelessly muddled. Their farm was mortgaged, and they were heavily in debt. His sister Margaret was earning money as a school teacher, but the income was insufficient to straighten out their financial problems.

"Therefore, in order to help his mother and sister, Ralph took over the responsibilities and commenced to work on the farm. At the end of two years things began to be more systematized. But even during those two years Ralph was determined to preach. In fact, Canon, I have rarely met his equal for determination. Ever since his graduation he has constantly kept in touch with me. I shall never forget one particular letter which I received from him, in which I could read between the lines and see therein his longing expressed to get out into the larger world and preach. He had always felt that at some time God would call him to a city church. During those first years, after he left the Institute, this proved to be his cross which he carried uncomplainingly; that, to all appearances, he must bury himself in a rural community during two of the most promising years of his life.

"From the State Board of his denomination he secured permission to open a closed church in his community. The result was that his cross proved to be a blessing to others, for during those two years he did a lasting work among the simple folks in that vicinity. That very place was God's training school for young Kennedy. During those two years his spirit, breathing through the letters he wrote, was sweet and courageous. Then, quite unexpectedly, light began to break. His sister married an influential business man of Frampton, a town situated at the other end of this state. Very generously Dick Chandler offered a home to Mrs. Kennedy and Ralph. While Mrs.

Kennedy accepted the invitation, Ralph decided that he must wait upon God to know His will. It was about this time that he wrote me a letter full of gratitude, because God had thus wonderfully opened the way for him to accept any call that might come to him."

As the Dean paused for a moment, Hildreth noticed that his eyes gleamed with pride and affection. Evidently Ralph Kennedy occupied a high place in Dr. Clancy's regard.

"There was one thing about that letter, Canon, which was different from many others which we receive here at the Institute," the Dean continued with impressive slowness. "Ralph did not ask the Institute to recommend him for any church vacancy. All he wanted us to do was to pray unitedly that he might make no mistake in his choice, but that he might be led aright into the very place where God could best use him. I do not have time to correspond with many of the students after they leave here. You can well understand that, Canon; but when I do, it is either because I feel I can be of special service to them, or perhaps they can be of help to me. Ralph Kennedy, boy as he was then and boy as he still is today in spirit, has been a great inspiration to my life ever since I have known him. Needless for me to tell you that we did remember him constantly at that time in our Fellowship Prayer Circle. This has been the outstanding reason why Kennedy has succeeded so wonderfully—because of his utter dependence upon God.

"Through a former Institute student, a call finally came to him to fill the pastorate of a little church in a village near Frampton. It might have seemed that Ralph would have been justified in seeking for a city church, but he evidently felt this call to be of the Lord, for he accepted. This student was leaving the pastorate of that church and wanted to be sure that his successor was sound. And certainly there is no shadow of a question about Kennedy's orthodoxy, Hildreth.

"That was about six years ago, and for the next few years Kennedy made a record for himself both in the church and in the village. Naturally we kept watching his work with much interest, rejoicing in his development. The one remarkable, outstanding feature of his work, right from the beginning of his ministry, in whatever field he has served, has been the prayer life. That has ever been his sure foundation, and is the reason why God has so signally honored his efforts. The Union Bible Institute can afford to feel thankful that he is a product, in one sense of the word, of the school here. By his utter fearlessness and his absolute refusal to compromise the truth at a single point, he has proven his consecration and his loyalty to the cause of Jesus Christ. He is an honor to this Institution."

Hildreth's feeling of weariness had left him. He was becoming absorbed in this account which the Dean was giving him of his former classmate.

"You mentioned Frampton a few minutes ago. Is Kennedy's church located there?" he asked.

Dr. Clancy nodded.

"Yes," he replied, "I will come to that in a moment. Ralph and his sister suffered another loss when their mother passed away not long after Margaret's marriage. Soon after this happened, a vacancy occurred in the church in Frampton of which the Chandlers were members. Through Dick Chandler's influence, a call was extended to Ralph. The church was one of the oldest and most substantial churches in the entire community. Many of the members had lived in Frampton for years, and the church was in a prosperous condition. There had never been any question about the raising of the yearly budget. But when I tell you that most of the older men and women of the church liked their regular card games, their theatre parties, and their occasional dances at the Country Club House, you will more readily understand what kind of a situation would be sure to develop when a man of



Ralph Kennedy's type entered their midst. There was never the hint of compromise wherever he was concerned."

Hildreth raised his eyebrows in rather skeptical surprise. "And they gave him a call, knowing what he stood for?" he asked. "This narrative of yours is well worth hearing and interesting, to say the least. You have referred to the worldliness of many of the members. I presume, if such was their condition, they would naturally be indifferent to fine points of doctrine."

The Dean nodded, enjoying to the full the recounting of the narrative. But the best was yet to come.

"Indifferent is the word, all right, Canon. I doubt if they knew anything at all about sound doctrine, and if any of this class really had convictions about the truth. Just so long as their pastor would smile indulgently upon them, and be very careful to say nothing about the questionable worldly pleasures they participated in, he would meet with their favor and approval, no matter what kind of doctrine he preached. I think it was his winning personality and his energy that appealed to them in the first place. But Dick Chandler's influence also counted for much. They had never before run up against a pastor who opposed them in any of the personal lives they lived. It was a new and unpleasant experience for them.

"It was not until after he had accepted the call, and had been in their midst for over six months that any real discussion arose. It is, perhaps, just as well that Ralph did not know at the beginning the disposition of a few of the leading spirits in the church. When the trouble began, the Chandlers, together with many new families of the church, stood with him loyally. Ralph has always been tactful, but absolutely fearless. If there is a pastor of Ralph's age in this country today who has undergone more persecution, and been hounded more than this splendid, consecrated man of God, I should like to meet him. But Kennedy has come out more than conqueror. Unaided and alone, except for Divine strength, he has won the victory.

He has made for himself an enviable reputation and an unshakable position in the city of Frampton. I could not go into all the details now, but I want to sketch for you the outstanding events which have taken place in his life during the past few years. Unless you are too weary tonight," he added, a touch of self-reproach in his voice. "I almost forget that you have had a long journey and possibly might want to rest."

With a motion of the hand, Hildreth urged him to proceed. "It is a long time since I have been so interested. I should like to hear all you have to tell."

"I have never met Margaret Chandler," the Dean continued, "but from what Ralph has told me, his sister must be an unusual character. Much as they had suffered, both brother and sister, in the loss of their parents, a still greater affliction was to come to Margaret. God allowed another sorrow to enter that home in the sudden death of Dick Chandler. He was instantly killed in an automobile accident. Only through Divine grace was Mrs. Chandler sustained at this time. Margaret has only one child—a boy, Dwight by name. Fortunately Chandler left them well provided for, therefore they have no financial difficulties.

"This blow came to his sister at the very time when the battle in connection with the church raged the most fiercely. Kennedy had commenced to preach fearlessly and powerfully against worldliness in the lives of Christians, issuing a call for separation. Even though he realized what he would be up against, it made no difference to him. As a result of this preaching, several of the officers formed themselves into a self-appointed committee. With a great show of authority they served warning on Kennedy that he must stop preaching about the personal affairs of the church members. One of the deacons even went so far as to send Kennedy an anonymous letter, suggesting that it might be a very wise act on the part of their pastor to hand in his resignation."

"To make a long story short, Kennedy resorted to the thing that had never failed him in the past. He issued a call to the faithful ones of the congregation to gather at the church for an all-day prayer meeting. Not a very large group came out, but Kennedy was satisfied. There were sufficient present to claim the promise of victory. Looking at the situation simply from a human standpoint, of course the trustees of the church held the upper hand. Kennedy knew this fact, but it made no difference to him. God had definitely opened the way for him to come to this field—of that fact he had always been confident, and he would not leave there without a struggle and an earnest effort to contend for the faith which he held so dear. For the sake of those in the church who wanted the truth (and they were increasing monthly), he would not yield. He realized strongly that this was the real crisis in his life. Events which have taken place since then have indeed proven this to have been the case. So, instead of resorting to human agencies, he took the matter to the throne of grace and left it there—the only place where all spiritual matters can be settled satisfactorily.

"That night, after the day of prayer, Kennedy wrote me a letter. It was full of hope and assurance. They had gained the promise of victory. I prize that letter highly, Canon. On a number of occasions it has been read to our students at their prayer service. It never fails to thrill and inspire hearts. Just how this matter was to be settled, what the outcome would be, they did not realize, nor were they concerned. God would work the thing out and get glory to Himself, of that they were confident."

"The Sunday following the prayer meeting, Ralph preached on the story found in the seventh chapter of Judges. You know it, Hildreth, that wonderful account of God's sifting and testing, until only the picked few were intrusted with the real work in hand. This sermon was like adding fuel to the fire which already burned so fiercely in the hearts of the leaders who held in their hands the

reins of church government. They called a Board meeting for the following night; and, after a stormy session at which Kennedy refused to be present, these leaders prevailed. The church property belonged to the denomination; and, of course, the state officers stood with this group of worldlings. While there were a number on the Board who fought this thing vigorously, they were in the minority. The result was that they demanded Kennedy's resignation."

Hildreth's indignant note of protest was music to the Dean's ears. Knowing, however, that the best part of the story was to come soon, he smiled meditatively and continued:

"I can just picture Ralph standing before that congregation the following Lord's Day morning as that announcement must have been read by the Chairman of the Board—Ralph who stands always as a peer above such pigmies as those Board members. There were quite a few strangers present that morning, I have learned since. Such things have a way of creeping into the daily papers, you know. You remember what a fine appearance Ralph presented even while he was a growing boy here at the Institute. Add to that, in your imagination, the experience of these past years developing in him a rich, rare manhood of Christian character, and it may help you to get a picture of Ralph Kennedy as he is today.

"Well, the outcome of the tangle was simply this: In their density and selfishness, the leaders of that church had evidently become blinded to the powerful hold Kennedy had been gaining upon the hearts of the people, even during his six-months' pastorate. To their utter consternation, when the thing was put to a vote, fully four-fifths of the actual membership promptly arose in protest and voted decidedly in favor of Ralph Kennedy. The leaders were powerless; and, while their hearts were full of misgivings, the thing had gone too far to be checked at that late hour. Furthermore, the State Board had been

appealed to and its sanction secured. It is a question whether they would have taken the action they did take, had they foreseen the consequences which were to follow."

Hildreth was so absorbed in the Dean's story that he did not observe Barbara as she slipped quietly into the room and took the seat in the bay window, nor was he conscious of the close scrutiny she gave him.

"Kennedy's experience," the Dean continued, "only proves again, as has been proven in the past, that God will never forsake the man or woman who trusts absolutely in Him. Of all present that morning, none rejoiced more keenly over the turn events had taken than those members on the Board who had been in the minority at the called meeting. One of the more resolute of these minority members, quick to seize any opportunity favorable to their pastor and evidently led by the Spirit of God, arose and immediately issued a call for a get-together meeting on the following night. He urged all who favored retaining Kennedy as their pastor to be present. In order to save Ralph from any embarrassment, he named one of the other men on the Board as temporary chairman.

"Today a tabernacle stands in Frampton as a monument to Ralph Kennedy and his uncompromising attitude in the hour of severe testing. In the entire community there is not a pastor more beloved than this man of God. On the following memorable night it was decided by the faithful members that, together with Kennedy, they would leave the church property in the hands of the disgruntled church members. A spirit of harmony would never exist among them after what had taken place. They were up in arms and felt keenly the indignity which had been offered their pastor. It may seem strange to you, Canon, but there was scarcely a pastor in Frampton who was openly in sympathy with Ralph and the stand he had taken for separation." Hildreth raised his eyebrows rather incredulously, as Dr. Clancy went on.

"His sympathizers were among the laity, many of them unsaved people. Things have come to such a pass in America that this kind of a situation exists today in many places. There may have been pastors who, down in their hearts, admired Kennedy for his stand; but none had the courage to show it openly. You see, when a pastor is tied up to most of the denominations today, his tongue is tied also. And many towns lack even a single pastor who stands as fearlessly for the truth as Kennedy does.

"I am about done for tonight, Canon—just a few more explanations. Margaret Chandler, having lost her husband just a few weeks before the break actually came, was going through this severe ordeal with her brother. She loved the church folks who had stood so loyally with Ralph. Endeavoring heroically to put aside her own grief, she came nobly to the rescue of the group of members who were leaving the old church home. The Chandler home, one of comfort and plenty, stands in a splendid part of the residential district of Frampton. A generous piece of ground surrounds the home, and Margaret Chandler at once offered part of this ground as a site for the erection of a tabernacle, when the out-going members faced the necessity for finding some place to worship. Here was a cause for much rejoicing. They felt that God had abundantly answered their prayers, and supplied their every need. It verily seemed to them a mark of Divine approval for the step they had so courageously taken. I tell you, Hildreth, the day is fast coming when there will be division in many churches. There must be a separation of the true from the false, when there are those who will no longer endure sound doctrine and Christian discipline."

His voice was stern for the moment, and Hildreth fell in with his mood. The Dean was right. Division were better than error and the toleration of worldliness in the church.

"They began the erection of the tabernacle at once,

making it large enough to allow for growth in membership, for their faith was large. But so rapidly has the work grown, that they are just now completing a permanent church edifice which God has graciously allowed them to erect. The efforts of both pastor and people have been marvelously blessed. There is one church whose entire program of activities is certainly pleasing to God. It is, in the estimation of those who know conditions there, one of the most spiritual churches in the country. I am sure you cannot wonder that I am naturally proud of the record that this consecrated man has made for himself and for the Institute. But of course my chief cause for glorying is that the honor of our Lord's name is so highly cherished in that church."

His pride in Ralph was indeed excusable, thought Hildreth. He found himself possessed with an intense desire to meet this man who had been his classmate, and who had gone forth into the very midst of present-day apostasy, worldliness and indifference, to fight so staunchly and loyally for the faith once delivered to the saints. While other pastors, many of them, were making shipwreck of the faith of the people, it was refreshing and reviving to hear such a story as the Dean had just told him.

Just then Hildreth caught sight of Barbara. Starting to his feet, he was on the verge of apologizing for his apparent rudeness, but she smilingly shook her head.

"That is all right, Dr. Hildreth," she assured him, "I do not wonder in the least that you were so wrapped up in the story of Ralph Kennedy as to have failed to notice when I came in—especially in the story as only father can tell it. If one knows the man, and knows his story, it is impossible not to be interested, when one loves the truth."

For a few minutes longer they talked of Kennedy and his work. The Dean explained that he had been asked by Ralph to deliver the opening message when the new

church should be dedicated in June. Kennedy had phoned him tonight about the possibility of securing an assistant pastor whose duties would begin after the dedication of the new church. Already the work was growing beyond him, and he needed an assistant. Calls were also commencing to come to Kennedy from towns outside, for the story of the successful battle, which had been waged and won for the Lord in the Frampton church, was becoming known in other places. The presence of an assistant would give Kennedy more freedom to leave his own work when these calls came in.

"I have Stephen in mind for Kennedy's assistant," the Dean said, briefly after a short pause. "I believe that your brother is the very man to fill that place. Ralph wants some one who will be able to handle the music of the church in a spiritual way. Stephen has all the qualities, as well as a splendid ability for leadership. Furthermore, I believe that such an experience will be invaluable for your brother. It will settle and establish him, and his spiritual life will deepen. Contact with Kennedy is a rare tonic."

Hildreth felt a surge of thankfulness rise within him. After this story to which he had just listened, he felt that he could desire nothing more for Stephen than this very experience which would lie before him as Kennedy's assistant. As he warmly thanked the Dean for his interest, he realized what a fortunate event this would be for his brother.

"I will have Stephen sing on Friday morning at the close of your address, Canon," the Dean remarked. "I am sure Kennedy will manage to get here for that occasion, and I want him to hear Stephen and judge for himself. You will also acknowledge his ability when you hear him. He gives promise of a splendid career. We shall say nothing to Stephen about this matter, however. I do not want him to know that he will possibly receive this offer,—not until after he has sung on Friday."



When Barbara finally suggested that they must allow their guest to retire, Dr. Clancy arose from his chair. Now that the day was over, and the cares of his work put aside, Hildreth was quick to notice the tiredness that seemed to rest upon him, and the fact that his step was no longer elastic. In the Institute with the pressure of work upon him, work which he was loath to surrender to another, he still held his own. Here in his home, however, in the quiet intimacy of this room, the trace of the years was more noticeable. During the evening he had been alive with interest in the story he had told. Hildreth realized that, in spite of failing strength and vigor, not a whit of the man's splendid mentality had departed. Neither had he lost one particle of that keen spirit of discerning judgment for which he had been noted throughout the years. His soul was more alive to spiritual things than ever, while his rare vision and his insight into human nature still remained strong.

After breakfast the following morning, Dr. Hildreth was asked to visit the room of the invalid. It was here that the family was accustomed to assemble for morning prayers. Years before Hildreth had seen her on several occasions, but for the most part Mrs. Clancy lived a life separated from others. A frail, sweet-spirited woman she was, very fragile and suffering severely at times, yet ever resigned to the will of God.

She greeted Dr. Hildreth in a manner that made his eyes grow suspiciously moist. The depth of her prayer went to his heart. They did not tarry long after the simple morning devotions; but before he went, Mrs. Clancy urged him to come in often while he should be in their home. He assured her he should esteem it a rare privilege.

Looking down into the clear eyes, which held a look not of this earth, Canon Hildreth said gently:

"I consider that I have been honored this morning, Mrs. Clancy, in having been allowed to come here to this sacred place. I am now within a real sanctuary. For my work

I could ask no greater blessing than to have you continue your ministry of prayer for the unhappy lives of the Russian people—people who are so utterly wretched and hopeless. You need no sympathy from me. God has enriched your life with a wonderful grace and blessing. He has also enriched this world, so full of sin, by your living here, and hallowed this home because of your presence within it. What your prayers have meant to me, only eternity will reveal to you. May He ever bless and glorify your service for Him, Mrs. Clancy.”

Never would Barbara, standing motionless at the foot of the bed, forget these words. Later, when her mother asked her if she could remember them sufficiently to write them in her diary, she had no difficulty in recalling them. After he had left the room, the whole day was made memorable for this patient sufferer. She kept tryst with him by spending the day in prayer.

## CHAPTER V

### COMMUNISM

THE vast auditorium, occupying the ground floor of Ridley Hall, was flooded with brilliant April sunlight on Friday morning as the janitor completed his usual task of sweeping and cleaning. The place was in readiness for the special address to be given there upon this eventful day.

The clock on the left wall showed exactly eight-thirty as a number of early students sauntered into the great room, finding good seats for themselves. The comfortable chairs, their wide arm-pieces serving as substitutes for desks, suggested the very latest fashion in the line of class-room furniture. The ventilation facilities had been splendidly arranged. Because the auditorium was frequently used for evening lectures, there was also a well-installed lighting plant. It was one of the finest rooms of its kind in the country. From this platform had spoken some of the most notable preachers and Christian men in the world.

A spirit of expectancy prevailed as gradually the room began to fill. It had been thoroughly announced in the Institute the day previous that Dr. Hildreth of Petrograd, Russia, would speak that morning. The evening papers had also carried announcements to the same effect. Preceding his address, however, would come the monthly prayer hour, for upon the first school day of each month it was customary to spend the opening session in a season of prayer. At this time they definitely remembered the special needs of the Institute, the faculty members, and of the students out in the field. The entire staff of the Institute, including Board members, teachers and officials, as well as the student body, assembled for this

blessed occasion. As the students left the Institute during the years, one by one going to their respective fields of labor, this was one occasion which they never forgot, but which, as they looked back to it, proved always an inspiration to them.

Among those who entered the auditorium on Friday morning there came a man, comparatively young, who was evidently not a student. Walking slowly down one of the side aisles, he scanned, with a good deal of interest, the faces of those before him. Apparently it was his intention and desire just then to keep away from the others; for he picked out a seat well under one of the galleries, near the front of the room, from where he could command a good side view of the platform. The students were commencing to file into the room now in larger numbers, swarming in from the numerous entrances on either side of the platform, as well as from the rear. Soon a number of the best seats near him commenced to fill rapidly. During the regular class sessions the men and women students occupied their own places, on different sides of the auditorium. But on the first day of the month all restrictions were done away with, and the students sat where they desired.

Through one of the side entrances, a few minutes later, Ruth Caverly and Eleanor Hildreth came in together. They stood for just an instant not far from where the young man had taken a seat. His casual glance, falling upon the two young women, might not have rested there more than a moment, had he not recognized Ruth. As there seemed to be very little space left in the centre of the auditorium, they hesitated an instant, then took seats almost directly in front of him.

With some interest he watched the young women. Somehow he felt that he ought to know Ruth's companion, but he could not recall. They had not noticed him. There was something very appealing, thought this young man, about Eleanor Hildreth, even though he knew her

not. He noticed the long lashes which swept her cheek, and the sudden, crinkly little smile which once or twice flashed suddenly into her eyes and over her face, and then was gone. She was very wholesome and natural and winsome. He noticed also the serious gravity which settled down upon her after the smile. Vainly he tried to recall where he had seen the face before.

The young man was also good to look upon. Youth, determination, and clear-sighted spiritual vision looked out from the eyes whose gaze was so direct and frank. In his face was the sort of an open expression which was sure to win confidence. Even though the boyish spirit of the man was commencing to settle gradually into more mature, full-fledged manhood, nevertheless he would probably never grow old in spirit. More than one of the students looked at him with interest, wondering who he was. The fine Christian character of sincere manhood suggested itself the moment one commenced to study him.

His approving scrutiny of Eleanor Hildreth was terminated rather abruptly. A man entered the room from the side door and stood still, apparently looking for some one, for his gaze went here and there among the students. The young man recognized him as Professor Caverly. He was evidently looking for Ruth; for, as she looked up, he caught sight of her and came over to where the young women were seated. He was in the act of speaking to her when he happened to catch sight of the young man in the row behind. Forgetting for the moment his desire to speak with his daughter, he stepped back and held out his hand, his face breaking into an instant smile of welcome.

"Well, this is fine, Ralph Kennedy of all men!" he exclaimed, sincere pleasure in his voice. "How very fortunate that you were able to get here in time. Dr. Clancy last night told me of your contemplated errand here. He is confident that he has the very man you want. Have you seen him since you arrived?"

Realizing that his desire to remain in the background

had been impossible of fulfillment, Kennedy arose in acknowledgement of the other man's greeting.

"Glad to see you, Professor Caverly. No, I have not seen the Dean, but have just had a conversation with him on the phone. I did not get in till late last night. Had to ride hard as it was in order to get here; but I was determined, if at all possible, to get here for Dr. Hildreth's address. I assure you it is with the keenest interest I am looking forward to what we shall hear this morning. Of late I have had good reasons for being specially interested in Russia and the conditions existing there. The daughter of one of Frampton's prominent attorneys is married to a man who has recently returned from Russia, and she is a member of my church. Am sorry this is such a busy week for me. I shall be pretty well tied up till after the dedication of our church. I have an appointment for tonight in a distant town, so shall have to leave almost immediately after dinner this noon. Were it not that I have another appointment for tomorrow night at a town lying in an opposite direction, I should stop over for a day on my way home. However, I am thankful for this privilege."

Professor Caverly glanced at the clock at the side of the room. It wanted only five minutes till nine o'clock.

"Come to the platform, Kennedy," he suggested, but the man shook his head.

"Thanks, Professor," he said, "I think it is best I should not. Dr. Clancy will have Stephen Hildreth sing, and he thinks it is better that Mr. Hildreth should not know, until afterward, that I am here. Besides, I am sure that I shall enjoy the address of the morning more thoroughly if I am permitted to be a part of the audience. They seldom allow me this privilege anymore," he added. Both men laughed.

Remembering his original errand, the Professor turned to Ruth and gave her some message. She and Eleanor had been much interested as the two men had talked. Into the

heart of Eleanor had come suddenly a glow of pride. It was her brother, Canon, for whom all these students this morning were waiting so expectantly—his message which they were to hear. She liked the sincere, straightforward attitude of Ralph Kennedy, and she mentally placed him on a level above the other students. He might have belonged to the group of teachers and officers. Her heart went out to him because he had made such an effort to arrive in time to hear Canon.

Suddenly it dawned upon Professor Caverly that Eleanor had never met Ralph Kennedy. Ralph was shaking hands with Ruth. Then the Professor introduced Dr. Hildreth's sister.

With a quickening interest and much animation, Ralph turned rather impulsively to the Professor.

"How perfectly stupid of me not to know that this young woman was Canon Hildreth's sister! She is the very image of Dr. Hildreth!" he exclaimed. At the genuine note of self-reproach in his voice, a laugh followed. It broke the ice instantly. Then Kennedy turned to Eleanor again.

"I confess, Miss Hildreth, that before Professor Caverly came in I was guilty of studying you rather intently, trying to fathom that expression of yours and wondering where I had seen you before. You are so like your brother that the whole matter is now explained."

Then he glanced at Ruth. Professor Caverly had excused himself.

"Should I be intruding if I asked permission to sit with you and Miss Hildreth this morning, Miss Caverly?" he asked? "I believe I should enjoy very much sitting with Canon Hildreth's sister, while listening to his message. I shall appreciate it greatly if I may have this privilege."

The request came so sincerely that Eleanor's heart became suddenly full. As Ruth graciously gave her consent, a glow came into Eleanor's eyes. They were almost starry in their expression. Very generously she credited

this desire on Kennedy's part to her brother. With a candid little movement, utterly unconscious of self, the girl spoke.

"I am so glad that you made such an effort to come a long distance to hear Canon," she said simply. He noticed the pensive eagerness in her voice. "You cannot realize, Mr. Kennedy, all that this morning means to me. I have been looking forward to his return for years—for this day when he would come to us and tell us of some of the unspeakable conditions in Russia. He has told me very little as yet, but that was because he tried to keep our first hours together happy and free from too much that was burdensome. But he is bearing a heavy burden, Mr. Kennedy. You will realize that when you hear him."

Kennedy realized that her whole thought was for her brother. They had been standing together, the girls having reserved their seats by throwing their sweater jackets across the backs of the chairs. Now, as the first bell sounded, they seated themselves. Fortunately there was one vacant chair in their row. As Kennedy took this seat, it was with a feeling of gratitude. A new interest stirred within him by the presence of this girl at his side.

It was an inspirational prayer hour that followed. After this period came Dr. Hildreth's opportunity. The hushed solemnity of the occasion seemed to grip the hearts of that vast body of people, as they prepared to listen. Dr. Clancy very briefly and pointedly introduced the speaker of the morning. He would occupy as much time as necessary between the hours of ten and twelve. At the close of his message they would listen to Stephen Hildreth who would sing for them.

The silence in the room was very deep. All over the Auditorium heads were instantly bowed, when for a moment Dr. Hildreth closed his eyes.

"Our God and our Father, that Thou wouldest grant to this people today a much needed vision, that their hearts and minds and spiritual understanding might be opened



anew to the truth. . . . . that the seriousness of conditions over the wide world might be revealed to them—this is our prayer today. Amen.”

From the moment he commenced to speak, they gave him their utmost thought and attention, for they sensed the fact that a message out of the ordinary would be given. Every seat in the immense auditorium was taken, and some people were standing, as Dr. Hildreth began. In addition to the students there were present many of the citizens of Frampton, and some from other towns near by.

“Since my return from Russia, this is the first message I have given in America. It is fitting that I should open my tour in this country by coming to you with my story before I go elsewhere. Just what my home coming to this dear Institute has meant to me already, I cannot take time now to tell. I feel that I dare not take more than a moment in passing to speak of anything except the great burden which lies upon my heart, for I come to you today with a message which God doth require that I give you faithfully, and without flinching. I expect to hold back nothing; otherwise God will hold me accountable. Except as one looks at the only ray of hope, which is the return again of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, there will be very little gladness in my message. This is the only event which the torn and weary nations of the earth have any right to expect in the way of deliverance. But to me the greatest tragedy of all is that they are not looking for *Him*.

“I am aware of the ignorance and the indifference which exist in America. In Russia, however, the case is totally different. In this country the vast majority of people labor under delusions, unrealizing what is taking place in other parts of the world. I do not come to you today with generalities; I have come from Russia with indisputable facts which should be declared and not concealed.”

He paused for a moment in order to give to his next words a special emphasis.

"Most people, gripped and held by their fears and misgivings, are afraid to face facts even when they have been brought to their attention. At the same time, there are those who are conscious that things are radically wrong." He spoke slowly and impressively. "As Christians we should be intelligent rather than ignorant. Go to your Bibles and study them, especially the prophecies. Study them in connection with current events. What saith the Scriptures? Ask the Holy Spirit to teach you. 'When they shall say *peace and safety*; then sudden destruction shall come upon them, as travail upon a woman with child.' 'But ye, brethren, are not in the darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.' Is not this the cry we hear upon every hand 'Peace and safety'?"

"I have not come before you this morning to deliver a lecture on prophecy, for in this splendid Institute there are teachers far more capable than I am to handle such a subject. I thank God for the fact that prophecy is taught here. My purpose, however, is to bring to you a picture of life as we find it today in Soviet Russia, in that once proud and mighty land where conditions are now so terrible that they almost beggar description for wretchedness. Over there life is held as a cheap thing, degraded to the utmost; and unsafe except when it is surrounded with that all-wise and mysterious Providence with which our Father surrounds and protects His children.

"Looking into your faces this morning, I realize that I have come from a very different world, a world of wretched despair and misery, where the people suffer much agony, from a world where grim famine stalks unbridled everywhere, and where every conceivable form of human and spiritual degradation is to be found rampant. One sees the awful culmination of sin in its most terrible forms. Were it not for the marvelous grace of God, I should today be insane. I have witnessed sights which it would

be impossible to describe in such a mixed audience as this. I have lived through hours of nerve-racking experiences, compelled to remain silent in the midst of it all, as one unguarded word might have sent me to instant death. God has miraculously spared my life for a purpose, that I might come these thousands of miles from that awful maelstrom which was once strong Russia, to bring to you and to others here in America the message which God has indelibly burned into my heart and life in living fire during the past ten years.

"When I left this Institute, I was a boy in spirit. I return a boy no longer, but a man upon whom God has laid the burden for multitudes of utterly miserable, perishing souls in Russia. I am here for a few months, possibly a year or a little longer; and then I hope to return to my work over there, perhaps never to come to America again. God alone knows what the future holds. I have mentioned briefly the general conditions which exist over there. Sin is so rampant, and a godless modernism is so entirely the order of the day in that stricken land, that I can find no words in the English language to do justice to the horrors of the situation.

"As I bring to you some of the facts, will you please remember, those of you who are sitting here surrounded with every possible comfort and convenience, that just across the seas there are lands where indescribable woe and misery reign supreme? Remember also," he added, and there was a note of warning that held every ear, "You do not act wisely to sit here and congratulate yourselves upon the fact that Americans are safe. While you are now in comparative safety, you might do well to ask yourselves the question—'For how long?' As you listen to my message this morning, do not forget that all the countries of the world rest upon the brink of a yawning chasm which at any time may engulf the nations of the world. Keep in mind the words of the passage of Scripture I have felt led to use, 'When they shall say, *Peace*

*and safety*; then sudden *destruction* cometh upon them.' Remember also, 'They shall cry, Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' Just this word of warning for those who are inclined to prattle for the pacifist movement.

"My work in Russia started in a single shed-like room, and was handicapped at first in many ways because of lack of conveniences. I went over there professionally to minister to the physical diseases of men and women, but the diseases of the soul are a thousand times worse. Even when I began my work in Russia, young and inexperienced as I was then, I sensed the fact that I was under a subtle surveillance. It was necessary for me to guard myself and my thoughts, lest I give too free expression to them. During the years, the dangers did not diminish, but increased. However, my knowledge of medicine was useful, and I was tolerated. Because I said little, the authorities considered that I was not detrimental to them in any way.

"But I had not been there very long before I began to realize that a new and dangerous system of government was well under way in Russia, a system more secret and mysterious and terrible than I had ever dreamed could exist. I lived constantly in an atmosphere of political intrigue and danger. Compared with the Russian people, Americans are simply playing at the game of politics. The craftiness and diabolical cleverness of the leaders of the Russian Soviet Government surpass anything of its kind on the earth today.

"In a vague way the American people are wondering what this system is of which they hear such conflicting reports. Having been away from this country for such a long time, I have yet to gain an accurate grasp of the situation as it exists in America today. I am not yet aware to what extent the Reds have pushed their terrible propaganda here, and it will be impossible for me to correctly estimate the situation until I have talked with those who are more in touch with inside facts. But this much I am able to bring to you this morning, that the general plan

in the minds of the Soviet leaders today is that no stone shall be left unturned until the entire world is covered with their propaganda.

"Communism is a system of government which aims at the destruction of all law and order. Its outstanding plan is to do away with all existing governments; and, with headquarters in Moscow, they are working tirelessly for world domination. From Moscow all their national and world activities are directed, everything centering there. In theory they have set up what they call an ideal state of existence. Please bear in mind that I say *in theory*. There must be a universal abolition of money, of all property rights that are individual, and of class distinction. They argue that in their 'ideal state' there will be no need of money, and no such thing as property rights can exist, for everyone is to be placed upon a plane of absolute equality. Bolshevism is nothing more or less than extreme Socialism in action. It is the *promise* of idealism in Bolshevism which has already brought Russia, and is rapidly bringing other European countries into such an appalling condition. The whole thing is cleverly camouflaged by deceptively alluring phrases.

"The acceptance of Bolshevism by a country actually means that the time has arrived for the people of that country to enter into possession of all commodities. Bolshevism is sending out to the world its challenge that the hour has struck for the introduction of an entirely new form of government. It declares that the time is now ripe for the setting up of a different social order, in which injustice and inequality shall have no place. To the superficial observer, and to all outward appearances, the system is the most wonderful and beneficent which has ever been conceived in the minds of men. Its leaders proclaim that the whole world is to be brought into lasting peace, content and enduring brotherhood. And all this to be accomplished *without God*."

In so vivid and graphic a manner was Canon Hildreth

picturing to his audience the grim realities of conditions existing in Russia that men and women strained forward, unconscious of their attitude, intent only on getting every word he uttered.

"As one writer has well expressed it, 'The system of rule aimed at is in theory a dictatorship of the proletariat—proletariat, of course, meaning the people—exercised through local bodies of soldiers, workers and peasants. These are called Soviets. The governing idea is that Russia shall not become a democracy or a parliamentary republic, after the American or French model, but a Soviet Republic. A commonwealth is to be established in which all power and authority shall belong to a central committee of all the Soviets in the country. All local government will be carried on by the local Soviets or delegates of the working classes.'

"So much for this brief summary of their theory, as to how the people shall be governed. Let us glance for a moment at the theory in connection with the social order. The young and the old are to be cared for by all the people impersonally. As soon as the innocent babe can be separated from its mother, it is taken charge of by the state, educated by the state and put to work. This is called the 'socialization of the children.' The women are to be 'nationalized.' Study into this subject, and you will find an appalling condition of affairs existing today in connection with the nationalization of women in countries where this system is in operation. There is to be no marriage or giving in marriage. Morality and parental control are relegated to the past.

"The suggestion which from the start has most appealed to the untrained, undisciplined, and long-enslaved Russian people, has been the attractive ideal held out to them by the leaders of Bolshevism. Banners were raised and flaunted everywhere, having inscribed on their folds words of magical quality which appealed instantly to the soldiers, workers and peasants of Russia. 'Peace, bread and land'

were proclaimed for everybody. It had a tremendous fascination for toilers all over the land. It seemed to these long-suffering people that Utopia, the perfect state, had come at last. Never before had there been such radiant promise for the immediate realization of the golden age which former dreamers had proclaimed could become a possibility for the races of men. As one article expressed it, the time had come for 'the destruction of the state and the churches, with all their institutions and laws, religious, judicial, financial, magisterial, academical, economical and social.' The utmost objective of the most ardent socialist has come to be realized in Bolshevism. It is unquestionably the real thing, without any form of dilution, which has come to a full realization in Russia. The moderate Socialist party held the reins of government when the old Czarist system was swept away, but the rule of the more moderate socialistic reformers was quickly terminated when the Bolsheviki came into power. They are indeed the real representatives of the entire revolutionary ideal."

He paused for just a moment. Some one had considerably brought him a glass of water. Hildreth seemed almost unconscious of his audience—unconscious of anything but his message. Then he continued, eloquent and powerful, full of the things which were upon his heart.

"I have tried to show you the ideal, theoretical side of the Bolshevistic situation. But what is the *actual condition* of Russia today under the new regime? That is a vastly different picture from the deceptive ideal held out to the deluded people everywhere. If only it were possible for this group of people this morning to get a glimpse of the real situation as it actually exists—if you could get a panoramic view of the suffering heart of the Russian people, you would know something of the awful devastation which has been made during the past few years. It is true that the vast majority of the Russians are peasants, unlettered and illiterate; but everyone of them possesses a soul for which Jesus Christ died. Today they are suf-

fering tortures concocted in the most diabolical fashion, conceived in the lowest pit by the master mind of the arch-fiend, Satan himself. The Russian people have been duped, deceived and deluded; their hopes have been forever crushed by the leaders of Bolshevism; men and women have been shot to death on the least offense, women being treated in the most awful manner, and children being torn from the arms of despairing mothers who are forced to bear them. I repeat, if you could know these things as they actually exist, were it possible for you to be brought into touch with the grim realities, then it might possibly awaken you to the seriousness of this thing which is making such alarming headway, this monstrous system called Communism. It is nothing less than a diabolical, hell-born plan for the domination of the world by just such leaders as are today at the helm of affairs in Russia.

"In regard to the hopes held out to the people: The promised food has not been forthcoming; and, as a result, famine is claiming thousands of helpless victims. A fearful reign of Red terror is being manifested everywhere throughout Russia, and is spreading alarmingly in other lands. The entire world is in a turmoil. We face an impending tragedy which, according to God's Word, will not be averted. Let us consider the facts this morning, members of the faculty and students of the Institute. I am not coming here to suggest to you any method or hope of reform. My purpose is to arouse the people of America, both Christians and non-Christians, to the fact that *the coming of the Lord draweth nigh*. This is the truth the people need today, the message that there is no hope and no shelter aside from the Divine refuge which is to be found only in Jesus Christ. Let us stop our foolish twaddle about world peace and pacifism, and kindred false and misleading hopes, and let us stand forth, willing if need, be to suffer and endure faithfully in the name and for the sake of Him who died that we might live eternally. Let us testify to *Him*, whom to know aright is life eternal.



God's Word says that 'there shall be wars and rumors of wars . . . but the end is not yet.' Our business, yours and mine, is not to become entangled with the various reform movements going on all about us—ours is the glorious privilege of proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ to a lost and perishing world, and of telling men and women everywhere, whose hearts are full of fear, that, if they look to Him, their redemption draweth nigh.

"Just a few more facts in connection with conditions in Russia, before I bring this message to a close. It has only been possible for me to touch on some of the outstanding facts in connection with Bolshevism. I feel that no word picture can adequately describe the sufferings of the people in that stricken land. The workers and peasants alike have realized, when too late, the bitter experience of what Bolshevistic rule irrevocably and relentlessly stands for. For both themselves and their country it has spelt utter ruin. All who do not subscribe to the articles and principles of the Bolshevistic creed are disfranchised, and all papers which do not support the government of the Soviet are instantly suppressed. Justice is unobtainable, or only to be purchased at a high rate, while corruption along every line is rampant. According to reliable testimony, furnished by the former British ambassador to Russia, never since the days of Ivan the Terrible has Russia suffered as she is suffering today. They are crushing people on every hand by the awful power of the Red Terror.

"In certain regions, where the Bolshevistic rule has passed the experimental stage and is working most supremely, people are being massacred by the wholesale. People who oppose in any way the rule of the Soviet are simply pronounced counter-revolutionists, and as such are pronounced guilty and sentenced to death. The government is voting millions of dollars for the sending of propaganda to other countries. They are determined that the gospel of Bolshevism, as they term it, shall be preached

over the wide world. America shall not escape, except as we find our refuge in the Rock of ages.

"It is this picture of the ghastly reign of suffering and ruin which I am compelled to bring to you here in this Institute today. Oh, that we might be driven to our knees in prayer, that out of this awful maelstrom God might save some, and snatch them as brands from the burning. The peoples of the world today are not turning toward the Christ, but away from Him. They are waiting for a leader, and multitudes will receive not Christ, but the Anti-Christ."

He was nearing the end of his talk. From all over the vast auditorium the only sounds that could be heard, beside the voice of the speaker, were the sobs of women. Even men were not ashamed of their crying.

Pausing for just a moment, he raised his hand commandingly, and held them thus in silence. Then leaning slightly across the pulpit desk he looked at them searchingly, with an expression in the deep-set eyes which seemed to take in everyone in the entire audience.

"I want you to realize, as you have never realized before, the true cause of all the world's mad restlessness, discontent and sufferings. I want you to let this fact grip your hearts in a new way, that the whole world lieth in the lap of the wicked one, and that Satan is supremely the god of this world today. I want you to recognize the danger signals. I love America, this land of my birth, which we so proudly call 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.' There is more liberty here in America than is to be found in any other nation on earth. *But for how long?* While I do not believe that it is possible to do more than to perhaps stem the tide for a while, by any effort of reform and vigilance, yet I believe we, as Christians, should be intelligent and awake to the situation as it exists.

"On other occasions you have listened to men and women returning to America from foreign shores, from

their mission fields; and they have told you harrowing stories of the lives lived by native savages in the different heathen countries. I have returned not from a land where the people live in the same heathen darkness as they do in Africa, but from a land where danger lurks on every hand. Why have not others sounded to you a similar warning? Why, for instance, are people not being warned against possible danger from the African natives? Because there is no immediate danger that the savage tribes of the African jungles will come to America with propaganda. It is Russia that furnishes for America and the rest of the world a grave menace and a constant source of danger. The situation is different there than in any other country, except as the same danger begins to exist in other countries after the entrance of Bolshevism. There are no places on earth today more full of danger than certain parts of Russia; life is utterly unsafe. If you are here this morning unprepared for the coming catastrophe, the only hope I can give you is the Divine remedy provided nineteen hundred years ago on Calvary, Jesus Christ. Men's hearts everywhere are failing them for fear. The spirit of Anti-Christ is realized by those whose eyes have been spiritually opened.

"Talk to the wretched, down-trodden people of Russia today about a millennium close at our doors, which a deluded Christendom declares is almost upon us, and they will stare at you in blank and stupid misery. You cannot convince *them* that conditions are improving. It is impossible to stuff that delusion down *their* throats. The same condition prevails in every country where Bolshevism is gaining the ascendancy. Through their terrible experiences the Russian peasantry know that the hellish plans of these leaders of Bolshevism are simply the foreshadowings of the coming Anti-Christ. So do not come to me, or to those who know Russia and the Soviet system, and attempt to convince us that what is needed is some world betterment scheme, or universal peace, or disarmament,

or even the approach of the millennium. Before the Scriptural millennium shall arrive, which Christ Himself will establish at the end of the awful tribulation period, this world is doomed to pass through the utmost suffering. The terrible chaos and convulsion coming upon unregenerate mankind has never even been imagined by the mind of man.

"The Russian nation today, in the throes of agony and despair, presents to the world a vivid warning of the coming of the tribulation period and the reign of the Anti-Christ. The climax will come after the Church of Christ has been taken out of the world, and this climax will fall upon those who reject God's offer of mercy and salvation. Acceptance of Him and the teaching of His return again are the rays of living hope which I have to offer any who know Him not. You have this morning given me your attention in a way which bids me hope that you have grasped something of the true situation. I trust in His strength to be able to carry this message into many places in America. I am thankful for the opportunity. For this purpose have I returned. Until I have done my utmost I shall not feel that my mission has been fulfilled."

Out of the intense silence, which was broken only by continued sobbing as Dr. Hildreth turned and walked slowly to his seat, there came the voice of Stephen Hildreth. Into the eyes of the young man there had come the unmistakable fire of a new conviction, full-born that morning. Ruth Caverly, who was to play Stephen's accompaniment, had already taken her place at the piano. Turning to her, however, the young man by an almost imperceptible motion bade her to wait.

"I have been requested to sing at the close of my brother's address," he said, and they noticed that his voice was not steady. "First of all, however, I must make a confession. It is unnecessary for me to tell this audience that this moment is one of the proudest in my life. I

would rather be Canon Hildreth's brother than to be president of this country. God has this day placed upon me a burden for the helpless Russians. Like many others I have dabbled in a senseless way in matters which I have not understood at all. Today I have had an awakening. We can all realize how utterly far afield many of us have been. That God may help me in days to come to prove worthy of such a brother as mine is my prayer just now. Within my heart, especially in the light of this new revelation, is an unspeakable thankfulness that God has saved me through the sacrifice of His dear Son. I am sure there are others here who could testify to the fact that scales have fallen from their eyes this morning, and that now they see, at least in part. May God grant that an awakening may come to many hearts on account of this message."

The hymn he had selected was an old-fashioned, simple one from their hymn-book: "Do You Know the World Is Dying for a Little Bit of Love?" But he stirred that great throng of people profoundly by a change in some of the words, rendering it "Do you know that Russia's dying for the Message of the Christ?" He sang that morning as none present had ever heard him sing before. Dr. Clancy, seated in the great center chair of the platform, with his hand tightly gripped in that of Canon Hildreth, was moved intensely.

The Spirit of God had veritably come upon that vast audience. Out of the fullness of his heart Stephen sang the entire hymn, with its new meaning. It helped to relieve the tension which had been upon the people at the close of Dr. Hildreth's address. When a few minutes later Dr. Clancy called upon Ralph Kennedy to close that memorable service in prayer, none present ever forgot the impassioned appeal which issued from the lips and the heart of the Frampton pastor. Eleanor Hildreth, standing beside him under the spiritual influence of that prayer which came from the depths of the man's soul, realized

it was the greatest public petition to which she had ever listened.

It was a hushed group of men and women who filed out of the auditorium that morning. The message given by Dr. Hildreth had gone home to many hearts and found a permanent lodgment there. Stephen Hildreth had well said that from many eyes the scales had fallen. In a manner that they would never forget, through the living words of fire poured forth from the soul of a man utterly consecrated, the message had come to them of the Russian people in all their sin and misery. For the first time the eyes of many of them were opened to the seriousness of the menace which threatened the people of America. The prayer that went up from hearts innumerable that day was that God might count them worthy to escape the advancing day of a great tribulation which was so surely coming to cover the earth. Verily the day of Anti-Christ was at hand.

## CHAPTER VI

### DAYS OF RELAXATION

FROM all parts of the auditorium, with every aisle crowded, the people surged forward to meet Dr. Hildreth. Just for a moment Professor Caverly held them back as he discovered Kennedy, watch in hand, evidently anxious for a word with the speaker of the morning. The next instant the two men were shaking hands.

"I shall never cease to be grateful for the privilege accorded me this morning, Hildreth," he exclaimed after the first greetings were over. It was evident that he had been deeply stirred. "My sincerest thanks to the Dean for urging me to be present. I shall detain you for just a moment now, for others are waiting to meet you. But I want you and your sister and Miss Caverly to have dinner with me. Are you at liberty?"

As Hildreth assented, he added:

"Very well. We will dine at twelve at the Elmore where I am stopping. I leave Stockton at two o'clock. There are several matters I wish to discuss with you. I shall be waiting in my car outside Ridley Hall at eleven-forty-five."

As Dr. Hildreth turned his attention to the waiting group, he observed several men standing in the forefront, note-books in hand. It became evident that they intended asking for appointments. He turned to the Dean who stood near.

"Perhaps it will be best if you will take care of the schedule of engagements, Dr. Clancy," he suggested. "Otherwise there are sure to be conflicting dates." To this the Dean agreed.

At the rear of the line, standing in one of the aisles after most of the people had shaken hands with Dr.

Hildreth and departed, stood a gentleman, elderly and slightly stoop-shouldered. The piercing eyes did not hold the same expression of approval and commendation that had been showered upon Hildreth that morning. Evidently the man was in no hurry, for he seemed quite willing to wait until all others had been received. Hildreth finally turned to him.

"May I have a few words with you?" The man's tone was smoothly courteous, yet his face revealed nothing. Hildreth waited, unable at first to fathom the man. Although time was quickly passing, he assured the stranger that he could spare him a few minutes.

Except for Eleanor and Ruth, who sat together a short distance away, the auditorium was empty. The Dean had excused himself and gone to his office for a short period with Stephen and Ralph Kennedy. As the two men seated themselves, the stranger came directly to the point.

"I have carefully listened to everything you have said this morning, Dr. Hildreth," he began, "but in spite of the fact that you held your audience in a remarkable way by the presentation of a vividly colored picture, I happen to know that most of your assertions are overdrawn. You spoke of the atrocities being perpetrated upon women and children. Granting that there may be instances where some men act more like beasts than like human beings, yet these are the exceptions and not the rule. There is no warrant for such a sweeping condemnation as you made this morning regarding the new rule in Russia. I am much interested in studying the results of the Soviet regime, and have been for a long time. For this reason I disapprove of nearly everything you said this morning. Might I be permitted to ask what your authority is for the statements you have made?"

It was impossible now to overlook the veiled hostility underneath the polished surface of the man, for into the stranger's last words there had crept a subtle challenge. Hildreth instantly placed him as one who was openly



prejudiced in favor of Communism. He could name unquestionable sources of authority, but it was useless to waste time discussing the situation with this man. Had he come honestly seeking for information, Hildreth's attitude would have been different. But the ten years spent on Russian soil, in the very heart of Soviet rule and under almost constant surveillance, had served him well. Into Hildreth's eyes there flashed again that gleam of steel.

"My sources of information are absolutely authentic," he replied, curtly. "I would hardly dare come into the presence of an intelligent audience in America and make such statements as I have made here this morning if I were not in a position to prove them to be facts. You are a stranger to me, as were many others who heard me, but I believe that most of those who heard my message were open-minded and allowed the Spirit of God to prepare their hearts for the reception of the truth. You have suggested that some of the conditions of which I have spoken are simply exceptions. But I speak with the utmost authority when I tell you that these things are *not* exceptions—that such atrocities, as well as many others which are unmentionable in a mixed audience, are being constantly perpetrated with the full sanction and approval of the Soviet authorities. You need not go outside of their own writings to find ample proof.

"You claim a knowledge of Sovietism, and an interest in it. Then surely you cannot be blind to the facts as they actually exist. The most graphic description of conditions would utterly fail to do justice to the horrible reality. Furthermore, the very leaders of Sovietism themselves constitute the worst elements of apostate Jews, criminals and desperadoes. This fact is gradually being thrust upon the attention of the people of the world, despite the clever attempt of these men to hide their identity under Russian nom-de-plumes. Reports are now obtainable from many sources which make denial worse

than useless. My word alone need not be accepted. There have been government commissions formed for the sole purpose of investigating the Russian situation."

The stranger's mask had dropped completely, and the expression on his face was not good to see. Sensing the fact that a man stood before him who would not be silenced, and realizing that he had failed in his attempt to intimidate this returned missionary, he knew that nothing could be gained by further camouflage or deception. Both men had arisen, and as the stranger picked up his hat he turned to Hildreth, an ugly smile touching his lips for a moment.

"Do not forget that Soviet Russia has many powerful friends in America today," he challenged warningly. "If you are wise, you will pay heed to a stranger's suggestion, and you will be very careful how you issue false reports about conditions existing in Russia under Soviet leadership. It is never safe to play with fire. I bid you good morning."

Canon Hildreth turned from the man abruptly, thus concluding the interview. Without further words the stranger left the auditorium.

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The Elmore, a luxurious suburban hotel situated in one of the residential sections of the city, was Kennedy's customary stopping place whenever he came to Stockton. As they entered the dining-room of the hotel, Hildreth sensed the appeal made to the home instinct. Many of the small tables were alcoved for family groups, suggesting cheerful intimacy. The fragrance of many hot-house flowers filled the air, and no expense had been spared to present to all travelers a restful atmosphere.

It was over the dinner-table that noon, after Ralph Kennedy had led his guests to one of the quiet alcoves, that Dr. Hildreth told of his experience with the stranger. Kennedy was keenly interested.

"So they are commencing to show their teeth already," he remarked in thoughtful meditation. "I agree with your opinion that the man is evidently a Communist, one dyed in the wool at that. We are commencing to realize that we have them here in this country as well as in Europe. Surely you have returned to America at a most opportune time. I know very little of the real Communist doctrine; in fact, I have learned much this morning that was entirely new. In Frampton, however, we have a man who will be anxious to meet you, for he has been more or less in touch with this system. However, we will discuss this matter again. Wish my time now were not so limited. I presume you know the chief object of my visit to the Institute at this particular time."

As Hildreth nodded, Kennedy continued.

"I am more than thankful that your brother has consented to accept the position of assistant pastor for our new church, Canon. Especially after hearing him this morning, and later talking with him, I congratulate myself. Stephen gives much promise of splendid development. I am sure he will be a success with the young people. I am also glad for the bit of news I learned this morning regarding his engagement to our professor's daughter here." He nodded in a friendly way to Ruth, who sat on his right. Then he turned to Eleanor with his rare smile.

"I know this must be a great week for you, Miss Hildreth," he said, "but I fear you will have a difficult time in keeping Canon to yourself. I understand that Dr. Clancy this morning booked a great many future engagements. We are planning upon having at least two messages in Frampton. I am afraid your brother's coming to America means work and not rest. This seems to be the price one has to pay for becoming famous."

For just a moment brother and sister exchanged glances. Remembering Harriet, the nightmare of their family tragedy came before them. Then, with determination, Eleanor put the remembrance from her as she turned to her host.

She was enjoying this occasion immensely, and the glow of youth enveloped her. Small wonder that as Kennedy studied the up-turned face he insistently felt her charm.

"Indeed, it is a great week for me, Mr. Kennedy," she replied, earnestly. "But I do not intend to be selfish. Canon has a definite work to do. I realize this fact more than ever since hearing that message this morning. He has come to America to warn the people, and I believe he has furnished sufficient evidence to prove that we need warning. I only hope that some day it may be my privilege to have some share in sounding the alarm. In the consciousness of Christ's return we have a living hope, but how great is the multitude of folks who are in darkness and despair. In these troublous times, with so much woe and tragedy existing everywhere, my first desire is that I may be faithful to Him."

She spoke with an intensity which thrilled both the men. Even Ruth seemed to catch something of her spirit, for a little silence fell during the next few moments. Into Ralph Kennedy's eyes there had come a new light, which had never shone there before. When finally the meal was over, and their hour of fellowship concluded, the young man reluctantly looked at his watch. He hated to break up the intimacy of that hour, but he dared tarry no longer.

It was agreed that Dr. Hildreth should accompany the Dean to Frampton for the dedication of the new church building. Both men were to have a share in the week's special services. Between the members of this little group there had been a friendship cemented this day which would be productive of lasting results. Hildreth did not wonder at the Dean's pride in this promising young pastor. He recognized the maturity and the winsome personality of the man who years before had been such a lovable, delightful boy student in the U. B. I. Kennedy gave every promise of becoming one of the outstanding spiritual leaders among the clergymen of America.

The following morning one of the Stockton daily papers published certain passages of Dr. Hildreth's address at the Institute, coming out with front head-lines and two columns of material. An expert student had stenographically taken down the entire address. A great many extracts from the message were given verbatim, without any comment by the editors.

But on the evening of the same day, upon the editorial page of another paper, the city editor commented upon the Russian situation as described by Hildreth. Exception was openly taken to many things which the speaker had said. Russia was not deteriorating under the new regime, but was decidedly prospering under the rule of Sovietism. Too many false reports were being circulated. American citizens need not become concerned for the safety of their country. The new rule by the people—proletarian Autocracy, this editor termed it—was bound to come eventually and would be a blessing to the world. In the same editorial there was a plea for Internationalism—the nations of the earth must meet around one common peace table, and upon a sound basis of universal brotherhood. While there must be some disorder and chaos during the transition period, yet the new order, when it finally should evolve, would be so much more beneficial for all the peoples of the world than the present order of things.

Canon Hildreth read this editorial after dinner that evening. He was prepared for just this sort of thing. Many more such articles would doubtless be published before his furlough in America was over. He was now in the lime-light. His first address at the Institute had attracted instant and wide-spread attention in many quarters, numerous dailies in other sections of the country had obtained a report of his message through the medium of leased wire service. Hildreth knew that in every way a battle lay ahead of him, and that he must fight his way through. He realized, however, that he held the upper hand; and, because of indisputable evidence back of his

statements, he was confident of a sure hearing. At all hazards, and whatever the risks to himself might be, the people should have the truth.

While he felt called of God primarily to the Gospel ministry, and in this connection to the alleviation of pain and physical diseases, yet at present his special work was to be the enlightenment of his own countrymen along lines of which the vast majority were evidently ignorant and uninformed. His was no longer simply a narrow interest in local affairs, but during the past years the scope of his horizon had broadened until it had become world-wide. The terrible conditions existing in the world, throughout every country, lay most heavily upon his burdened heart.

During the week, calls for engagements continued to pour in. Pastors sent special letters, wired, or telephoned. Dr. Clancy, however, had been able to persuade his guest to refuse all invitations for at least ten days following his address at the Institute. He needed the rest, and it was essential that he should have it. Hildreth admitted the force of the argument. Accordingly all arrangements were being left in the hands of the Dean and his assistants.

A number of rainy April days during the first week were profitable for many hours of rest and relaxation in the Dean's comfortable home. Hildreth enjoyed to the full his temporary release from all care and responsibility, and reveled in his freedom. Upon a number of occasions Stephen and Eleanor came out to dinner in the evenings. It had been years since Hildreth had been able to enjoy such privileges. The Dean, wise in every way, left his guest to follow his own inclinations, making for him no plans of any kind.

There came a morning, however, near the end of the first week, when the weather turned considerably warmer, and the sun shone forth in splendor. Upon this day Dr. Clancy laid aside his work after lunch, and took his guest for a ride into the country. They fell to discussing the schedule which was being arranged for Dr. Hildreth.

"We are going to allow you to get into the harness about the middle of next week, Canon," the Dean said, after his guest had looked over the outline of engagements which had been typed. "Without overtaxing your strength, you can fill these appointments during the next few months. Then take at least part of the summer for a genuine vacation. Barbara and I generally go to the seashore for a few weeks each summer. We do not like to leave Mrs. Clancy alone, but our vacation is a necessity. Therefore my sister comes for two months each year. If Barbara should ever consider marriage, my sister would make her permanent home with us. Sometimes I feel that the constant responsibility of the Institute work, and the keeping up of the home, is almost too much of a strain for Barbara, but she seems to manage admirably. In regard to your vacation, Canon, it goes without saying that we should be glad to have you spend it with us at the seashore. You will receive many invitations which it will be impossible for you to accept this spring, but we are writing all correspondents that, if you are with us for a year, we will book them for fall and winter engagements. Do not wear yourself out, Canon—think over the matter of joining us at the seashore."

Hildreth thanked him. The invitation appealed to him, but at present the great urge within him was to give forth his message broadcast. After discussing further details of his tour, the conversation turned to other matters of common interest.

The coming event at Frampton was a subject near to the Dean's heart. In order that Stephen might become familiar with many details of his new work, he would leave for Frampton a week previous to the dedication. Fortunately the dedicatory services would not take place until after graduation at the Institute. Hildreth's schedule had been planned so that he might return to Stockton and accompany Dr. Clancy to Frampton.

During the week just passed, Hildreth had taken it

upon himself to interview Professor Caverly. True to the inherent honesty in his nature, he had frankly told Caverly the entire story, not glossing the facts in the least. There was not even the shadow of an apology. Theirs was a family skeleton which was very much alive. But unpleasant as the ordeal was, he knew that it would be utterly unfair to Ruth Caverly and her father if he did not explain the entire situation.

As long as he lived, Canon Hildreth knew that he should never forget the extreme sympathy and Christian kindness shown to him by this man. The Professor began by stating that the name of Hildreth was one which had been very notably distinguished by Dr. Hildreth himself, and was consequently a name which any woman might be proud to carry, especially when offered to her by such a young man as Stephen was proving himself to be. A man would be foolish and bigoted indeed to allow such a thing to stand in the way of his daughter's happiness.

As Canon Hildreth listened to the words of this kindly man, knowing the proud southern family from which he had come, and the generations of scholars back of him, a tightness came into his throat. Surely in Christianity was to be found a tolerance and a leveling of all human pride which existed nowhere else. As far as Ruth was concerned, Dr. Hildreth was not to give this matter another moment's consideration.

During this conversation, the two men were seated together in the Professor's office in the executive building. Then a light of intuition suddenly dawned in the eyes of the older man, as he leaned forward across his desk. He commenced to study the face of the man before him.

"I am sure you will pardon a personal reference, Hildreth?"

His voice held a question and the other man nodded.

"I want to be as frank with you as I would be with one of my sons, Canon. That which has just occurred to



me I feel impelled to speak of, not with any desire to become inquisitive, but because of my interest in you. Since you have come here and have spoken so frankly to me about your family affairs—about the strange streak in this woman who is your sister—the idea has forced itself upon me that perhaps it is this very thing which has held you back from the thought of matrimony. Am I right, Canon? I can readily see how a man of your high ideals might allow such a misfortune to stand in the way. But you will pardon me if I suggest, assuming that I am correct in my surmise, that such a sacrifice seems to me to be unwarranted. Your own life and splendid career have more than made up for any unaccountable freakishness on your sister's part."

It was somehow impossible for Canon Hildreth, reticent as he was where his personal affairs were concerned, to resent this question. After all, might not such a timely suggestion as this prove to be providential? Was it true that he was permitting himself to hold a morbid and overly sensitive view of the situation? The misfortune in their family was indeed regrettable, but it was something over which he had not the slightest control. Was he right, therefore, in allowing this circumstance to stand in the way of the possible happiness of two individuals?

Very wisely Professor Caverly refrained from pressing home this question, even though Hildreth remained silent. But from the attitude of the man before him, Caverly knew that his shaft had gone home, and that he had hit upon the kernel of the truth. His intuition had been unerring. However, in order to avoid any undue embarrassment upon Hildreth's part, and feeling that he had said enough to give the other man food for thought, he turned the conversation back to the subject of Stephen and his daughter.

"I love my daughter, and I cherish her as one of the priceless possessions which God has granted to me," he said, his voice slightly tremulous. "But when your brother

came to me the other night, Canon, and declared his love for Ruth, I was instantly grateful. There was not a moment's hesitation in my decision—neither is there now, in the light of what you have told me. I shall never forget Stephen's manliness the other morning in so publicly admitting the fact that he had been wrong in his viewpoint regarding the things of which you spoke. You can be proud of that boy, Hildreth."

Together they discussed a few of the details. It was decided that Ruth should complete her course at the Institute and that the wedding should not take place under a year. Hildreth had already arisen and gone to the door, when he suddenly turned around and walked back to the desk where the Professor was still seated.

"I trust you will pardon me for not having answered your question of a few minutes previous, Professor Caverly," he said. His voice was far from steady. "This subject goes very deep with me. You have correctly surmised the reason why I have never felt that I could consider marriage for myself. It has been on account of Harriet. Perhaps I have been wrong. I believe that you have been led of the Lord in speaking to me as you did today. I want Him to show me the light. For years I have loved one woman, a woman who is entirely worthy of a man's best and highest love; but, on account of the tarnish upon the name of Hildreth, I have put from me all thought of matrimony. In so doing, perhaps, it is likely that I have wronged her. I shall make this matter a definite subject of prayer. I cannot believe that a man of your experience would speak at random upon so vital a subject. I know I shall reach some kind of a decision soon."

Caverly had now arisen, and for just a moment the two men clasped hands. It was a grip which spoke volumes. The old friendship existing between them was cemented by a new tie, which was destined never to be

broken. Without further words Hildreth turned and left the room.

It was with this conversation uppermost in his thoughts during that week that an unexpected opportunity was to present itself to him upon the evening of the day when he had taken his ride with the Dean. Dr. Clancy, immediately after dinner that evening, had received an imperative telephone call which made his presence necessary at a specially called meeting of the Executive Board of the Institute. Some difficulty had arisen in connection with closing the school's fiscal year out of debt. Expressing his regrets to Hildreth, he left him for the evening.

On the following day a general reception was to be given at the Clancy home in honor of Dr. Hildreth. Stephen and Eleanor were to be excused from studies, and would spend the day at the house. In accordance with Hildreth's expressed wish, all invitations of a personal nature had been refused. While he appreciated the kindly interest which was constantly manifested in his return, yet not for this had he come to America. Realizing the drain of all social affairs upon time and strength, he felt compelled to steer clear of everything which would tend to weaken his mission in any way.

But there were many of Hildreth's old friends and former classmates who were possessed of a genuine desire to meet him again; and, in order to satisfy their desire, Barbara and her father had prevailed upon him to allow one general reception to be given in his honor before he should commence his tour. The entire faculty of the Institute would come in a body.

It was after the Dean had left for the executive meeting, and while Barbara was occupied with the housekeeper, that the warmth of the spring evening tempted Hildreth out of doors. After the rigorous climate to which he had been subjected for so many years in Russia, it seemed unusual to go out of doors without a heavy outer garment. Almost unbelievably he fingered the thin gray coat he was

wearing. As his mind harked back over the thousands of miles which separated him from that land of ice and snow, he seemed again to see the vast stretches of frozen land, going endlessly into the distance, unbroken by anything warm and vital. The recollection was so vivid and real that unconsciously he shivered.

When he returned to the house an hour later, after having walked several miles, his first impulse was to go upstairs to his room. Then he suddenly was possessed of a desire to go into the library and look over a number of rare books which he knew the Dean had in his collection. By this time he had become familiar with the location of the electric switch just inside the library door; and, as he entered, he snapped the button. Instantly a flood of brilliant light filled the room.

Then he became aware that he was not alone in the library. Barbara Clancy arose from the chair which she had been occupying near the window.

As Hildreth started back toward the door, profuse in his apologies, she came forward with a smile and word of gracious welcome. But he did not immediately accept her generous invitation to be seated.

"It was very thoughtless of me to disturb you in this way, Miss Clancy," he said. "My entrance was uncereemonious to say the least. I hope I may be forgiven for this intrusion."

She stood before him, a young woman of rare charm and quiet dignity. Many women would have been unequal to such an emergency. But she looked at him directly, insisting that he remain.

"You are not intruding, Dr. Hildreth. When you came here as our guest, we gave you the right of way in our home. You are still our guest, and we always want you to feel that this is your home." She spoke her few words naturally, but they contained a royal welcome. As she re-seated herself she motioned him to take a chair.

Prompted now by a desire which would not be checked, and looking at her steadily, he knew from that moment what his course would be. The answer to his life problem, the settlement of a question that had vexed and tormented him for years, had been long in coming, but God had given him his answer at last. At her invitation he took a seat near her.

He did not waver, but with a great light in his eyes he said quietly, "It will always seem home to me as long as you are here, Barbara."

She did not stir from her position. In the brilliant light which streamed from the incandescent globe, she sat perfectly still. But he saw the slow color come into her face and flood her cheeks. No need for Canon Hildreth to further vex himself with the question as to whether she cared. But as has been the custom from time immemorial, there came the great surging heart-longing to hear the spoken word, that word which was not absolutely essential, but which would be infinitely dear and treasured forever. He leaned forward slightly, laying his strong hand upon hers.

"Tell me, Barbara, you *do* care?" He was unconscious of all his voice contained, the pent-up longing, repressed for years. To Barbara it was the sweetest music the world had ever held for her. "Tell me, dear heart, just that much, that you *care*. I have a great deal to say, afterwards, and the real decision must rest with you. But I am sure that God has led my footsteps here tonight, in order that I might unburden my heart to you. For years I have loved you—ever since I have known you. There has been a reason for my silence. But somehow tonight I realize that I have not cared in vain. What is your answer, Barbara?"

He caught the sob that she could not check, and her whispered words, "I have cared for years, Canon. This is the crowning night of my life."

Then, as one who enters a sanctuary for the first time, after having waited outside for long, long years, he went to her, and kneeling upon the floor beside her, took her into his arms. There fell between them a silence too sacred and precious for words.

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Out of the fullness of his heart, after they had come back to the realm of practical every-day affairs, Hildreth told her of Harriet. He noticed that she did not allow it to trouble her in the least. Except for her ready sympathy and her regret that he had carried this burden for years, she seemed anxious that he should not allow his mind to dwell upon the tragedy. She would help him to forget the pain and the burden of it all. Barbara felt that her own confession must be made, and that now was the time for it. Always, when the memory of her past experience came to her, there came also the shadow of remorse. Though with difficulty she touched upon the subject, yet she told him unflinchingly of her one-time engagement to young Mansfield.

"It was one of those youthful experiences which young women later in life regret most bitterly," she told him. "While you were here at the Institute, I had always looked up to you and admired you. But I never had any intimation that you cared. I attended the university, and Delmar Mansfield became very attentive. There was that personal charm about the man which attracted almost everyone. But it was not a spiritual tie which bound us, although he was professedly a Christian man. Later, however, he changed completely." She shuddered at some vivid recollections, and then continued.

"Canon, perhaps I realized more keenly than anyone else who heard you the other morning, the horrible reality of this ugly thing called Communism, which is raising its terrible head here in America and menacing every one of the institutions which we hold so dear. Delmar Mans-

field is a living exponent of the new order which is so appalling and Satanic. Therefore your description of Communism was not entirely new to me, although many of the facts which you presented were unknown in a general way. I can truly thank God because He delivered me from so terrible an experience." Her voice held a note of deep rejoicing. "Truly, 'my cup runneth over.' These years of regret and longing have been fully paid for tonight. Please let us forget Harriet and Delmar Mansfield. Our work is to lie in the future, and not in the past. We will live and work together for *Him*."

An hour later, when Dr. Clancy returned, they went together to meet him. It was with touching simplicity, mixed with great rejoicing, that the Dean put out his hand and allowed it to rest upon Hildreth's shoulder.

"For this hour I thank God, Canon, my son," he said, brokenly. "This is one of the happiest days of my life. I have not lost a daughter, but I have gained a son."

As he kissed Barbara tenderly, she knew that God's goodness to her could not be excelled. Her life should be one long devotion to a heavenly Father whose love and care was ever so great and abiding.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE CHANDLER HOME

UPON a wide boulevard, in the finest residence district of the city of Frampton, stood the Chandler homestead, a well-built, roomy structure surrounded by stately elms. This estate had been purchased by Dick Chandler several years before, and was in every respect an ideal place in which to bring up the young son of the household, Dwight Chandler.

On a certain morning in May, about a month after Dr. Hildreth's address had been given in Stockton, Margaret Chandler sat in her brother's comfortable study. The capable maid, after completing her morning task of dusting the room, had lingered a few moments to receive her orders for the day. Out of doors the brilliant May sunshine flooded the earth in its glory of spring-time, the fragrance of lilac blossoms filling the room. Margaret's thoughts went far afield. How Dick would have enjoyed such a morning. Into her deep serious eyes there came a faint shadow.

A woman of much grace and charm, there emanated from her presence the spirit of fine intelligent womanhood. It had been her keen intellectualism, added to that indefinable quality known as personality, which had won Dick Chandler's heart. Nor was the woman lacking in physical loveliness.

Their brief romance of married life, terminated suddenly and tragically by her husband's death, would ever be a memory unspeakably precious to Margaret. Through divine grace she had been enabled to keep all bitterness out of her life. Her supreme faith in her heavenly Father had never been dimmed, even when, a short time after her



mother's death, she had lost her husband. A woman of strong, spiritual convictions, she always recognized God's providence. Perhaps these bereavements had been allowed to come into her life to bring out the finest gold of her rare character, and that she might devote her time to her brother's growing work, and to the up-bringing of her only son, Dwight.

Into the woman's heart there had recently come a real concern in connection with her boy, an incident having occurred which had thoroughly aroused her to the existence of a grave danger. Margaret's heart was burdened not only for Dwight but for other children.

At a children's party which she had been given in her home a few weeks previous to celebrate Dwight's fifth birthday, after the youngsters had tired of their games, one little girl had been asked to sing. The party having been held in Dwight's play-room, Margaret had been helping the maid with the table. Suddenly her attention had been riveted by the words which the child was singing. The voice, clear as a bell, held the attention of the others, including Dwight, who was listening delightedly. But as the full significance of the words flashed through the woman's ready mind, Margaret Chandler felt a hot resentment rising within her. Holding herself in check, however, she waited until the song was finished.

"Once upon a time, just when the world was new,  
The little children used to climb the same as monkeys do.  
And, oh, it must have been just lots of fun to hang down at your  
ease,  
And dangle from the branches in a gentle jungle breeze.

"Swinging in the jungles where the tigers grow,  
Eating nuts and pow-wows, and growling round below,  
Eating nuts and pow-wows, while you play and swing,  
Oh, I think a monkey's tail is a mighty handy thing."

As soon as the child had finished the song, Margaret went over to her. The little girl, rather shy and awed,

stepped back. Not desirous of startling her, Mrs. Chandler questioned her kindly. Where had she learned that song? Had mother taught it to her?

The child, growing confident, shook her head.

"No, Mrs. Chandler," she said, "we learned that at school. Everybody laughs when I sing it. They think it is funny and cute, don't you?"

Margaret did not think anything of the kind. However, having found out all she wanted to know, she refrained from saying anything further to the child. There had come to her that instant an awakening. So this was the method they were using in the public schools to force down the throats of helpless children this pernicious teaching of evolution. Not content with permeating the educational thought of the high schools with this faith-destroying teaching, educators were now going a step further in their determination to poison the minds of the rising generation.

After the children had gone, her first act had been to call up the child's mother. Mrs. Rice, however, had simply laughed at Margaret's fears. There was not the least necessity for becoming alarmed. Children liked such original ideas. They helped to add spice to the school life. It was absurd to suppose that wrong thoughts could be absorbed from such a fantastical, clever school song.

Margaret had told the incident to Ralph that evening after dinner.

"I decidedly disagree with Mrs. Rice," she said, much concerned. "I believe that the things which children learn are the things which stay with them in after years. To me this is a serious affair, and I believe that the matter should be thoroughly investigated. When Dwight leaves kindergarten this year, I am not willing that he should be sent to a school where the teachers will instil such ideas into his plastic mind. Evolution is too deadly and pernicious. I never before today so keenly realized the danger.

It appears to me that our present-day educators are determined to leave no stone unturned to plant the seeds of evolution and such pernicious teaching in all American institutions of learning. I have felt this thing in the air for some time, and have been uneasy. What can be done about it, Ralph?"

Her brother's resentment had been equally strong.

"This is one of the problems we have to face, today," he had replied. "I am afraid Mrs. Rice is simply one of a multitude of mothers who will some day awake, when too late, to the dangerous trend of the times. I realize how you feel about this matter, Margaret. When young men and women reach an age where they are capable of making decisions for themselves, and when they deliberately reject the revealed teaching of God's word, accepting false theories in place of truth, then the responsibility rests with them. But when our so-called educators take innocent children and cram such nonsense into their heads, then we have a right to protest most strongly. We need to be more concerned for other children than for Dwight. To a large extent, however, we are powerless. This is only one of the strong evidences of the perilous times in which we are living, which are so plainly predicted in God's word. But I shall sound a note of warning from the pulpit next Lord's day, asking that our parents take a stand against such teaching. Perhaps they can be induced to more faithfully teach their children the Genesis account of creation."

Seated here in the study this May morning, her mind reverting to this incident, Margaret aroused herself from her reverie as the hall-clock chimed the hour of eleven. Hearing someone in the hall, she expected to see her brother come in. It proved, however, to be the maid, who brought to her the morning budget of mail. Ralph had gone to a meeting of the Ministerial Association. It was rarely that he attended this joint meeting of the Frampton

pastors, but an urgent letter had come the week previous requesting the presence of every pastor in Frampton.

As Margaret received the mail, she glanced it over. One of the keen interests in her life at the present time was the privilege she enjoyed of assisting Ralph with much of his correspondence. After looking over the entire package, she opened one envelope which bore the inscription of the denominational headquarters of their former church. Rather in surprise she read it, for there was no longer any connection which they held with any denomination. She made a little grimace as she noted the appeal for finances which it contained. Knowing Ralph's attitude toward denominationalism, she foresaw that, if he replied at all, his refusal would be in no compromising terms.

Finally, a step sounded upon the wide verandah which surrounded two sides of the house. The next moment her brother entered, and Margaret saw at once that something had occurred to stir him deeply. The grimly compressed lips, and the light of battle in his eyes, boded no good for the cause of his resentment. She recognized the expression, having seen it before.

As he walked over to the window, the woman wisely asked no questions. The bond of comradeship existing between them was ideal. When, however, he lay back in the cushions and for a moment closed his eyes, she went over to him, and soothingly placed her hand over his eyes.

"Poor boy," she said, a world of sympathy and understanding in her voice, "I wonder what they have been trying to do to my brother *now*. I suppose something new has developed at the Association." For a few minutes longer silence reigned in the study. Then finally Ralph opened his eyes.

"There, Margaret, I feel better already, thanks to my 'comforter' who is always ready with a word of cheer. I praise God for you and for this sanctuary," he said, as he

took her hand in his, venturing a slight smile. While the look of battle still lay in his eyes, the tense lines around his mouth had relaxed momentarily. Then he told her what had transpired.

"You will recall how urgent was that invitation that I should attend this particular meeting, even though I had ignored former invitations. The special appeal sent out last week to every Frampton pastor, urging him to attend this morning, was the result of a communication having been received last week by the President of the Association. This communication came from that notorious apostate Bishop, Clyde Mansfield. You remember reading about him, Margaret."

Mrs. Chandler nodded, utterly unprepared for what followed.

"Well, the monstrous thing which is to be put over upon the people of this city is that this man, who has been parading about the country in his Bishop's cloak, is to come to Frampton very soon to advertise his disgraceful propaganda. Arrangements have been made for him at Settlement House. Apparently he is to lecture upon welfare work, but his real purpose is to advertise the disgraceful principles of Communism. It has been so in other places. This man has so utterly repudiated the doctrines of sound Christianity is to come to Frampton without a single united protest being made by the ministers of this city. There are those in the Association who even strongly favor his coming. Think of it, Margaret, this unspeakable insult being allowed to come unprotected to the Christian people of this city. Several of the pastors even proclaimed boldly that they would announce his coming to their people."

Kennedy's jaws tightened as he spoke, and Margaret recoiled. She stood before him the picture of indignant astonishment.

"Surely not that man, Ralph, that apostate whose books

are so utterly blasphemous? That man thoroughly denies even the existence of God!" she exclaimed. "How dare the pastors even tolerate anything of this kind? Has the matter been definitely settled, and who protested?"

Ralph assured her that the matter had been discussed pro and con, and that there was no question but what the Bishop would duly arrive. The President of the Association had evidently not cared to antagonize those members of the organization who were most anxious to have the Bishop come to Frampton, for they were among the more influential pastors of the city. A pastor of one of the smaller churches, Henderson of Mound Hill Chapel, had at first stood with Ralph for fighting the coming of the Bishop to their city, but even he had finally been silenced. While, as an Association, they did not intend to publicly endorse the coming of Bishop Mansfield, yet they had tacitly agreed to make no united protest. The pastors who most desired to have him come had been perfectly satisfied with this arrangement. Kennedy was strong in his withering contempt for the weakness of Henderson.

"When he first came to Frampton, he took a firm stand against such questionable projects, but now he is simply being led around by the other pastors with whom he seems anxious to curry favor. He is spineless, for they had no trouble in silencing him. But they sent for the wrong man when they sent for me."

He laughed rather grimly at the recollection. Knowing her brother's utterly uncompromising attitude, Margaret gloried in his unyielding spirit whenever a real principle was at stake. It was quite possible that this would be the last time they would ever send for him to attend a ministerial meeting. He assured her that God had given him his subject material for the following Sunday evening sermon. Things were fast approaching the spiritual crisis prophesied so faithfully in Scripture. When Margaret

spoke, her eyes were alight with appreciation of Ralph's attitude.

"May God give you the greatest message of your life, brother of mine," she said, her voice vibrant with high feeling. "There has been too much rank lecturing in this city, and this seems to me to be the last straw. It is tragic. Frampton is becoming rampant with all sorts of decadent philosophical teachings. There is surely coming upon this world a mighty judgment, a condemnation worse than that pronounced upon Sodom and Gomorrah. Look at the Atheistic Association which has recently sprung into existence to ensnare men and women, and to bind them together to fight as an organization against the faith of our fathers."

Margaret's comment reminded her brother of another bit of news. He interrupted her by handing her a poster which he drew from his pocket.

"Yes, by the way, this is the latest move on the part of the Atheistic Association," he replied, in concern. The pictured face of a young girl had been printed at the top of the sheet, and below it the words "The Junior Atheistic Society." It described an organization for all would-be children atheists, from seven to seventeen, the outstanding purpose of which would be the destruction of all religion from the hearts and minds of the youth of the country. Branches were to be formed in high schools and colleges; and, in place of "stultifying Sunday Schools," a clean, healthful program of sports and good times would be substituted. Already, the circular stated, great progress had been made, and many children were eagerly lining up. Societies were to be formed which would be known as "Damned Souls' Leagues."

Margaret Chandler, shocked and aroused by this new outrage against innocent children, found her recent determination only strengthened, when she thought of Dwight. Her boy, and others if she could prevent it,

should not be allowed to come into contact with anything so Satanic as this new propaganda. Together she and Ralph discussed the possibility of finding some way to arouse others to the danger. With her mother heart strangely burdened, the woman's eyes filled with tears.

"How we can thank God that we have been redeemed and counted worthy to escape the great day of His wrath, Ralph," she said, as she handed back the poster, "and what a responsibility this places upon us to try to help others to escape. Men and women who concoct schemes such as this will surely suffer His wrath. God is long-suffering today, but our redemption draweth nigh." In his heart Ralph echoed her note of thanksgiving.

By common consent they dropped the subject as the patter of childish footsteps sounded outside upon the stone walk. The next moment Margaret had gone to the door, and opening it she took the boy into her arms. There was an added warmth in her affection today, and within her heart a prayer that she might ever protect her child from all spiritual dangers.

Dwight was the image of his father. For this Margaret had always been grateful. The luxuriant dark hair, curling ever so slightly, the deep set eyes which, in spite of childhood, had a hint of seriousness in them, all spoke so vividly to Margaret of the one who had been so dear to her. On Ralph's desk Mrs. Chandler kept a framed likeness of Dwight's father. Even at the age of five years, the boy gave promise of developing into sturdy manhood. Since the afternoon of the party, and following her conversation with Mrs. Rice, Dwight had become more of a precious responsibility to her than ever before. She would leave no stone unturned to prevent her son from absorbing the rank teaching which everywhere was becoming so alarmingly prevalent.

A plan had been slowly forming within her intelligent mind. Very soon now kindergarten would close for the summer months, and in the fall Dwight would have to



commence his education in some school. Having prayed definitely over the matter, she had finally reached the conclusion that she would interview some of the Christian parents of Frampton, especially among the members of her brother's parish, and lay the entire situation before them. The dangers which were commencing to exist in the schools, through this teaching of evolution, must be pointed out to those who were yet asleep. A number of parents together might employ a Christian teacher who could give private lessons to their children—lessons which would be equivalent to those received in school, minus the evolutionary tendencies. She was confident that certain parents would agree with her plan.

Margaret's presence was just then required in the kitchen for the superintendence of the noon-day lunch. As Dwight trudged after her, Ralph turned his attention to the pile of fresh correspondence. The letter from the State Board lay open on top. As he read it, his lips compressed again. Here was simply another opportunity for him to show an uncompromising attitude. Margaret had been correct in her estimate of the reception which this particular letter would receive. As Kennedy read it through the second time, he reached a sudden decision. Although in the recent past he had received other similar appeals, and ignored them, he would in this case reply very definitely and with a note of finality.

The letter was as follows:

"MY DEAR BROTHER KENNEDY:

"Our State Board is in immediate need of finances. We face a serious deficit this year, and we are unable to meet this deficit. We shall be unable to close this year without indebtedness unless every pastor who has in the past been helped by our society will do his duty and come to the rescue. Forget the differences which have existed, as every true-spirited Christian should. You have refused to help in the past by simply ignoring my letters of appeal. In spite of the differences which came up in the Frampton church several years ago, and the fact that you left the church property in our hands, yet many of your present members helped to found

our church. Now that our great denomination needs money, and we understand you have no lack of it, it does seem as though we have a right to issue this appeal. We have been watching your work with interest, and to your credit be it said you have established a permanent work in Frampton. In spite of the fact that you do not agree with certain theological views as held by some of the members on our State Board, yet these are minor differences brought about through various Biblical interpretations. We therefore trust that you will see your way clear to help us out financially at this time of our need.

Sincerely yours,

"L. B. KARSTENS."

Kennedy resented the use of the term "Brother." He acknowledged no spiritual relationship with the man, for he was aware of the false views of doctrine held by the writer. Surely the denomination must be in sore financial straits that such an appeal needed to be issued to one who no longer had the least association or fellowship with their Board. They had been "watching his work." Kennedy gave a little grunt. He could imagine the sort of "interest" which they had been manifesting. He had good reason to know the chagrin which existed in the hearts of many of the denominational men because of the remarkable manner in which God had prospered their work after Kennedy and his members had withdrawn from the denomination. And still they had the termerity to send him such a letter. Very well; the matter should be settled.

Writing rapidly he had time, before lunch, to type his reply.

"MR. KARSTENS,

"Dear Sir:

"For some time past, on different occasions, I have been receiving appeals for financial help from your State Board. I say 'your Board' because our church is no longer in any wise connected with the denomination you represent. Since the day we took our stand, several years ago, and severed our affiliations with the Frampton church, we have ceased to have any dealings whatsoever with your denomination. We believe this is one reason why we are being so signally honored and blessed of God.

I am writing this reply to you personally in answer to your letter received this morning. At the same time, let me state that I have been duly authorized by the officers of my church to reply freely to any member of your State Board, should I at any time receive such a letter as I have received from you this day.

"Upon our knees we have settled this matter of the finances of our church. Knowing that we are led of God, we have decided that not one penny of the money committed to our trust shall ever be used for any object that is at all questionable in the light of Scriptural teaching. Even were we under any obligation to you for any past assistance rendered in the early days of the church, we should not, as a church, have the right to pay the debt with the Lord's money. We are well aware of the alarming number of missionaries and pastors who are *not* preaching a true Gospel.

"Furthermore, permit me to state that the men who years ago were in charge of affairs on the State Board were men of God, and men of prayer. I regret most sincerely that such is by no means the case today. However, we are no longer affiliated with your work in the least degree. The men and women who did not leave the church and join us in the work, are scattered, some of them going to other churches, others going nowhere. They were the ones who stood in with the officials of your church. As you well know, the doors of the old building were closed then, and never opened for church services again, and I have been informed that at present there is talk of selling the property to a company who wishes to use it for a moving picture house. Quite an advertisement for the denomination. It simply shows what is likely to happen to any place where God is not allowed to be honored, and the truth fully preached.

"In all our work, and for all our success here at our present church we give God the glory. In order to show you how He has worked, I feel that I should in this letter give a testimony as to His ability and power to carry out in a marvelous way His plans when He can find a body of people surrendered to Him. You have in your letter stated that you were interested. Then surely you will be glad to know that under God our church is prospering in every way.

"The basis of all our work is the prayer-life. Frequently we have all-day prayer meetings. We feel that it is the only foundation upon which to build a work which will endure until Jesus comes. The very soundest teachers of the Word of God come here and speak from our platform, for our people love Bible teaching. We have just completed our new church building, and God has been remarkably good to us in a financial manner. Our people

believe in the second coming of Jesus Christ, and they believe that the life of separation from worldly things is enjoined in Scripture. Christ's return is our chief incentive to living a consecrated life. We believe it not fanatically, as many do, but sanely and reasonably. It is the hope which induces us to greater activity along every Scriptural line.

"As you suggested in your letter, we *do* have money which God is constantly committing to our trust. We are, however, accountable to Him for every penny of its use. We have both home and foreign missionaries whom we are supporting on the various fields. As a church, as individuals, we do not want the money we give to the Lord's work to be administered by those who refuse to stand out and out for the full propagation of Gospel truth.

"We believe that, if we keep humble and feed on the Word, looking in daily expectancy for His return, our future here, so long as we shall remain, will be blessed. Personally I cannot fellowship with that which tolerates a denial of Christian Fundamentals, and I thank God that He has raised up a band of Christians here who join with me along these lines. I believe that men who know the Word and believe in it, especially pastors, should stand for the Word in its entirety. We lose our weight and our testimony with our people when we preach the truth from the pulpit and then in our practice allow our money and our efforts to be used in movements which do not stand for the faith.

"Under our present policy our church has been remarkably blessed of God. It seems to our people as though it were a divine endorsement of our stand for the truth; and as I read the conscientious spirit of my congregation, I find that there is greater determination than ever before to sanely, yet lovingly and firmly, stand for the fundamentals of the faith, and to propagate them, and also not to compromise one iota with the infidelity that parades under the guise of higher criticism, modernism and advanced learning. Only as we continue in such a stand can we see, as we are weekly seeing, the salvation of precious souls for whom Christ died.

"It is therefore impossible for us to respond to your appeal. I trust that this reply may settle the matter permanently. Assuring you that my supreme purpose is to serve my Lord and Master, and to render Him the highest possible service, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"RALPH KENNEDY."

With his characteristic straightforwardness he thus definitely settled the matter. His success as an executive

of no mean ability could be traced to this aptitude to form quick and instant decisions. He ranked spiritually above every other man in Frampton on account of his uncompromising attitude, his able handling of even the most difficult spiritual problems, and above all because of his unswerving loyalty to Jesus Christ. The business men of Frampton had for him only the highest regard. On the other hand, however, the modernistic leaders in Frampton actually dreaded the man's increasing power and influence. The incident of his having left the church several years previous, when the battle raged so fiercely, had forced him into the limelight. From that time onward men and women had watched him very closely. Rapidly he had won his way into prominence in this city, and of late out in the larger world he had been also making a name for himself in many Christian circles.

Glancing hurriedly over his other mail before Dwight should come to summon him to lunch, he discovered a letter from Stephen Hildreth. Kennedy found himself looking forward rather longingly to the coming of his new assistant. In many ways it would mean much for him to have such spiritual fellowship, for he found very little among the pastors of Frampton. Stephen's letter, full of splendid young enthusiasm, found a response in Kennedy's heart. Within a week he would be able to come.

Many times had Ralph Kennedy thanked God with deep gratitude for such a companion and sister as Margaret, for he realized how she entered fully and sympathetically into his work, sharing all burdens. Nevertheless, in these days, since his return from Stockton, there would come over him at times a longing which would not be utterly denied. At the present, however, there was no time for indulgence, for much work lay ahead in connection with the dedication of the new church.

The vision which at times came unbidden was that of the alluring face of a young girl emerging into the very

The service closed with a joint plea for men and women to accept Jesus Christ and a call to separation. Without urging, a number went forward, powerfully moved by the stirring appeal which they had heard.

Later, as they walked over to the house, Stephen turned to Kennedy. It was evident that he was shaken by the spiritual power of this man who had so held and swayed that large crowd in the Tabernacle. In a voice deeply moved, he spoke slowly:

"I consider that I am greatly privileged to be permitted to join you in your work here, Brother Kennedy. In all my life I have not seen anything to equal it. My chief desire is that I may prove worthy of this great opportunity which has come to me. I want every moment of my time to count in your service and His."

The words were spoken so sincerely that Ralph took the young man's arm, as they paused for a moment outside the house.

"I know I have been led of God in selecting my assistant, Stephen," he said. "You will be of great blessing to me in the days to come. Together you and I will stand against the forces of the enemy here in this city. Let us never forget that while Satan is mighty, our God is Almighty."

After Stephen had gone to his room for the night, Margaret lingered in the study. Her eyes were full of pride and affection.

"That was your *best* sermon tonight, Ralph," she said simply. "Even those who would not yield can never get away from that message. May God give you a larger ministry than ever in the future."

## CHAPTER IX

### BRUCE MCKINNOM

THE finest office building in Frampton contained the law offices of the corporation known as Ballard and Son. Formerly, when Bruce McKinnom had been the junior member of the firm, it had been Ballard and McKinnom. Through the years, from the time when Bruce had entered the partnership, he had steadily risen in the legal world and won a place of his own. The dissolving of the partnership a few years previous, however, had not meant the breaking of the friendship existing between Ira Ballard, the senior member of the firm, and young McKinnom. Ballard was one of the few men who knew the reason why Bruce wanted to be free. On the day following the severing of actual business relations, the older man, his hair snow white and a benevolent gleam in his eyes, had placed his hand on the other man's shoulders.

"I know your reasons, Bruce, and you shall ever have our heartiest support and coöperation," he had said, his voice trembling slightly. He loved the younger man as a son. "As long as you will accept the use of your old office here, it is at your disposal. In the work of investigation which you felt impelled to undertake, this retreat may be the very haven of privacy you need. You well know the reputation this firm has for keeping out all undesirables." Both men laughed at the remembrance of certain incidents in the past.

Ira Ballard's only son, returning from college soon after this, was ready to step into the harness. About a year after the severing of the business relationship between Ballard and McKinnom, Bruce McKinnom formed a life

partnership with Christine Ballard, oldest daughter of the Ballard home. The marriage of these two prominent residents of Frampton completed the welding of the bond between these two families.

The nature of the work undertaken by McKinnom remained concealed. Only his closest friends were aware of the vision which this man had received of the peril in which Americans were constantly living, unrealizing the danger. Many of his business acquaintances in Frampton supposed that he was still doing business in a quiet way with some of the firm's many out-of-town clients. They knew that his private office was still used by him on the floor occupied by the legal firm. McKinnom was satisfied to let it rest at that.

On Friday morning, following Kennedy's final sermon in the Tabernacle, McKinnom was entrenched in his office, his door locked. On the desk before him were piles of correspondence, much of it bearing the official seal of the Government. The one stenographer who was ever allowed to handle his correspondence was at home on account of illness. McKinnom, always on the alert and carrying out his policy to allow no strange hands to touch his private correspondence, was wading through the mail alone. The work ahead of him was great, and the situation might have seemed hopeless to most men. But there was too much involved here for the man to weaken in his determination. The work entrusted to him was too serious to permit any risks.

Within the eyes of this serious man, in these days, there lay the shadow of a great burden. There was much need for real concern. The lines had commenced to deepen upon the high forehead, for to McKinnom had come a keen understanding of present-day political problems. The outlook, on this particular morning, had not been made any more promising by the reading of his fresh correspondence.

Few men understood better than Bruce McKinnom the



extent to which Communism had already commenced to fasten its tentacles upon the life of America, both upon the people and the institutions which Americans held so dear. It was when certain events had begun to shape themselves ominously even five years before this time, and when the man's keen foresight had begun to detect the danger to his beloved country, that McKinnom had become watchful and alert, as this grim monster called Communism had begun, rather feebly at first, but with a growing force which alarmed him, to raise its ugly head in many states of the Union.

Sometimes when he spoke strongly of the need for national concern and the need for protection from the invasion by a foreign foe, other men, secure in their faith in America, had smiled upon him indulgently, scorning the thought of possible danger. There were those who would even speak favorably of Communism. McKinnom divided these people into two classes. One consisted of those who had been blinded by false conceptions of what Communism actually was, and the other was made up of those who were supposedly Americans, but who tried to curry favor with the leaders in Russia by their attempts to introduce communistic principles into America. It was the latter class which constituted the real danger for all true Americans. Upon this class McKinnom was waging a relentless and unceasing warfare, finding it necessary to meet cunning with cunning and clever tactics.

The past five years had gone rapidly by, and the danger had not diminished. There had been times when McKinnom had actually been astounded at certain men and women whose sympathies had been extended to Russia and the rulers of the Soviet regime. Through a series of circumstances which had brought him into contact with certain loyal officials in Washington, he had finally consented to act as chairman of the staff of officers of a new association formed several years previous for national protection. His keen intellectualism and unerring judg-

ment, combined with his intense indignation over the serious menace facing Americans, had so forcibly appealed to this group of national officials that they gladly offered him the directorship and supervision of the association. His years of legal training were also invaluable to the work. Owing to the constant need for secrecy and vigilance to match the cleverness of the sympathizers of Bolshevism, McKinnom's position was given as little real publicity as possible. Very few individuals, except those connected with the work of the Association, knew that his headquarters was the simple room, private and secure, in the law offices of Ballard and Son.

On this particular morning, while the man struggled heroically and unaided with his mail, two men in the outer offices were having rather a difficult time to secure admission. A new office boy, determined to do his duty, faced Ralph Kennedy and Dr. Canon Hildreth, and declared that Mr. McKinnom was not to be disturbed. Jimmie, the regular boy, was on a vacation.

Kennedy had been here many times on previous occasions, and with kindly insistence he demanded that he be allowed to speak with some one in authority. Ira Ballard's son, coming forward with profuse apologies, soon had the matter adjusted. The office boy *had* received special instructions, and was simply doing his duty. But of course Mr. McKinnom would *always* see Rev. Mr. Kennedy and anyone who might accompany him.

Kennedy's familiar rap upon the door brought an instant response. In a moment more the visitors were inside, the key turned again, and the next moment Ralph was introducing Dr. Hildreth to Bruce McKinnom.

Dr. Hildreth having arrived in Frampton the night previous, and incidentally learning that Bruce McKinnom was a resident of the city, had at once expressed a strong desire to meet him. His lecture tour had been so arranged by the Institute Committee as to allow him several days of rest in the Chandler home, previous to the commencement

of Dedication Week. It would be his privilege to remain in Frampton for the following Sunday. During Dedication Week he had several engagements to fill elsewhere, but he would return for the close of the special services, and on Friday night would give his lecture in Frampton. The contact which Hildreth had been having during the preceding weeks with Christian people in his own land had commenced to lessen the tremendous strain under which he had labored for years in his far-away field.

From the moment of his introduction of the two men, Kennedy noticed the kindred spirit existing between them. As they talked, the regular lunch hour went by unheeded. McKinnom realized that his usual barrier of reserve might be put aside, and that he could talk freely with this man who understood more than the A. B. C. of Communism. In the presence of Ralph Kennedy Bruce McKinnom often relaxed and talked freely, but Kennedy's knowledge of the subject of Communism was limited. Being engrossed with the spiritual problems of men and women, his mind was not so thoroughly absorbed with the political side of the question. Canon Hildreth, however, realized the danger; therefore Bruce McKinnom on this morning had found a man who could thoroughly understand his language. Kennedy's business was to connect up all political developments along such lines with prophecy as revealed in God's word. Therefore, as the two men talked, he listened silently, his interest growing keen.

During the course of the conversation, Hildreth received a bit of information which came to him as a distinct shock. McKinnom, turning for a moment to Kennedy, had just made a statement concerning Downer Settlement.

"That place is a very nest for the propagation of Communism," he said, his voice strong with feeling. "Some day the citizens of this town will awake to find their confidence utterly misplaced. I wish it were possible to get real evidence. That is where we are so handicapped; those precious rascals are so confoundedly clever. I have

a strong conviction that Harriet Hildresky is one of the most designing women we have in America today. She has, however, completely hoodwinked even the best people, many of whom are loyal enough and who live in this community. Under the guise of charitable and philanthropic activities, that group, of which she is a recognized leader, is simply carrying out the principles of Communism. Her praises are sung afar. Charity and philanthropy! Pshaw! These names are simply covers for their most subversive doctrines. America truly rests on the brink of a precipice."

Only by the strongest exertion of will power did Hildreth control himself. McKinnom, absorbed in his subject, did not observe the sudden start which Hildreth failed to conceal entirely, but Ralph did. When McKinnom quite casually asked Hildreth if he had ever heard of Miss Hildresky, it was with an effort that he replied as best he could that he had heard something of her activities. Kennedy, noticing the effort, wondered. Hildreth, realizing that for the moment he must divert the conversation into safer channels, until he should have time to study this new complication and meet it squarely, turned to McKinnom.

"Although I naturally study this subject more from the religious view-point than from the political, Mr. McKinnom," he said, and his voice was steady, "yet, if I can serve you in any way, let me know. The thing which I have been endeavoring to determine since my return, is whether or not America has become very seriously affected with this spirit of Communism. I know that Communism has its death grip on Russia, a regular strangle hold, but it seems to be difficult to secure much information as to how far this propaganda has been spreading here."

When McKinnom spoke, his voice was full of bitterness.

"It has spread farther than the majority of people seem to have any idea of. But it is difficult to obtain proof, for things are done so secretly. This is where the great danger exists. I tremble for America, Dr. Hildreth, when I stop

to consider just how far the work of this fiendish group has actually gone. Communism is the most dastardly design against the rights and liberties of mankind that has ever been conceived in the pit. You and Kennedy, whose lives for the most part are spent in dealing with the salvation of souls, in helping men and women to find God, know perhaps something of what doomed men suffer in a spiritual way. You know what the Bible teaches on such points as these. Theoretically I do not know the subject as you have studied it. But I believe that the most awful punishment awarded in hell will be reserved for those who are hatching their plots today in the secret councils of the Soviet Government in Moscow. As you know, all plans originate there."

Hildreth nodded. Knowing the sterling qualities of Bruce McKinnom, Kennedy had never ceased to pray for the conversion of this man, who was carrying such a heavy burden in his own strength. McKinnom continued.

"My trip to Russia was fraught with the gravest perils. I came home thinking that I would have the truth blazoned from one end of the country to the other through the press. But what did I find? That it is utterly impossible to have the truth placed before the people today through the medium of our daily papers. I found that my trouble here had only commenced. As a result I have been doing some publication work myself under a nom-de-plume. Truth is being throttled, however, through the ordinary channel of the press, which the millions here in America have access to daily. The press is being controlled more and more by a powerful combine which stands back of Bolshevism. In my estimation this fact constitutes a grave danger. Editors and publishers, not always necessarily in sympathy with Communism, are nevertheless being literally forced to deceive the people. So the deadly work goes on while a few of us are fighting almost day and night, literally giving our lives trying to save the situation here in America, and to keep out any real invasion by a

foreign foe. Right in our midst, however, the most subversive printed propaganda is being constantly distributed by the ton. Many of our supposedly patriotic citizens are today either in open or secret sympathy with the terrible power of Communism. But it seems impossible to put our hands upon the leaders, or to secure any worth-while evidence. Slippery and cunning, these miserable Reds are determined not to be caught red-handed. The burden of my life is that the country might be rid of them before it is too late."

With a sudden movement toward a pile of pamphlets lying upon his desk McKinnom reached over and drew out a small folder, holding it up.

"I received this pamphlet this morning from one of our association men," he remarked. "It is a manifesto gotten out by a group of women sympathizers, meddlesome busy-bodies, who neglect their own homes and the morality of their children, and give their entire attention to assisting the Communists in scattering their propaganda."

The man's voice was full of withering scorn. He gave a snort of indignation as he read from the folder.

"They held a women's conference in secret, and I want you to hear some of this junk they are putting forth. Listen to this call they are issuing to other women in America. 'We have started a tidal wave of public opinion in favor of the recognition of Soviet Russia. Our Government could recognize Russia tomorrow if it desired to do so. *It is our business to see that it will desire to do so. You women write letters yourselves and urge all your friends to write letters. In this way we shall bring such pressure that Russia will have to be recognized. It is none of our business what sort of government the people of Russia want.* What we have to do is to back up by recognition the government they do want, and they want the Soviet Government which they now have. Let them have it.'"

McKinnom at this point interrupted himself by turning

to Hildreth, to whom this message was coming as a revelation.

"In your estimation, Dr. Hildreth, is not this statement a lie from the pit?" he demanded. "How about it? *Do* the poor, suffering people of Russia want the Soviet Government *now*? They cannot fool *me* with any trash of this sort, for I've been there. Its those precious rascals on top who are back of such lies as these. I am sure you have found this to be true."

Very vividly there came to Hildreth's mind the mental, physical and spiritual agony of the multitudes whom he had seen in Russia, dying like animals in misery and despair. He raised his hand in strong protest. No, they did not want the Soviet Government in Russia.

"I understand just how you feel about this matter, Mr. McKinnom" he replied. "It is evident from that manifesto that one of the entering wedges being used here in America is an appeal being made to the women, who either know nothing about actual conditions, or else those who favor Bolshevism. It is exactly the same method which has been used in European countries. Once arouse some women and win their coöperation, and they become tirelessly active."

McKinnom nodded.

"One of the worst features is the way in which these same women are besieging the men at the head of affairs at Washington, almost wearing them out by their persistence. I have had some men tell me that they are almost driven to the wall by the ceaseless pleadings and threats, amounting almost to coercion, put forth by some of these women. Talk about men being politicians and pulling wires! They cannot hold a candle to some of these busybodies. Certain politicians, I happen to know, are being threatened with the loss of their jobs, if they will not agree to concede the demands made by this group of women."

"Is not the immigration question vitally connected with

the plans of the Communists?" Hildreth asked. McKinnom agreed emphatically.

"You have put your finger upon another sore spot," he said. "In some unknown way the very worst characters are gaining passports into America, and many undesirables are being dumped constantly upon our shores. Talk about this being the land of liberty—it is fast becoming the land of license and anarchy. And the majority of folks have yet to find out that the true Communist is not a be-whiskered, terrifying bomb-thrower, but a clever, popular scoundrel of the most polished kind. Some of the most highly educated, most brilliantly intellectual men and women that our colleges have produced are falling in with these ideas which are being introduced over here by foreigners of powerful influence. There is a most deadly system back of all this movement."

Glancing down at the pamphlet in his hand, he read further.

"The Chairman of the conference suggested that there were three ways in which the women could bring about the results they were working for. The ballot, passive resistance, and the education of public opinion through our propaganda. We must seek entrance into all sorts of clubs, women's organizations, welfare associations, and farmer's granges. We must send out propaganda broadcast. The schools and Chautauquas will furnish good places for securing recruits."

There was more to the pamphlet, but with a movement of weary disgust which Hildreth could well understand, McKinnom threw it on the desk.

"I get so much of this sort of thing, Dr. Hildreth," he said. "At times I am almost bewildered by the subtlety underlying the movement, as I realize how insidiously they are carrying out their plans, scattering their destructive literature everywhere. Those of us who are in close touch with the movement can sense the whole sinister project, but so few people realize the danger in our midst.



It is a relief to me to unburden my heart to one who recognizes the menace as it actually exists."

Then as he swung about in his chair, he included Kennedy in the conversation. There was in his voice a note of apology.

"How we have almost ignored you this morning, Kennedy," he said with half a smile, endeavoring for the moment to put Russia and Communism in the background. "But you have only yourself to blame for bringing to my office such a welcome visitor, one who has indeed proven himself to be a kindred spirit. Now, for a few minutes, let us come down to personal affairs. I am genuinely glad that your footsteps were directed here this morning, for I should otherwise have called you this noon to invite you to a farewell dinner at our home for this evening. I realize this is rather sudden, but you know the life of uncertainty I lead, Kennedy. We shall be delighted to have Dr. Hildreth with us also. Mrs. Chandler and your new assistant, Stephen Hildreth are of course included in the invitation."

Kennedy looked at him in surprise.

"A farewell dinner?" he repeated. "What does this mean, McKinnom? Not that you are planning to go away again? It has only been several weeks since you returned."

McKinnom nodded, as he glanced at the desk clock which pointed to one-thirty.

"That's just what we are planning to do, Kennedy," he affirmed. "I am obliged to do some work on the quiet in the western states this summer. It has been suggested that I try to locate, if possible, the western headquarters of the radical group. Many acts of sabotage are constantly being committed out there, and the lives of many inhabitants of some of those states are being constantly jeopardized. You know we have a summer camp in the Rockies, where we generally spend the month of August. This year, however, owing to our little girl's poor health,

the doctor has deemed it advisable that Christine and the child spend the whole summer in the open. It is necessary that I leave early next week, and it has suddenly appeared advisable to both my wife and I that she and Betty Marie go with me. The child has missed her mother so much when Christine has been with me on my trips. She is invaluable to me; but, when we discovered that the child has really been pining to be with her mother, of course there remained only one thing to do. So we leave together next week."

Then he turned to Hildreth. "The men had arisen and reached for their hats.

"I am anxious for you to meet Mrs. McKinnom," he said. "I know you will both agree on many things, for Christine is keen for studying these present-day happenings in connection with Scriptural prophecy. While I do not see the permanently pessimistic side of the question as she sees it, yet I must admit that she often astonishes me by the remarkable sagacity and wisdom which she has often displayed along these lines, and the ease with which she has frequently reached conclusions which afterwards proved to be absolutely correct. It has indeed been well said that 'some women arrive at certain conclusions through instinct, while, as a rule, men get there only after long and painful reasoning.' That is true in regard to Christine. Both of you will find many topics of common interest to discuss. It is past the usual lunch hour now, so we had better find a place to eat."

As they went to lunch together, paramount in Ralph Kennedy's heart was a longing that this burdened man might come to know the Saviour as he well knew Christine McKinnom had found Him, for Christ alone was able to bring to the hearts of weary men the rest and peace which passeth all understanding.

## CHAPTER X

### THE BALLARD HOME

**A**MONG the members of the Frampton Tabernacle, Ralph Kennedy was glad to count Mrs. McKinnom. During the time when the battle had raged fiercely several years before, she had been one of his most loyal supporters, not merely in a financial way, but through her intelligent coöperation and sincere prayers. Even as a girl Christine Ballard had been capable and sure of herself, a veritable leader among her companions. Upon the beautiful Ballard estate, surrounded by luxurious comfort, she had romped as a child and grown into splendid young womanhood, utterly unspoiled. While attending an eastern college, she had become keenly interested in studying political conditions, uninfluenced by the opinions of others. She would possibly have developed a leadership among women who were interested in suffrage and kindred lines of thought, had she not in a timely manner been brought under the influence of Kennedy's fearless teaching.

Many of her girlhood friends, grown to womanhood, wondered at her choice of a church home. The young woman in Christine's social set were in the habit of attending the more fashionable worldly churches of the city. Christine however, was different. Realizing the sterling worth and the unusual ability of the pastor of the Frampton Tabernacle, she had made her decision. Even while Kennedy was still pastor of the small struggling church, she had come into the membership. Bruce attended with her, but had never joined.

The line of work in which Bruce McKinnom was becoming interested when Christine became his wife was absorbingly interesting to this woman whose mind grasped

so intelligently the true political situation of the day. Hers was a mentality above that of the average individual. With true insight she understood the full import of the tremendous events which were taking place the world over. She was constantly on the alert. She became stimulated and aroused through the many astonishing discoveries which her husband continually made in connection with the evils of Bolshevism. In accompanying him about the country, wherever his work happened to require his presence, she had met many of his associates. They never failed to render the highest tribute to her intelligent mentality.

Upon one point only did they differ. Bruce McKinnom believed that the day would come when America, by reason of its might and power and by the common consent of its millions of inhabitants, would arise and shake off this dreaded evil in their midst. Christine, believing in the fulfillment of Scriptural prophecy, had no such hope. To her this was an impossible dream on the part of her husband and his co-workers. Under Ralph Kennedy's sure Bible teaching, Christine McKinnom had been brought to realize most clearly that the only hope for mankind lay in the coming again of Jesus Christ. She believed most thoroughly in the truth of the Bible prediction of "perilous times."

As a result of these firm convictions, she gave her testimony fearlessly wherever the opportunity presented itself. Even the national associates of her husband respected these convictions. Sometimes there were those among them who found themselves wondering if there might not be an element of truth in what Mrs. McKinnom actually believed. However, her education and training and her far-sightedness of vision in connection with politics, were always at the service of her husband. She loyally rendered him all possible assistance.

On the afternoon of the day when Bruce had been visited by Kennedy and Dr. Hildreth, Christine had re-

ceived word from the office that there would be an extra guest for dinner that evening. With much interest Mrs. McKinnom was awaiting the coming of Dr. Hildreth. After a last brief survey of the rooms below, she went upstairs for a few minutes' chat with Betty Marie.

Much as she loved her work in connection with her husband's investigations, yet of late she had commenced to reproach herself for her daughter's frail condition. The old family doctor had, in a kindly manner, informed her that Betty Marie's chief trouble was her longing for her mother. After that, in Christine's mind, there could be no question as to where her duty lay. In discussing the matter with Bruce, both of them had decided that the best arrangement would be to spend the summer in their large camp in the Rockies. While McKinnom would miss his wife's companionship each day, it would be possible for him to spend frequent week-ends at the camp.

Thinking that the child might possibly be asleep, Christine opened the play-room door softly. The maid had just finished giving her the usual evening meal of cereal and milk. Betty Marie sat by the window rather listlessly undressing her doll. She never went to bed without this companion. Tonight this little scene went directly to Christine's heart. As her mother went toward her, the doll was completely forgotten for the moment. She smiled contentedly, with a tired little sigh, as Mrs. McKinnom took her into her arms.

"I have just been telling Peggy, mother, that we are going on the longest trip. I am so glad that you will take me with you this time, mother dear. We shall have some wonderful times together. Daddy says I may go fishing with him."

With an impetuous motion, expressive of the longing in the child's heart to be with her mother, Betty Marie buried her face in Christine's shoulder, twining her slim baby arms around her mother's neck. A few minutes later, as Christine tucked her little daughter into bed,

after the maid had undressed her, the woman's eyes were moist. Hereafter the longing of the child's heart should be satisfied.

Because the McKinnoms had traveled so much of the time during their married life, they had made their home, when in Frampton, with the Ballards. Mr. and Mrs. Ballard entertained frequently, for Ira Ballard's position demanded a certain number of social functions during the year.

Mrs. Ballard, gracious and stately, proved to be an ideal hostess. The guests, arriving an hour later, received a welcome befitting the usual hospitality for which the Ballards were noted. Before the evening was over, not only Christine but Ira Ballard and his wife recognized the fact that in Dr. Canon Hildreth there lived the soul of a prophet.

At the dinner table almost the entire conversation turned upon the Russian situation and things political. Christine McKinnom, recognizing his to be a master mind, was especially glad for his contact with her husband. While it was Hildreth's wide and accurate information concerning world affairs which made their special appeal to Bruce, nevertheless Christine realized that the man's deep spiritual nature would prove to be a tonic to her husband. There came suddenly into her mind the suggestion that Hildreth be invited to their summer camp.

Dr. Hildreth was seated on her right. Christine turned to him.

"Even though you are necessarily a busy man and much in demand, I wish we might persuade you to spend some weeks this summer at our camp in the mountains," she said graciously. "Bruce calls our place out there a hotel, for it is large, a regular hunting lodge. We have invited Mr. Kennedy and Mrs. Chandler. Come out with them if you can possibly arrange it."

"This is very generous of you, Mrs. McKinnom," he replied, gratefully acknowledging the invitation. "I am

not sure if it can be arranged, for Dr. Clancy has asked me to spend several weeks at the seashore. However, I confess I do have a longing for the mountains. Both invitations hold a great temptation for me. In Russia we often pine for some of our wonderful American scenery. My sister Eleanor and I have always loved the mountains."

Margaret was the next to speak. She and Mrs. McKinnom were kindred spirits.

"I am afraid you must not count upon my acceptance of your invitation this year, Christine," she said. "I feel that Dwight and I must go to the Chandler farm for our vacation this summer. Dick's folks expected us last year, and we disappointed them. Now they are insisting upon our coming."

After Mrs. McKinnom had expressed her sincere disappointment, she turned to Hildreth again, a question in her eyes.

"Your sister Eleanor," she suggested, "Where does she live? Is she a young girl?"

Hildreth nodded. Upon a sudden impulse he reached into his pocket and drew forth an envelope. Taking from it a small kodak picture of Eleanor, he handed it to Mrs. McKinnom.

"This was taken about a year ago," he said. "She is studying now at the Bible Institute. She expects to remain there during the summer. I do not like this arrangement, for she needs a change. Several of her friends have invited her home with them, but she seems to feel that she will get too far away from me if she accepts. My sister is one of God's great gifts to me."

The dark eyes of the pictured face seemed to look up with a special appeal to Christine McKinnom as she studied it. Instinctively her heart went out to the girl. Turning quickly to Hildreth, her eyes were alight with inspiration.

"You say Miss Hildreth loves the mountains? Then don't you suppose we can persuade her to accompany us

this summer? I should dearly love to have your sister with us in camp. I believe the mountain air will prove to be a tonic which will better fit her for her next year's work in school. We must leave next week for our trip west; but, perhaps, if this suggestion appeals to you, a night letter might be telegraphed to her."

With sincere gratitude Hildreth turned to her. "If the suggestion appeals to me?" he repeated. "I consider this arrangement would be perfectly ideal, and I find myself hoping that Eleanor will accept. I hardly think there will be any hesitancy on her part now, with the appeal which the mountains will be sure to make to her. I am equally sure that if she knows I very much wish it, she will decide to go."

The photograph was going the rounds at the table. Kennedy, seated on Hildreth's left, was the last one to have it. If he studied it a moment or two longer than the others did, no one noticed it. How vividly this pictured likeness brought back to Ralph the events of that morning at the Institute some weeks before and the appeal which the girl had had for him from the first.

It was finally decided that a night letter should be sent to Eleanor, urging that she prepare to go with the McKinnoms the following week. Christine turned to Hildreth, and smiled.

"I believe the surest way to secure Miss Hildreth's consent would be for you to hold out the definite hope of your coming out there later in the summer," she suggested. "However, as you feel that for the present you must reserve the right to accept or decline, we cannot use that as a bait; nevertheless we are going to hope that it will be possible for you to join us later.

The talk veered back to general topics. Christine later told Bruce that it was difficult to keep the conversation on any subject very long that did not touch upon the Russian situation. Some literature which Mrs. McKinnom had of late become specially interested in was discussed.



"Doubtless you have read the strange book called 'The Protocols,' Dr. Hildreth," she suggested. "The original documents, prepared in code, first came to light in Russia. I am very anxious to hear your opinion of them."

Hildreth turned to her, eager and much interested. "You are about the fifth person I have met since my return to America who has even so much as heard of the existence of this book," he replied, "and I am very glad that you have read this document. By the way, I have authentic information that just came to me recently. It is becoming increasingly difficult to secure this book. One of the two American publishers who undertook its publication now informs me that it is permanently out of print so far as they are concerned. The other firm may soon find such pressure being brought to bear upon them that they may have to stop its publication also. In Russia, most people who can read at all have read it. I understand that those who know anything about the book over here have been taught to consider it a forgery, and doubt its authenticity. To my way of thinking, this is simply the result of propaganda. Over in European countries they are convinced that every line of the book is only an accurate description of the vast plot which is being hatched for the destruction of the Gentile nations. My personal conviction, absolutely and finally, is that the book is genuine."

They were now on a subject which was very much upon Mrs. McKinnom's heart.

"I agree with you," she replied, emphatically. "To me the surest proof of their authenticity is the fact that the very projects as outlined in 'The Protocols' are the plans which are being carried out today in connection with Bolshevism. If they are *not* genuine, why is it that so many of the diabolically clever plans have already gone so far in the way of fulfillment? I believe one of the greatest women in the world today, politically speaking, is that brilliant woman historian of England, Mrs. Clapham. She

has a very keen insight into the situation when she makes the claim that a regular plot has for centuries been laid for world revolution. She believes that the Protocols are vitally connected with this general plot, and I agree with her, for she is logical in all her deductions. The very similarity between much that has been exposed along revolutionary lines in the past, and that which is being brought to light today, leads to the conclusion that a general plot, of common origin, lies back of every revolution we know anything about. Mrs. Clapham goes even further than this, and startles many thinking people by bringing out the revelation in connection with secret societies, to the effect that many of the lodges and secret orders are working with the same thought in view. The secrecy in connection with Bolshevistic plans and activities, especially in America, cause certain people to agree with the deductions made by Mrs. Clapham during her years of study and research work. She does not spare even the most prominent and powerful lodge known in the world today."

Hildreth recognized the splendid intellectual ability of his hostess. It was stimulating to talk with her, for she possessed a grasp of the situation which was foreign to most people. He had not read any of Mrs. Clapham's writings, but agreed to do so that summer.

"There is one question which has been rather puzzling me for some months now, Dr. Hildreth," Christine suggested. "There seems to be a new spirit of revival in connection with Christianity in Russia, under the auspices of various mission stations whose headquarters are in America. Does the Soviet Government in any way tolerate the advance of Christianity?"

"I have met others who have been equally puzzled over this situation," he replied. "We need to go below the surface, for an explanation of these conditions. In my estimation the Communists are playing a very deep game. If their purpose is to win the victory in other countries, as

well as in Russia, they dare not too openly oppose the 'powers that be' in other lands, until the time is more fully ripe. They are working steadily for world conquest. They have so far gained the upper-hand in Russia that it would be a matter of very little concern for them to easily conquer, at any time, the missionaries in Russia. For the present, therefore, a show of tolerance is granted in certain parts of Russia. One fact of real significance is that in many parts of Soviet Russia no one under nineteen is allowed to attend religious services. You see they are concentrating on the rising generation."

Bruce here volunteered a bit of new information, referring to a letter which he had taken from his pocket.

"Their hatred is unquestionably against religion of all kinds," he agreed. "I want you to hear this bit of news—just received it on the afternoon mail from my Chicago correspondent. I consider this announcement to be of singular significance. 'Little Jack Ramon, son of two prominent citizens of this city, who was accidentally killed this week, will be buried today in a different manner than is customary. The last words are to be said over the boy's body by one of the leading Communists. Anything savoring of a religious ceremony will be completely barred.' Another funeral held recently in an eastern city was unusual in character. Being held in a hall with many radicals present, those in charge first swept from the place an effigy of a minister, *along with other rubbish*. At this funeral, instead of the conventional funeral march there rang out the strains of the Russian Revolutionary Hymn. The man who presided declared that under the Soviet Government religion was not recognized. This was the first Bolshevik funeral in America, according to one of our city editorials. The man was cremated, his ashes being sent to Moscow. No mention of religion. Does this look much like 'tolerance of Christianity,' Dr. Hildreth? Many deluded people never look below the surface. There is simply a deep game underlying any pretense of tolerance.

They are biding their time, working cleverly and in an under-ground way."

He paused only a moment, taking from his pocket a newspaper clipping, which he held up for their inspection.

"Here is something further which it occurs to me may throw some more light on their present attitude toward Christianity," he remarked. "This is certainly rank. I clipped it from one of the outstandingly radical papers, a daily publication. It is written by a man decidedly *Red* in all his tendencies." He read an extract from the article.

"'Jesus was a child, and we must not follow a *child* in a world where all the strength and wisdom of a man is needed if one would survive. We must not think about our souls. We must drive through at any cost. The legend of our outstanding Communist leader is more beautiful to me than the legend of Jesus. THE COMMUNISTS WILL LEAVE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE THAN JESUS LEFT IT. They will leave it on the threshold of final victory. The poor will have bread and peace and culture in another generation. NOT CHURCHES AND A SWARM OF LYING PARASITE MINISTER DOGS.' How is that for an example of *tolerance*? Nothing very charitable about such an article."

Truly the menace was spreading in America as in other countries of the world. Until they left the table they discussed this latest bit of outrageous literature. There was singular significance attached to the account of the funeral service, conducted along communistic lines. The very fact that such a proceeding was tolerated, proved that there was something radically wrong somewhere. These men and women, upholding such dangerous and subversive methods, were a real menace to decent people, and a very serious proposition to consider. Hildreth realized the gravity of the situation, and he saw that Mrs. McKinnom shared his concern with him.

It was when they finally arose from the table that the

subject of Communism and its attendant evils was put aside for the time being. After dinner they had an hour in the music-room, Stephen at the piano, thrilling them all with his ability, as he played and sang for them some of the old southern melodies which Ruth loved so well.

Kennedy, unnoticed for a few minutes, had taken his seat by the open window, hearing as in a dream the voice of Stephen Hildreth. For this hour he put from him the cares of his strenuous life, allowing his thoughts to roam fancy free. In spite of heroic intentions it was difficult for him, under such circumstances, here in this charming room, with a full view of the moon-lit gardens outside, to keep his mind in Frampton. On the morrow he would be in the thick of battle again. This evening was his for relaxation. As the restful strains of an old southern melody floated through the room, Kennedy faced the fact seriously for the first time that it was impossible to keep his thoughts away from Stockton. He visualized a sudden little crinkly smile, a pathetic little droop to the corners of a girl's mouth, and a head of rich dark hair, which had had for him an instant attraction. At the table he had unnoticed slipped Eleanor Hildreth's picture into his pocket.

He finally aroused himself as he heard the others laughingly calling him out of his reverie. The hour was growing late. Having reached a sudden determination, he went over to the piano where he stood for a moment, smiling down upon them from his goodly height.

"I suggest that we sing together 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds' and then take our departure. We shall have a busy day tomorrow, Stephen. This evening has provided for us the rest which we needed. I feel more fit and ready than ever for the week ahead." Then he turned to Bruce and Christine.

"Only wish you were going to be able to stay clear through Dedication week," he remarked. "However, I

realize the need for urgency in connection with your work. Shall we sing? Stephen, play for us."

Following an old Institute custom they all clasped hands, standing in a circle, as they sang the entire hymn. The simple ceremony carried Hildreth and Kennedy back very vividly to the night of their graduation together. At the close of the hymn, as they bowed their heads, Kennedy offered prayer.

Then he turned to Stephen.

"If your brother has no objections I believe he and I will walk home," he said, quietly. "You will please drive Mrs. Chandler home in the car, Stephen."

Something in Ralph's voice, a bit out of the ordinary, caught Hildreth's attention as he looked up. However, nothing could be gained from the clear gaze of the man before him. Canon Hildreth was somehow glad for the suggestion. It would provide a fine opportunity for him to discuss certain things with his host.

After the farewells had been exchanged, and the two men had started out together, they walked for some distance in silence, coming finally to a park. At the North end they paused for a few minutes, as though by common consent. In his characteristic manner, Kennedy, the first one to speak, came directly to the point, as he drew something from an inside pocket. To his surprise Hildreth saw that it was Eleanor's picture, which he had not missed.

"I am sure you will not object to my having retained this picture for a few hours," he said, his voice vibrant with deep feeling. "It was because I want to talk with you about your sister that I asked you to walk home with me tonight. I have met Eleanor only upon that single occasion in Stockton, but she is the one girl for whom I ever have cared or will care during all my life, Canon. I love your sister, and because she has no mother or father, and you are in a sense her guardian and protector, I have come directly to you with this declaration. Six months ago, I confess, I would have been inclined to consider such an

experience mere infatuation had it come to anyone else. I had never before realized that love could come so suddenly and so strongly. However, God's ways are mysterious and marvelous. Up until tonight I have kept this thing in the background of my life; but, after all, I do not know if I should do this. Tonight as you passed around this precious picture you were for the time occupied, and when it came to me I kept it. Then I realized suddenly, with sincere conviction, that for me there could never be any other woman. I love your sister, and if she can find it in her heart to return my love, I shall be a happy man. Otherwise I shall never marry."

Canon Hildreth's heart was very full as he listened. Looking into the splendid countenance of the man before him, a man who had made for himself an enviable reputation in the Christian world, he realized the worth of this blessing which had come to Eleanor. Then, suddenly, like a veritable Nemesis there arose before him the face of his other sister. With a groan he dropped the hand already outstretched toward Ralph, and sat down upon the bench near them. The action took Kennedy by surprise. There came to him then the thought that it was perhaps too late, and that Eleanor Hildreth was pledged to another.

He was almost startled at the haggard look of misery upon the face which Hildreth finally raised to him. He started forward with a look of concern.

"Do not permit yourself to suffer in any way because of what I have just told you, Canon," he begged. "I simply felt that you ought to know what was in my heart. However, do not allow it to affect you thus. If Miss Hildreth is already pledged to another, or if for any other reason you realize that my hope is vain, I can bear it as a man and a Christian should."

Hildreth raised his hand, making a strong motion of dissent.

"No, that is not the reason why your revelation has affected me in this manner," he said. "Your opportunity

for winning my sister would be very good, I am sure, were it not for the very thing I intended to tell you about to-night. There is in connection with our family history a skeleton which may, in days to come, prove to be much more than that. It comes closer home to me here in Frampton than it has ever done before. This morning I discovered a very serious fact during our conversation with McKinnom. It presents a real problem."

Kennedy looked at him uncomprehendingly, waiting for him to explain further. Concerned as he was for Hildreth, a wave of relief swept over him because of the hope held forth by the other man. As he seated himself on the bench, he put his hand out sympathetically on Hildreth's shoulder.

"If there is anything I can do to help, I am at your service," he offered. "I do not know what the problem is to which you refer, but whatever it is, Romans 8:28 is always true. God can right all things in His own time."

Gratefully Hildreth looked up.

"You are a man among men, Ralph Kennedy," he replied. "If this be the will of the Lord, then may He keep me from raising any barriers. The matter is serious enough, and one that I have had to face all my life in a general way, but this is the third time on special occasions. I wonder if you will be able to grasp the fact that Harriet Hildresky, the notorious woman at Settlement House, is my sister—this woman who is hoodwinking the people of Frampton, and who was discussed so plainly this morning in McKinnom's office."

In a flash the incident of the morning came to Kennedy's mind. He recalled Hildreth's consternation, suppressed before he should give vent to it, when he had heard of the presence of Miss Hildresky at Settlement House. While this statement was almost unbelievable, yet with a fine sense of justice Ralph turned to Hildreth.

"Yes, Canon, I can understand how you naturally felt under the circumstances," he replied slowly, "but I do not



see how in any wise you can hold yourself responsible for what your sister has turned out to be. Evidently she has some reason for not using her own name. Do you suppose she has any sense of shame or decency left? It does not strike me that she is the kind of a woman who would have any real scruples."

Hildreth shook his head.

"No," he remarked, rather bitterly, "even though she is my sister, I cannot believe she has any sense of decency left. It is for certain diplomatic reasons that she uses a foreign *nom-de-plume*. That class of women seem to delight in using foreign names, as though they were ashamed of their own nationality. McKinnom is right, Ralph. She is an utterly dangerous woman. I happen to know something about her operations over there. She wields and glories in her power and influence everywhere. However, the personal danger is that there is no way of knowing how far she might go if ever she decided to hurt our family name. There has never been any love in her heart for any of us, and it is utterly beyond me to realize how she could ever have been kin to us. Even as a child at home she was strange and uncanny."

He went on to tell of the woman's activities in Russia, not sparing anything in the recital. His was a nature too essentially honest for concealment of any kind. Although in God's sight he could not be held responsible for the relationship, nevertheless this blot upon the family name had brought a wound which would never completely heal.

The men finally arose as the town clock tolled the midnight hour. With a fine spirit of Christian determination Kennedy turned to Hildreth.

"Neither you nor Stephen nor Eleanor are in anywise to be blamed for this family misfortune," he said, sincerely. "You have my deepest sympathy, Canon. However, so far as my regard for your sister is concerned, I could not allow this to make the slightest difference, no matter what might come in the future. Why should the happi-

ness of several lives be sacrificed? When we reach the glory land yonder we shall be given a 'new name,' which will never know any spot or blemish. You have given to the world the name of Hildreth, and it has been honored. God is rewarding your efforts for Him. He can take care of all such mysteries. Therefore we will go home and sleep soundly. Let us forget that such a creature as Harriet Hildresky exists. The future rests in His hands. I expect to accept the invitation the McKinnoms have extended to me, and if your sister is there I shall try to win her, and one of my chief desires in life will be to make her happy. God bless you, Canon Hildreth."

As they walked home through the still night a peace settled down upon them. The bond of Christian friendship between the two men had been strengthened immeasurably, for their confidence was in the Christ who faileth never.

## CHAPTER XI

### FRESH REVELATIONS

THE new Frampton church, built of grey stone and standing well toward the front of the Chandler estate, was in readiness for the first service. There had been no extravagance in the erection of the building, for every detail had been planned with a view toward permanent service and durability. The completion of Kennedy's church added much toward the architectural achievements of the city.

Ralph and Dr. Hildreth had gone over to the prayer room on Saturday morning, spending an hour upon their knees solemnly dedicating the new building and the future work to the Lord. With much depth of feeling in his own heart Dr. Hildreth had simply and sincerely congratulated Kennedy upon this crowning work of his entire career. To God alone they gave all the glory.

Dr. Clancy would arrive in Frampton at noon. Ruth Caverly expected to accompany him. From here she would go South for the summer, where Stephen expected to join her for several weeks in August.

The announcements for Dedication Week had been given a generous space in the Frampton papers, the editors being on friendly terms with Kennedy. Upon the same page of the leading paper, however, also appeared the notice relative to the coming of Bishop Mansfield in the near future. Both announcements were simply news items, supposedly of interest to all the reading public.

The two addresses given by Dr. Clancy on the opening day were never forgotten by the crowds that thronged into the new church edifice. Many people drove in for miles from near-by towns, taxing the capacity of the building,

although seats were provided for all who came. With great thanksgiving in his heart, Dr. Hildreth took in the splendid scene, praising God for what He had been able to do through the complete consecration of one man who was utterly and fearlessly given over to Him. With never a suggestion of compromise in his ministry, God could use him to the utmost. Kennedy had not once during his ministry permitted even a patriotic address to be given from his pulpit. To him the church was sacred to the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

During the week following, the spirit of the services remained the same, crowds attending each evening. Dr. Hildreth had left on Monday for the fulfilling of engagements elsewhere, expecting to return for the closing service on Friday night.

A good deal of interest had been aroused by the announcement that the final address of the week would be given by Dr. Hildreth, who had simply been introduced to the audiences on the Lord's Day. It was understood that his message would be out of the ordinary, combining an account of his Gospel work in Russia as a medical missionary with a vivid description of world conditions.

On Friday night, in spite of a heat wave having swept over the city, the Church was filled to capacity. Stephen Hildreth, it had been announced, would again sing the hymn which he had rendered so appealingly at the Institute.

During the entire evening, upstairs in that brilliantly lighted building, there was present an unseen listener. Behind the slightly parted curtains of an alcove at the right side of the upper gallery, crouched the still figure of a girl. From the commencement of the service she lost not a word of the program being given from the platform below.

Ever on the alert as to the possible risk of discovery, the girl moved only occasionally, when her position became too cramped. Back of where she crouched were

Sunday School supplies and hymn books. Narrow as the space was, the girl was fortunate enough to remain completely hidden, in spite of the fact that many people were seated in the gallery. Into the heart of the crouching figure there came this night a fierce longing. At all hazards she must talk with this wonderful man from Russia.

Her patience seemed endless. With burning eyes, and a new hunger growing within her, she listened while Stephen sang again the hymn "Do You Know that Russia's Dying for the Message of the Christ?" Once her lips moved and within herself she repeated "The message of the Christ?" as though the subject were utterly foreign to her. She was unconsciously drawn by the spiritual personality of Ralph Kennedy, she hung upon every word of Stephen's hymn, but it was upon Canon Hildreth that the thoughts of the girl centered.

Just how she would be able to accomplish her object, and gain the opportunity for speaking with Dr. Hildreth alone, she did not know. The service finally came to a close, and a few minutes later the gallery was deserted. The girl's quick instinct told her that it would be necessary for her to make her way downstairs before the lights should be turned off.

Managing to reach the bottom of the rear stairway unobserved, she found to her relief that the hall below was empty. Opening out on the side of the church building, it was a hall not intended for public use, but chiefly as an entrance for the janitor.

Edging her way cautiously to the door leading into the auditorium, she looked in. Not far from her stood the grand piano, and near it was Ruth Caverly, who had been gathering her music sheets together. Quick as a flash, almost under her breath, the girl gave a slight cough. Ruth looked up. The girl beckoned to her. Rather wonderingly Ruth went over to the door.

The girl's hair, evidently supposed to have been bobbed, was in a neglected condition, and her dress much rumpled.

When the girl motioned her to come into the hall, a thrill went through her, and for an instant she hesitated. Then her better sense conquered. As she went toward her, curious about what was to follow, Ruth Caverly, as she declared later, felt that she had never before looked into such a wonderful pair of intensely dark eyes.

"Will you tell Dr. Hildreth that I wish very much to speak to him alone, here? Just for a few minutes. Tell him I must see him now, tonight. Will you be so kind, madam?"

The girl's voice, low and hurried, but touched with much depth of feeling, caused Ruth to realize vaguely that something important was about to transpire. The urgency in her manner prompted Miss Caverly to respond quickly by a nod of her head. To her utter surprise as she turned, about to do the girl's bidding, the stranger reached out impulsively, and grasped Ruth's hand. Stooping down she kissed it. Completely taken aback, Miss Caverly's first impulse was to draw her hand away. Just then, however, as the girl raised her head, Ruth saw that her eyes were swimming in tears. She knew, then, that there was nothing to fear. Something had happened to touch this girl deeply.

"You will please forgive me?" she questioned in a fierce whisper, as though she were struggling against this temporary burst of emotion. "But tonight you played that wonderful song. Oh, I cannot explain the feeling here," pointing to her heart. "It is all so new to me, all of this tonight. This great building, everything, so marvelous. Now you will hurry? Tell Dr. Hildreth I wait for him here. Get him for me before he goes," she added, a sudden fear possessing her that already he might have left the church. "I know I can help him much, in many ways," she added as Ruth left.

In a few minutes Ruth returned accompanied by Dr. Hildreth and Ralph, both men wondering much over this summons. Kennedy would not allow Hildreth to come

alone. A man with such a message as he had just given had need of caution. Ruth decided she would return to Stephen. Kennedy requested that she say nothing of this incident to anyone.

The girl, hearing voices, had slipped back under the stairway. When she saw who they were, as they stepped into the hallway, she gave a quick gasp of relief, and came forward.

Instantly Dr. Hildreth recognized the fact that the girl was of Russian parentage. He had not lived for ten years in that land beyond the seas without being able to recognize a native. He instantly dismissed the thought of danger, as he looked into the troubled, frightened eyes of the girl. With all the courtesy of a gentleman he stepped forward and extended his hand. He was hardly prepared for the curious expression which came over her face, as she stared at the outstretched hand, not extending hers. Then she looked at him fully.

"*You would shake hands with me?*" She half whispered the words. "It is the first time in Thelma's life that anyone ever tried to shake hands. You, Dr. Hildreth, would be willing to greet me so?"

Kennedy, standing back watching this little scene, felt sweeping over him a wave of sympathy. This might prove to be an unusual experience. In spite of the fact that at present the girl seemed to be in trouble of some kind, yet both men unconsciously felt the force of a personality here.

Just back of the stairway there was a small room which had been set apart for the use of the janitor, and into this room Kennedy suggested that they should go if the girl wished to speak with them without fear of interruption. For just a moment, after they entered, she sat down upon a chair, relaxing almost unconsciously as she realized that she had gained the first point of her object. She seemed weak and exhausted, as though she had been under great strain.

The next instant, however, this momentary relaxation disappeared, and she became tense again. Kennedy realized that, underneath her present untidy appearance, the girl was beautiful. She kept her seat, but turned to face Hildreth, addressing herself to him as they seated themselves.

"I was upstairs tonight, and I heard your talk. I heard everything," she began, going directly to the point without waste of words. "Because I feel I can trust you and this pastor, I throw myself upon your mercy. I am a runaway. I want to be honest with you. Never before have I come to such a service. I am in a new world this night. I left the woman who calls herself my mother. I hate her—Madame Poloski. All my life she has told me there is no such person as God. I did not come here tonight to hear about God. But I hear about Him very much tonight. Why did I come here? Perhaps you wonder. I came because I knew that a man from Russia would talk about conditions. I wondered with mocking in my heart what he would say about Russia. For I, too, could tell folks some things about Russia, and make them open their eyes. But you tell the truth tonight, Dr. Hildreth—yes, that is why I trust you. You are honest. I see very few honest people in my life. I had to go some place after hiding for ten days in the basement room of Settlement House. I do not know where I go from here. But never will that woman take me alive. I am free, and *never* will I go back with Poloski to life in Berlin. It is hell to me."

To both men, as they listened, there came a consciousness of forthcoming revelations. The girl's weariness had disappeared. She crouched on the edge of the chair, tense and alive. Then in a gesture of complete abandon she flung out her hands in a fierceness of despair that was tragic.

"I have schemed and lied and slaved all my life for a woman who is a fiend in human form. I will tell you all



the truth, if only you help me to get away in safety. If you will help me, I can help you. I know much that will be an astonishment to you, Dr. Hildreth. Tonight I think I can make you so glad, and so happy. Wait and see. With Madame Poloski I never talk much good English. But I know more than many Russian girls, for I hear many Americans talk. Thelma is no fool. For years Poloski considered me with contempt. I waited my time. Now I am *free*." She seemed to glory in the use of this word. They listened without any attempt to interrupt her. In her own way she would tell them what was on her burdened heart.

"When I come here tonight, I see many fine beautiful women and *good* men. I never before saw so many men who looked *good*. Then I meet a man like you, Dr. Hildreth, who even would shake hands with me. My heart tonight cries out so fiercely against all my life before this. Why was I born to be a *nobody* when I want to be *somebody*?" The voice of despair, coming from her troubled soul, touched the men to the heart.

It was Hildreth who answered the question.

"You do not need to be a nobody, Thelma," he said very gently. His voice quieted her strangely. "You are with friends. Please try to realize this. If you have come here tonight, as we believe you have, with a desire to help and be helped, you will receive the utmost protection we can offer you. This church has been erected to help those who are in spiritual and temporal need. Now please tell us your story just as you want to tell it."

The look of fleeting fear which had been in the eyes of the girl at the beginning had commenced to subside. As they became more rational, she could not hide the expression of intense gratitude.

"You will never regret this night, Dr. Hildreth," she said. They noticed how she struggled for composure. "I will tell you my story. For several weeks I hid myself from Poloski and the woman called Hildresky. Yesterday

they left for New York. Then my danger was over. In ten days they return. I had books with me. When Thelma has books the time is never long. Every night I went for food upstairs. Always there was plenty to eat in Settlement House. This afternoon I wrap about me a shawl and come to church. I knew the church where you would speak. Through a newspaper carried into the basement last week I saw the announcement. It was safe for me to come. Those who could do me harm are far away. I say they will never take me alive."

She arose suddenly, the force of a passionate longing dominating her. Both men felt the terrible power within the nature of this girl. Here was a creature aroused, evidently capable of intense good or intense evil. Kennedy realized the fierceness of the spiritual struggle existing in the life of such an individual. What a power for God she might become.

She regarded Hildreth fixedly now, as she stood with one arm outstretched utterly unconscious of the picture she presented.

"In your talk you tell much, Dr. Hildreth, but not all. I know you are one who desires to tell all the truth. So I have much information for you. You speak of the awfulness of life in Russia, and in Europe and elsewhere. Perhaps you know little of the program of terrible things planned for America. I have many reasons for coming here tonight. First to hear you tell about Russia, and then if I gained this opportunity, to reveal to you many other things. But now I tell you something which surely you will be glad to know. It may be will come to you with much surprise. When I saw your name it filled me with astonishment. For it is the same as the woman at the Settlement claims, although she is not using it here. She has deep reasons. But I check her little game, and show her up to you tonight. Dr. Hildreth, Harriet Hildresky has no right to claim the name of Hildreth. She is an impostor."

Kennedy looked at Hildreth in utter astonishment. Was the girl completely unbalanced? Had the experiences through which she had passed rendered her mentally unsound? However, the light glowing within the dark eyes seemed sane and clear.

It was Hildreth who finally arose from his chair and took a step forward. He was unconscious of the intensity within his gaze as he turned his eyes searchingly upon the girl.

"I must ask you to explain that last statement which you have made, Thelma," he suggested, struggling to be patient as the words just spoken rang in his ears. "You have touched upon a matter which is very personal to me. I want to believe that you are honest and sincere. But I must ask you to tell me simply and fully just what you meant by the declaration you have made."

Thelma nodded, sure of the information at her command. As she continued in a manner full of much sincerity, they were impressed by the ring of truth in her words.

"I have no proof here tonight of what I shall say. But I have it concealed at the Settlement. What Thelma conceals no one will find. I come to tell you that Harriet Hildresky is not your sister. I cannot blame you for not believing me. I know it is unexpected, but I shall soon prove it to you."

As she uttered the short, brief sentences, Hildreth stepped back. It was not strange that at first utter unbelief had shone in his eyes. This was changing now to doubt and a sudden fierce longing that she might be correct. She had just made a statement of tremendous importance. Who was this girl who had appeared so unexpectedly with such astounding information? Even Kennedy could only sit and stare helplessly, awaiting further disclosures.

Confident of the information she was imparting, the girl continued.

"I cannot blame you for doubting me," she continued, "although I cannot see that she is much honor to you. I would sooner believe she was like a sharp sword in your heart. But in a packet of papers, safely hidden in Settlement House, I have two letters which will show you that Harriet is not your sister. Your mother let you think so. Harriet wants you to think so. Your mother did not want to deceive you, but she was mixed up in a conspiracy. Although she was innocent, she helped someone else. . . ."

To Canon Hildreth the girl's voice seemed going on as though he were in a dream from which he would soon awaken. In spite of the desperate attempt he was making to fully concentrate upon all the girl was saying, the thing which seemed to stand out in letters of fire was that Harriet Hildresky was *not* his sister. Just then, nothing else mattered. Determining to give her the benefit of every doubt he interrupted her.

"You say you have letters in your possession which prove that this woman is not my sister?" he questioned. She nodded. "As you can see this is a revelation of the utmost importance, if it can be proven to be true. Now you will forgive me for asking you some necessary questions. If this woman is not my sister, who is she? And how do you happen to have this information?"

"The explanation is all contained in two letters which I have," the girl answered, steadily. "I do not mind telling you how I discovered them. I searched the safe at the Settlement for my photograph so I might destroy it. I feared they would use it to trace me. I found there some valuable documents regarding certain plans for the spread of Communism here in America. Then I also found, unexpectedly, these two letters in with Hildresky's papers. One of these letters is from your mother addressed to Harriet. You will know your mother's writing, of course. Your mother quite evidently was a good woman. Before she married your father, another man loved her, and she might have married him, but she did

not like it because he was an extreme Socialist. He finally married another woman, of his own stamp. Harriet was their only child. Then his wife died. Evidently, for reasons of his own, he decided to ask that your mother and father adopt Harriet, who was then a baby. Holding out to your mother the fact of his having known her in the past, and appealing to her on the ground of his child's helplessness, he persuaded your mother, because of the goodness of her heart, and she won over your father. Nothing was to be said to you or the other children, but Harriet was to be reared as your sister. Money was no object, and the arrangements were made. In your mother's letter to Harriet there comes out much bitterness of spirit that she should have so disappointed them all by her waywardness. But true to her promise to Harriet's father, she never revealed the secret. Harriet was brought up with you and Stephen and your sister. Harriet's true name is Steinemetz. So much for the one letter, in which Harriet is told of her parentage. Had you mother known of this woman's gradual rise to power in the circles of Communism, perhaps she would have delivered you from what surely must be a bondage. In the other letter, which is from Harriet's father to herself, he gloats over the hold that some day she will have upon the family of Hildreth. It only makes more sure the information in your mother's letter."

There was no longer any reason for doubting the story the girl had so strangely brought to them. It had been told so connectedly and so surely. Hildreth did not stop to analyze the various and conflicting emotions within him. Just now the thing which concerned him most was the safety of those letters. He instantly realized the value of proof in such a case as this. When he questioned her as to their safety she reassured him.

"No one will find them," she said confidently. "Please trust Thelma. Before they return from New York, Thelma will have them in your possession. I will go

under cover of night, soon. I will also bring the documents revealing those terrible plans for America. I can help you, Dr. Hildreth, to warn the young people of America about the thing they call the "Youth Movement." But tonight it is late. I have kept you so long already. I can tell you so much, but it would be tomorrow morning when I finished. So, I don't know what more to say tonight."

It was Ralph who finally aroused himself and took the initiative. It had occurred to him that the girl was tired and exhausted, although at present keyed up with the excitement of the moment. Strenuous as his day had been, he could have listened to all the girl would have told him, but he quickly made a decision.

"You have come here tonight and have given us much food for thought, Thelma," he said, gently. "But now we must consider your own comfort. We will take you with us tonight into our home, and you shall remain with us until God opens some other door for you. He has sent you here. Our home is open for anyone who is in need. We cannot only be of help to you, but you can doubtless be of great service to us. Already the information which you have brought to Dr. Hildreth is of immense value. We will decide upon nothing definite tonight in regard to plans for your future, but will leave everything in God's care. The thing of paramount importance now is that you shall have rest and food. My sister, Mrs. Chandler, will give you a sincere welcome. You will come with us, Thelma?"

She evidently realized the fact that she was with friends. In the same spirit that a hunted animal flees for shelter to those who are friendly, so Thelma Poloski had fled to this new temple of worship, both to help and to be helped. She surrendered herself willingly to the care of those whom she had never met before. Because of the gracious presence of God's Holy Spirit in their lives, the girl realized instinctively that she was safe.

As they went to the house Dr. Hildreth was absorbed in the new revelation which had come to him this night, and with a heart overflowing with thanksgiving for a blessed release from his yoke of bondage, there came to him most vividly a passage of Scripture, from the book of Hebrews:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Truly this stranger, this girl, coming as it were from a different world, capable of revealing to them perhaps much that they did not know, was proving to be an "angel unawares."

## CHAPTER XII

### THE RISING TIDE

**D**R. HILDRETH was scheduled for a town near Stockton for the coming Sunday, and would have to leave Frampton on Saturday evening to fulfill the last of his prearranged engagements. He would accept no more delegated work before the fall. Very considerately the faculty at the Institute would not allow him to be overtaxed. Hildreth was grateful for the one day longer which intervened before he must leave. He could thus hear Thelma Poloski's story.

When the men had brought the girl over to Margaret Chandler the night previous, the woman had instantly taken the stranger to her heart, showing no surprise before Thelma. The girl was utterly unaccustomed to receiving such care and attention as Mrs. Chandler bestowed freely upon her, and her heart went out in veritable worship to this woman whose sweetness and womanliness was a revelation to her. In spite of Margaret's injunction that Thelma should sleep the next morning as long as she wished, she was the first one in the house to arise. When Mrs. Chandler came down rather early to help with breakfast, it touched her inexpressibly to see Thelma seated on the lower stairs, her arms twined about Dwight. Already the two had become fast friends.

Ralph had explained the situation to his sister before they had retired. Margaret realized the possible importance of the news which the girl would have to impart. At breakfast they decided that everything else should be put aside for the morning, and they would go to the library and listen to Thelma's story. After they had seated themselves, the girl, in a manner characteristically direct, came straight to the point. As she faced them, intent now only



upon being of service to these people, she already seemed different.

"I want you to warn the people of this land about the awfulness of the Youth Movement," she began. "They call it the 'Youth Movement of Germany,' but it is far bigger than that. Really, it is the 'Youth Movement of Communism,' a terrible thing. Always in their minds they have the idea of corrupting the young people over all the world. Everything with the Communists must become connected with Internationalism. There is today a world plot which exists for the enthrallment of all the youth of the world, although they call it 'the new freedom.' Youth is to be united in a solid front against all forms of law and authority. This summer in Germany an International Conference of Youth will be held. They will train young people to revolt against parental control, against all recognized authority. It is called the 'Revolt of Youth.' I know the whole line of arguments, for we hear of it on every side. It is a part of this awful system of Communism which is to be used for the destruction of the Gentile nations in every country in the world. Unless Americans awake, America will never escape."

Veritably like a young prophetess Thelma dramatically told her small audience what the consequences would be, and with powerful conviction the truth went home to the hearts of those who listened. She was utterly free from self-consciousness, unaware of her dramatic power. The girl's command of English, combined with her power to express herself, was a revelation. As Margaret listened, there came again into her mother heart a shiver of dread and apprehension as she thought of Dwight. Pausing only for a moment, Thelma continued.

"Do you know what one of your own school teachers said last year? Listen. 'Give us one generation of school children to train to manhood and womanhood, and we will set up the Bolshevik form of Soviet Government.' This plan refers to America, and was adopted as their

most popular slogan. In your schools and universities they are teaching what is called 'the gospel of the new social order.' It is only a cover for the teaching of extreme socialism, which is Communism. The National Student Association grows rapidly here in America. The Gospel that you spoke of last night is far different from *their* gospel. In the churches, in these beautiful buildings which are called 'God's houses,' Mr. Kennedy, many of your pastors preach a 'social gospel.' Tell them to wake up, for they play with fire, and are deceived. Until last night I mocked at the idea of God. Now I believe in Him. Dr. Hildreth, ask HIM to save the people of America, to arouse them. Very soon it will be too late."

With almost a sob the words came forth. Much aroused, Hildreth turned to Ralph.

"How I wish Bruce McKinnom might be with us this morning!" he exclaimed. "The things which Thelma is telling us would be of great help to him."

Kennedy nodded as the girl continued.

"Since I came to America, so often I have wished that I might live under such a clean banner as your flag, and know the freedom which your people enjoy under the beautiful emblem. *But for how long?* They talk of 'the revolt of youth.' My revolt came too, but in a different fashion. I revolt against what such terrible people are trying to do in destroying all law and order. Communism is relentless. They talk and write constantly of a new 'Declaration of Independence.' The youth are to 'declare themselves free.' They call the Youth Movement a blessing. It is a curse, Dr. Hildreth. Go out and tell young people and parents that it is the greatest curse in the world today. Look at the dress of the young people. Do you know that is all part of the plot leading to things which are immoral? All that the children learn in Russia today is immorality. *You* know Russia, Dr. Hildreth. Perhaps your station has been more sheltered, but in some parts of the country I know where certain mothers wait

outside of some of the school-houses all night in the snow, miserable and wretched, while their boys and girls dance the entire night away, compelled to do so under the name of 'education.' Ask some mothers where their children are; and, with hearts breaking with pain, they will tell you, 'There are no children in Russia today, only vicious little brutes whose talk is of money and pleasure.' That is what Communism has done to the children of Russia, and that is what it will do in every country in the world if it is not checked. The child must be left to himself, they say, and not be interfered with. He must be protected from moulding influences of every kind. He should not render obedience or reverence in a servile manner. No, but courage, adventure and rebellion must dominate his life."

Here she turned suddenly to Kennedy.

"You are the pastor of a big, beautiful new church. You have what is called a Sunday School, a place to which little children come. I never went to one in my life. But I hear them often talk about them, and I know the dear good children that go to such places. Think of the danger to these children if the day comes when the Communists rise to power, and when they will be trained in this system. Then they will teach your little children to despise their parents, to indulge in loathesome immorality, to denounce their superiors, and to hate the name of God. That was the kind of training I might have received. Only I happened to be of use to Madame Poloski. Their purpose is to destroy all family life. When I first came to this country, I had never before seen anything so beautiful as the little clean-looking children, so many of them and so happy, who were not hungry but well cared for, and whose parents loved them. I have never in my life known what it means for anyone to love me. Then, as I saw the difference between conditions here and in Russia, I began to realize as I listened to the conversation of Communist Comrades, that their purpose is to make America like Russia. They plan to ruin the beautiful family life in this

country. Some people might think Thelma is mad for saying that there is such danger in store for your wonderful country, but Thelma is not mad. People are asleep, and they will not waken. Some day they will realize that a terrible thing has happened to them, and they will be in despair like the Russians are today. Then it will be too late. The Communists are wise and powerful and very clever. They have much gold in their hands, and many powerful agents to do their bidding. A book we have in Russia tells the whole plan. It is called "The Protocols." It is the key to everything happening today."

As she turned toward Kennedy, she reminded him of a certain statement he had made the night previous.

"In your message you spoke of one called 'The Anti-Christ.' If Christ is the person you claim Him to be, some one whom we should love and not hate, if he is the hope for mankind as you declare him to be, then I can believe that such a person as *Anti-Christ* will come. Many people surely hate Christ. Over in Europe it is the people who are considered crazy and queer who say they believe in Christ. But you have such a beautiful way of telling about God and Jesus Christ. I want to know more about Him sometime. The people here are passing up the best thing in life if they have a chance to truly know God and if they refuse the knowledge."

In spite of the terrible conditions which Thelma was unfolding to them, and which came as such a revelation, they were conscious every moment of the hunger for spiritual things which seemed to be gnawing into the very heart of this girl. Kennedy sensed the greatness of the soul before him. With the one idea always supreme in his life, he longed for the opportunity for winning this girl to Jesus Christ. Thelma Poloski was not far from the spiritual kingdom. But for the present they allowed her to continue. She would never be satisfied until she had unburdened herself.

For another hour she continued telling them of the

complete power which the Communists were beginning to exercise everywhere. Many Russian schools had been given over entirely to the teaching of this pernicious system, with all its immoral influences. Books were no longer used except in rare cases. Famine and pestilence had done much to deplete the population, and the children who survived these terrible ravages of death and disease were being trained systematically in the tenets of Communism. From the young generation there must arise a race of Communists to take the place of those in authority at present. Therefore, from the schools there must be swept, as with a broom, all the old methods of teaching. The children must be removed from what they called "the pernicious influence of the family." They must learn the "alphabet of Communism." Mothers were to be compelled to surrender their children to the Soviet State. That was the practical task before them, to speak plainly, to register the children and nationalize them. The fiendish idea of one of their so-called "educators," that there must be co-education in "absolute liberty," would inevitably lead, in a primitive country like Russia, to the most revolting conditions, because moral guidance is completely lacking. Practically all the time during school hours was spent in flirtation and dancing lessons. Excessive immorality was freely indulged in as part of the training which the children must receive. The teachers were often mere girls in their teens, many of the older teachers having been removed. In the state boarding school boys and girls were deliberately quartered in the same dormitory.

While Dr. Hildreth had been aware of many of these conditions, he had scarcely realized the extent to which the terrible system had spread so universally in the cities and towns near Moscow. The very atmosphere of the schools, Thelma informed them, was impregnated with the most precocious and criminal instincts and bestial jealousy. Hildreth realized the force of her statement when she told them that multitudes of children in Russia were

already wholly corrupted mentally, morally and spiritually. In the future these children, trained into full-fledged Communists, would become a real menace, not only to the country of Russia, but to the entire civilized world.

They had been in the library for three hours. Thelma was almost spent with relating these vivid and harrowing details. Finally she arose from her chair and commenced to pace the room, overwhelmed as the full horror of the picture came to her afresh. Suddenly she stopped and turned to Kennedy pleadingly, stretching out her hands:

"Tell them in America," she almost sobbed, "that they are working here for the same thing, that Communism shall be taught to the children everywhere. They say it is their only hope of molding the next generation after their own plans. They will try to bring the whole world under the domination of the relentless Soviet government. Oh, the terrible spirit of that awful being called Anti-Christ. I know now there is such a being. My own heart tells me so. I believe I am going to learn to love this Christ of whom you spoke last night. If I had only had the chance years ago which children here in America have. But I have been so steeped in wickedness. My life has been so different from yours. I have lived in another world, in the underworld. I am not fit for such as you to sit here for hours and listen to—I have been evil and miserable, but in my heart I hated it all. I am so unhappy, so wretched....." Her voice broke completely, as she gave a little shudder of despair. The next moment she was sobbing at Margaret's feet.

Into Ralph Kennedy's eyes there flashed a look of glad rejoicing. How well he knew that it was truly a conviction of sin that now possessed this girl. The Spirit of God was dealing with Thelma Poloski. Having all her life groped in the darkness of sin and misery, she had known nothing of the rest of soul that could come into the life of an individual through coming into personal touch with

Jesus Christ who had given His life on Calvary for the ransom of a world lost in sin.

They went to prayer immediately, Ralph pointing out very simply and clearly the marvelous plan of redemption. He explained the way so plainly that the girl accepted readily, without a moment's hesitation. Into her weary heart there came the peace that passeth all understanding. Henceforth her life was to be completely changed, dominated by the power of a new and imperishable hope, by the living presence of an indwelling Christ.

As they arose from their knees, they were startled by the new consciousness of brilliant victory which shone forth from the girl's eyes. Through her happy tears there was the radiance as from another world. She turned instinctively to Margaret, and that woman gathered her close and held her in her arms. When Mrs. Chandler called her "sister," it seemed the sweetest music Thelma had ever heard.

They never forgot her next words, as she stood before them charged with a new power from on high.

"You cannot know, you people who have had Christ all your lives, what a wonderful experience Thelma has found this morning. I did not come here thinking I should find such joy and peace. I came here sick and tired at heart. I have wanted to live differently, but I did not know how. Now I only want to live to serve Jesus. I see it all so clearly, all that I have found. Now I know what all my life I have craved. That Jesus Christ, this wonderful God-Man of whom you tell me, should love *me*. I do not know how; but, oh, I do believe it. You have made it so sweet and clear. I want to go everywhere and tell others what I have found. I have no more burden now for myself, only a great sorrow for others. How I shall pray that God may give you every rich blessing—you dear people who have given me everything. Thelma is no longer a 'nobody.' Thelma is going to be somebody, for Jesus."

At times, under great stress, she lapsed unconsciously into the vernacular. Having always dreaded that her mother would detect and become suspicious of her secretly acquired use of good English, she had never practiced it in Madame Poloski's presence. The little group gathered in the library that morning were strangely thrilled by the girl's glad assurance of victory and liberty which had come to her through the acceptance of Jesus Christ. What a rebuke and reproach her testimony would have been to multitudes of indifferent Christians in America, many of whom did not appreciate Christ or the privileges of Christianity in a manner commensurate with the blessings received. The tears in Margaret's eyes were those of which she was not ashamed.

Finally Mrs. Chandler, realizing the strain under which the girl had been laboring, insisted that she should rest until after lunch. As the two women left the library together, Hildreth turned to Kennedy.

"What a climax for Dedication Week, Ralph," he said simply. The room seemed full of a new presence, as though God's Spirit brooded there.

The other man nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said, his voice low and full of feeling, "for such an unusual demonstration we can well afford to thank and praise Him. I know how your own heart rejoices over the miraculous manner in which you have been freed from your yoke of bondage. In most mysterious ways does God work to perform His wonders."

Hildreth's heart echoed the word of thanksgiving.

"God will have great use for this girl, with her remarkable power of expression and her new spirit of consecration," he replied. "Truly, Ralph, one who has all her life sat in spiritual darkness has at last seen the great light."



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE DOCUMENTS

THAT same evening Dr. Hildreth and Thelma had a talk together, just before Ralph would take his guest to the train. They had just finished an early supper. Although Canon Hildreth was possessed with an almost overwhelming desire to see for himself the letters which the girl had referred to, yet he realized that it would be necessary for him to wait until he returned to Frampton. Stephen, it had been decided, should not be informed of this part of the discovery, for it would be better to wait until the letters were in their possession. When Dr. Hildreth expressed a natural concern and some anxiety as to the girl's ability to secure the package of letters and other documents, without risk of discovery, she reassured him.

"Please, Dr. Hildreth, do not worry about my safety," she said, quietly. "I will go for them on Sunday night, for then the door at the side of the building is left open until long after midnight, for many girls stay out very late. There is no danger for me. I have escaped discovery all my life. I have been in far greater danger in Europe than ever I have been in America. The letters and papers will wait for you on your return, Dr. Hildreth. Just ask God to help me get them. I need no other protection than His."

With these words of assurance and confidence ringing in his ears, and with eyes suspiciously moist over this girl's evident trust and faith in the eternal protection of her Saviour, Hildreth took his departure. The dawning of a brighter day lay just ahead for himself and Stephen and Eleanor. Of this fact he felt sure and confident. His strong mind, well trained by reason of the hard battles of many years in Russia, thus put from him any concern

either for Thelma's personal safety or for the safe keeping of the letters, the discovery of which would mean much for the name of Hildreth.

Therefore, into the life of the Chandler homestead came Thelma Poloski, utterly a new creature in Christ Jesus. She reveled in the new and unusual surroundings, enjoying to the full the spiritual atmosphere of this Christian home. It was something utterly foreign to the past environment of her former life. Often Margaret's eyes would fill with quick tears as she realized how this young life was sure to unfold, and the great service which she would eventually be able to render in the cause of Jesus Christ. Thelma possessed to a most remarkable degree the charm of a gifted personality. Under proper training, and through intelligent Christian companionship, there was great promise of a real womanly development.

It was after the closing service on Sunday night that the family met together for prayer in the Chandler library and committed Thelma to God's protecting care before she should go forth on her errand. The girl had not attended the church services, fearing the risk of possible discovery. It were better if she did not show herself in public for some time to come. After Thelma had gone, and Stephen had bidden Ralph and Margaret good night, brother and sister decided to remain downstairs until she returned. Stephen had simply been informed that Thelma had gone for some important documents.

She had declared quite confidently that she would return within the hour. True to her word, she was back in much less time. It was with a feeling of immense relief that they heard the front door open. The next moment Thelma was in the room. While she was quite calm, the gleam of victory in her eyes proved that she had been successful. Out from under the dark shawl in which she had enveloped herself, she drew forth a bulky package, wrapped in a red handkerchief. They watched her with a good deal of curiosity as she held up the parcel.

"Everything is here, just as I tied them together," she declared. Then looking at the package rather reflectively she added:

"If one glances at this little bundle wrapped in an old red handkerchief it might seem difficult to believe that much information is here in the form of documents and letters. Can you read German, Mr. Kennedy?"

He replied that he could not, but assured her that Dr. Hildreth could.

"Then we shall leave them as they are until he comes. I am so glad they are written in German instead of in code. So much of the Communist propaganda is in code which only a few people understand," she replied, as she turned the entire parcel over to Kennedy to await the coming of Dr. Hildreth.

Dr. Hildreth would return to Frampton on Tuesday morning, after spending Monday at the Institute, and the evening in Dr. Clancy's home. Not knowing what might possibly develop after an examination of the documents, and filled with a longing to again see Barbara, Hildreth had decided to take advantage of the fact that he would be in the neighborhood of Stockton. Because of the desire of his heart suppressed for years, Barbara Clancy was becoming more precious to him as the days went by. Their marriage would take place in the fall.

In connection with Thelma's future an idea had come forcibly to Margaret. The more she considered it, the more plausible it seemed. Realizing how difficult it was for Christine McKinnom to secure competent help in their Rocky Mountain Camp, and feeling that for the present it would be safer for Thelma to leave Frampton, Mrs. Chandler felt confident that the girl would fit in there. The McKinnoms would remain there until October, and this would allow the lapse of several months before they would need to consider definitely what to do in regard to the girl's future. Furthermore, Thelma was likely to prove of the utmost value to Bruce McKinnom in his

research work, and his investigations for the Government. She knew how often Christine had wished for the services of some dependable girl with whom she could trust Betty Marie. This might be an arrangement which would prove to have far-reaching results.

It was on Monday that Mrs. Chandler suggested the possibility of such an arrangement. She never forgot the look of relief which came to the eyes of the girl, nor the look of regret which instantly followed.

"In one way I like the plan, very much," she said, her voice shaking somewhat. "But it will be so hard for me to leave you and the others who have been so good to me. You were the first people I have ever met who were kind to me. Yet, perhaps it is for the best. I cannot go outside here at present without fear. Yes, Mrs. Chandler, whatever you arrange for Thelma will be for her good. I am sure I can help Mr. McKinnom if he is working for the Government." She nodded her head slowly and thoughtfully, the possibility of the plan appealing to her. Many things seemed to crowd into her mind, as she stood for a moment with a look of pain in her eyes. Again her mind was in Russia as it often was, Russia suffering and wretched, dying in great despair.

Upon the front page of Monday evening's paper, when Mrs. Chandler opened it, was the announcement for the special Welfare lecture to be given at Settlement House the following week. Nearly all the space of three columns had been devoted to a description of Bishop Mansfield's career. Margaret's eyes burned with indignation, as she turned to Thelma.

"To me it is inconceivable that they should allow such a man to occupy a Christian pulpit," she exclaimed. "It only shows to what a terrible state professing Christians have come that such a man should be tolerated."

Thelma agreed. When she spoke her voice was full of scorn.

"They give this man great space in the newspapers,"

she said. "Why? Because many people seem to want such nonsense. Many leaders in your churches here fawn upon this man, and all the time he is sly and smooth. His son is not a good man. America calls itself Christian. It is like heaven compared to Russia, but your people here are too easily fooled. I wonder if the real spirit of the Christ I love is here as it should be. I do like America, Mrs. Chandler—please do not misunderstand me. There is liberty and freedom here, but there will not be in five or ten years from now, unless your people will awaken."

She pointed with a gesture of contempt to the pictured likeness of the Bishop, as he stood by a chair in his ecclesiastical robes, a large, pompous, well-preserved man, of perhaps fifty-five or sixty, with a slight stoop to his shoulders. There was a set look of determination in the eyes, while the thin lips curved in a hard, fixed line.

"People will go in crowds to hear him. I know how they have talked of his success in other places where he has wrapped men and women about his fingers. He is smooth and dangerous and full of magnetism. It is the magnetism of a snake. I can see him now, with eyes like a serpent. And yet he is clever and appealing, and many people fall for him—they would bow down and worship him if they received the least encouragement. Some people easily become fools."

Then she clasped her hands together in ecstasy, as she turned a rare smile upon Margaret. At times the joy of the girl was good to see.

"Is it not wonderful to know Jesus Christ, and not have to believe such terrible nonsense, Mrs. Chandler?" she exclaimed, her voice hushed and reverent. "How I do love my Jesus because He has brought me into another world where I have such peace and happiness. My heart is so thankful and so content. We have something which Bishop Mansfield knows nothing about."

Some of the "theological views" of the Bishop were given in the paper. His most recent book, "The Dawn of

A New Era," was being widely used in religious circles and was receiving much praise from many pastors and educators. Certain paragraphs read as follows:

"Even though I have been compelled to repudiate much of the old type of dogma, I like the chants, the prayers and the hymns of the church. The sacrament has much meaning for me, even though I differ from others in my conception of what it really is. I do not interpret the Bible literally. The church to me is poetry and art and the soul's struggle for spiritual expression. It is absurd for the church to attempt to bind itself with literalism. The church is making a pitiful attempt today to claim orthodoxy when it is no longer orthodox.

"They cannot excommunicate me. I am more honest in my expression of what I believe, more true to my convictions, and more ready to tell others where I stand than my fellow bishops are. I can fling back to them a challenge. Let them state that they believe in the absolute literalism of the Bible, and that they are willing to accept it as the inspired word of God, then they may talk to me of excommunication. I simply express that which I believe, and which they themselves have come largely to believe. Only they are cowards and will not be true to themselves. Some day the mask will be torn aside, and people will see them for what they are. They are afraid to become pioneers of the new era. Someone has to blazon the trail and bear the brunt and the stress and be willing to accept martyrdom for the sake of opening up the way for people to accept a healthier type of religion, a religion which, in time, will appeal universally to all peoples of the world. I know it will appeal to the working people, for already multitudes have cast off the shackles of superstition and ignorance which have bound the Church for centuries."

As Margaret paused for a moment and looked up, she saw that Thelma was listening intently, a shrewd gleam in her eyes.

"It seems to me that must be a pretty hard pill for some of the bishops to swallow, if this man's accusations are true," was her laconic comment. "It has been announced that he will not speak in Frampton on religion, but only on social and welfare work. What fools people are even to recognize such a man. They are simply opening the door wide for the entrance of Communism."

There was much more to the article, but as Dwight came running in at that moment, the paper was laid aside. Both women felt that they had read all they cared to read.

Dr. Hildreth arrived at noon the next day. Going into the library after lunch, where the others expected to join him a few minutes later, the first thing that attracted his attention was the paper of the night before, with its large headlines about the coming to Frampton of Bishop Mansfield. Glancing at the material in the first column, he uttered an exclamation as his attention was riveted by the pictured likeness. When Kennedy entered, Hildreth turned to him quickly.

"This Mansfield is none other than the one who approached me at the Institute after I had finished my address that morning," he explained, much to Kennedy's surprise. Ralph nodded his head thoughtfully.

"So that is the man," he commented, briefly. "I can well realize why they would desire to fight you. We have a right to be stirred over the coming of such a man to the city. Even though he will not be in the churches, the ministers have not protested against his coming here. But we are in the high tide of apostasy with Communism sweeping in upon us from all sides. The Christian church is being weighed in the balances and found wanting. We can only remain faithful and continue in giving our testimony. I thoroughly believe that Mansfield is the outstanding forerunner of the gospel of Communism in America, although he is too clever to declare himself openly in a place where the pastors have been willing to tolerate the

giving of his message. Nevertheless he is thoroughly Communistic."

When Margaret and Thelma and Stephen came in a few minutes later, they were ready to give their undivided attention to the examination of the letters and documents. It was an expectant group that gathered about the library table, as Ralph took the package from the drawer, still wrapped in the handkerchief, and handed it to Dr. Hildreth.

The others watched him in silence as he opened it and took out the letters which were tied separately. Laying the other papers and documents upon the table, Hildreth turned his attention to the letters. It was not surprising that, in spite of an effort, his hand shook as he opened them.

There was no question in the mind of Canon Hildreth, when he had finished reading them, but that Thelma's story had been absolutely correct. A mist came into his eyes as he opened the first letter and saw his mother's familiar handwriting. How often, as a boy, had he seen that writing. The note of disappointment and bitterness over Harriet's waywardness went to his heart. His poor mother! What she must have suffered in her attempt to remain true to an agreement which had caused her much heartache and secret regret! He was convinced that had she been able to forsee the yoke of bondage which she had unwittingly allowed to come upon her own children, she never could have remained silent until her death. Truly it was a strange experience which had come into the life of his parents. At last he looked up and turned to Thelma. Into his eyes there had come a great light.

"So long as I live, Thelma, my gratitude will be yours for the remarkable manner in which you have been able to procure for me this valuable information. After reading this letter, everything is explained. You were correct in everything you told me last Friday night."

The letter from Harriet's father was more difficult to



make out, for it was poorly written and blurred with ink spots. However, by dint of perseverance, he finally mastered the contents.

One sentence in the letter from this man who had signed himself Stinemetz caused them much indignation.

"You have a good hold upon the Hildreth family. Keep your parentage to yourself. It has been a help to you to have been connected with an American home. These poor American fools think this counts for much. Hold the sword over Canon Hildreth if ever you must. It will kill his pride."

Hildreth read only part of the man's letter aloud, for there were many profane expressions which he did not repeat. It was to Stephen that this news came unexpectedly, for he had been in ignorance of the discovery. With a burst of genuine gratitude, after the situation had been explained to him, he went over to Thelma, extending his hand and thanking her for the service she had been able to render them. Before Dr. Hildreth turned his attention to the other documents, they knelt for a season of prayer and thanksgiving together.

It was fortunate that Hildreth possessed an excellent knowledge of German. The documents before him for consideration would present no difficulty, so far as his reading of them was concerned.

There were four lengthy, closely written parchments, each containing several pages. A much longer silence followed now before Hildreth uttered a word. The others watched him expectantly; and, as they noticed his pre-occupation, their wonder grew each moment. The occasional tense exclamation which fell from his lips proved to them that he had before him something of vast importance.

After nearly a half hour he looked up slowly, and none of them ever forgot the dangerous light which lay in his eyes. It boded no good for certain individuals who were evidently connected in some way with these documents. For a few minutes he sat with knitted brows. Ralph Kennedy, more calm than the others, lay back in his chair.

Beneath his half closed eyes he watched the face of the man opposite him.

When Canon Hildreth finally spoke, his voice was strained and hard.

"I can hardly credit the evidence of my senses," he began. "These documents are of supreme importance. There is sufficient evidence here to prove beyond any question the existence of a deeply-laid conspiracy. While many of the details are missing, nevertheless Thelma has surely stumbled upon papers which will be of the utmost help to Bruce McKinnom. The whole plan is so amazing that I am staggered by the gigantic scale upon which these scoundrels are working. It sounds more like an impossible tale of fiction. Under the present existing circumstances, however, there can be absolutely no question as to the genuineness of these documents. The situation is serious beyond expression. We must get to work immediately."

A premonition of forthcoming revelations brought a hush over the little group. The silence was broken finally by Ralph.

"You suggest the existence of a conspiracy? Has it anything to do with America, and can it be unearthed?"

Hildreth nodded. It was evident to them that, even as he talked, his mind was working rapidly in an effort to decide upon a course of action.

"We must at least make the attempt, Kennedy," he said. "The fourth document is wholly concerned with the plans of the Communists for America. Briefly now I will give you the gist of what these papers contain. The outstanding fact revealed herein, and one which we must guard with the utmost secrecy for the present, is that in two weeks from this date there is to be held in America a secret illegal convention. The name of the place is not given; but, from certain references being made to a number of localities, I am convinced that this will not be such a difficult matter to discover, especially if Bruce McKin-

nom once has this information. We are going to be in a position to help McKinnom in a very marked manner. It will be necessary for us to start for Colorado almost immediately, Ralph. The facts here warrant us in delivering as speedily as possible these papers to McKinnom."

The gravity of the situation came home to them as he went on to tell them of other disclosures made. Evidently the documents were in the nature of reports of certain meetings held by Communist comrades. There were many abbreviations which it would require some study to understand. Constant reference was made to "Internationalism." The thing which America, as well as every other nation, must eventually be freed from was "patriotic nationalism." As their expressed purpose and goal was to establish a world unity of purpose and a world brotherhood, the present governments of the earth must go, and the government in America was no exception. It was evidently doomed. In different places throughout the documents there breathed forth a perfect hatred of the names "God," "Christ," and kindred words. Superstition and ignorance were no longer to be tolerated in the name of false religion. The aristocracy and the capitalist class would soon be exterminated, paving the way for the supreme power to be invested in the working-man, or the proletariat. There were repeated references to the passing of the present generation. The youth of America presented the hopeful prospect in connection with the new order of things. The old order would soon crumble under the force and power of a new world domination. Great progress had been made along all lines.

Some of the material in these reports was general in character, and applied to world conditions. It was the fourth document which dealt entirely with the situation in America.

Although Hildreth realized the existence of the danger; nevertheless the incompleteness of the information in connection with some of the points was perplexing. How-

ever, there was no question about the existence in America already of a powerful group of foreigners, who were the real leaders in this new movement. There were no names mentioned in the documents, but certain individuals were referred to by number. Several slogans which had been adopted were given, such as "Workers of the World Unite." It was evident that the Communists were well aware of the psychological effect of repetition of slogans upon the peoples of the world. Reference was made to certain Communist "manifesto" expressions, such as "mass action," "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat" and "class struggle." It was quite evident to Hildreth that the mass of propaganda suggested in these condensed reports, and which already was actually in existence, was the most expertly conceived plan in the world. The intellectuality displayed in the compilation of these reports fairly astounded Canon Hildreth. He realized that herein lay the principal cause of the danger. It was not a group of ignorant, illiterate men and women who stood back of this movement, but a powerful body of men who evidently possessed untold influence. According to these documents, America was in far greater peril than the multitudes of her people dreamed of.

The leaders of the movement quite clearly recognized the fact that they represented an "illegal organization." The coming convention was frankly referred to as such. Mention was also made of the various means by which people could be reached most quickly with this new gospel of Communism. Chief among these means was the press. Evidently they considered this the most powerful weapon in their hands. In a general way reference was made to the army and navy. No avenue was to be neglected—Communism must be propagated in every walk of American life. It was the coming order of the day, and every means, legal and illegal, must be used to relentlessly push this system in America. The Communist leaders apparently recognized America as the most fertile soil for their

operations. It was a promising field of opportunity. Much of the fourth document was occupied with plans for winning the working men of America. Labor was their strong point of contact.

After Hildreth had imparted to them the gist of this astonishing information which lay revealed before him, a realization of the gravity of the situation seemed to come over the entire group. Thelma had been more prepared for his disclosures, but to Margaret there came slowly the conviction that the children of America were hopelessly doomed. Up from her heart went a great prayer of anguish. Finally Ralph spoke.

"You are right, Canon," he said gravely. "It will be impossible for us to remain here one day longer than necessary. I shall arrange affairs here so that we may be able to leave for Colorado within a few days. It is fortunate that your schedule has been completed, and that nothing stands in your way. Stephen will hold the fort here while I am away. I had decided to spend two weeks at the McKinnom Camp, and there is nothing to interfere with this arrangement to go now instead of later. With all possible haste this information should be delivered to Bruce McKinnom."

It was then that Margaret unfolded to them her plan that Thelma should accompany them. Both men realized the wisdom of the suggestion.

"There will not be time for me to first write to Christine as I had expected to do this week," she remarked. "However, I know that the McKinnoms will welcome Thelma. I want to know that she is in safe hands, and besides she can be of great service to him just at this time, I am sure."

"I think this is a splendid suggestion, Mrs. Chandler," Hildreth replied. "We all feel that we owe Thelma a debt of gratitude which we can never fully repay. It appears to me that already this movement here in America has commenced to spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire.

It is high time that some drastic measures were taken by our government."

To Ralph there came again the question which very often came to him in these days in connection with any new discovery of existing evil. Would it be possible to avert, for any great length of time, such an impending catastrophe? Looking at the conditions around them in the light of Scriptural prophecy, he realized forcibly that this terrible system of Communism was very likely the rising tide which would usher in the coming Anti-Christ. No man was more grateful for all the benefits and blessings which came to individuals through the medium of American civilization than was Ralph Kennedy. Nevertheless he was a man who faced facts squarely without fear of the consequences. As he thought of the millions of people living in this great country, his heart often yearned in Christ-like compassion for their lost and hopeless condition. The spiritual need was ever paramount with him. It was the millions of souls for whom Christ died, going heedlessly and indifferently into a Christless eternity, that gripped his heart and life and filled his messages with such tremendous power. When the burden became heaviest he resorted to prayer.

When the little group in the study broke away from the spell of the revelations which had been made to them, it had been decided that they would leave for Colorado on Thursday. The time for prompt action had come.

## CHAPTER XIV

### NEWS FROM COLORADO

THE family were gathered in the cheerful breakfast room on Wednesday noon, where lunch was generally served. Dr. Hildreth had just come downstairs, having spent the forenoon in his room, busy with correspondence. As Margaret handed across the table a package of mail which had come that morning for their guest, she smiled as she indicated a bulky letter on top. It was one which bore the postmark of the town near where the McKinnom camp was located. Eleanor Hildreth's name appeared in the upper corner.

"This looks like a worth-while letter, Dr. Hildreth," she said. "We have all been anxiously awaiting this word from Camp McKinnom. It is quite evident that your sister has much to say about her trip out there."

The McKinnoms had prevailed upon Eleanor to accompany them. She had sent her brother a brief letter from Stockton before they had taken a hurried departure, promising to write at her first opportunity when they had become settled in camp. But very urgently the girl had insisted that Canon should join them later in the summer. Now had come the first direct message since the travelers had reached their destination.

After reading part of the letter, which was quite lengthy, he uttered an exclamation. Margaret looked up rather anxiously.

"I trust there is nothing wrong?" she questioned. He hastened to assure her that so far as their safety was concerned they were all right. There was news, however, which was rather unexpected.

After he had finished reading the entire letter he looked up.

"Eleanor writes that they are having a wonderful time in many ways," he remarked. They noticed that his lips were compressed, and that something in the letter had stirred him deeply. "I want you to hear the incident which Eleanor writes about in the latter part of the letter."

Then as his eyes fell upon Dwight, who was a wide-eyed listener, he hesitated.

"Perhaps we had better wait until we reach the study or the library, Mrs. Chandler," he suggested. Margaret caught the glance and nodded.

It was a short while later, as they were seated in the study, that Hildreth read the entire letter aloud. It was addressed to both brothers.

"To the two dearest brothers in the world, Canon and Stephen:

"I have neglected writing to you since we started from Stockton for this wonderful place. Every minute has been so full, and the time flies so rapidly out here in this marvelous country. I have no words in my vocabulary which are adequate to fully describe the grandeur which exists all about us. I wish you could both be with me this afternoon in this wonderful out-of-doors. Dear little Betty Marie is asleep. She is nearly always with me. I left the house after lunch today, telling Christine that I must get out here at the foot of one of these towering mountains and spend the afternoon writing letters. Of course yours is first.

"I scarcely know where to begin, for I have so much to tell. Everything, since we left Stockton, seems as though it were happening to me in a dream. I shall never forget the wonder of the two-days' trip out here. The McKinnoms are such splendid people, and it is such a rare privilege for me to know a woman like Christine. She insists that I call her by her given name. The things I have learned from her regarding world conditions are worth far more to me than two years in any school could ever be. In a vague manner I have heretofore realized that conditions were grave. Now I know them to be truly startling. I shall never cease to be grateful because you and the McKinnoms urged so insistently that I come out here with them. We are forming a life-long friendship which will be very precious to me through the years if Jesus does not come very soon. But I believe that His coming is very, very near.

"It is from Mr. McKinnom that Christine has learned much about actual conditions, but she is very modest about her own knowledge. I think she has been invaluable to him. There is



something so wholesome about both of them, although Mr. McKinnom has only been here one day since we arrived. His position is a very important one, but I know that Christine's marvelous insight into conditions, through her knowledge and grasp of Biblical prophecy, has helped him immensely.

"You remember, Canon, how anxious I have been to really understand just what is taking place here in America. I have learned enough this past week to fill a volume. Conditions are far more grave and serious than I ever imagined they could be. In spite of the indifference which exists everywhere, the menace of Bolshevism is a very real one here in our country. Christine says these facts are difficult to place before the public, owing to the power which is behind the press in America. Through this power the real news of conditions is being suppressed and kept back from the people. This is the thing which Mr. McKinnom is trying so hard to fight. He is handicapped because he lacks proof. The men who are back of this movement are very clever. Just now he is on the trail of two men who are considered very dangerous to the interests of our country. There seems to be so much secrecy surrounding the spreading of this propaganda which is being sent out everywhere, that so far he has made but little headway. He says, however, that he will never give up until he runs them to cover. If any man is able to ferret things out, that man is Mr. McKinnom.

"Before I try to give you a glimpse of our surroundings out here, I must tell you about something which happened last night which was not very pleasant. In fact, Christine has sent word to Mr. McKinnom, and we expect he will be with us over Sunday. When he left here on Friday morning, he did not expect to be with us over this week end, but we are sure he will come when he receives the message. That is, if it is at all possible for him to get away. The lodge-keeper sent a telegram to him today.

"When we reached here on Wednesday night, having left Stockton on Tuesday morning, we found that the keeper had everything in readiness for our comfort. How good that first supper tasted! I am actually developing an enormous appetite, Canon. The only thing we desperately wanted after we had finished supper was sleep. In spite of the fact that everything seemed so new and wonderful to me, I could scarcely keep from falling asleep through the hour during which we worked together after supper that night, getting our necessary things unpacked. This wonderful air which comes down from the mountains at night is quite cold, so the keeper had a fire of logs blazing on the hearth, and it did feel good. But the air also plays havoc with our eyes. I had not been in my snug bed two minutes before I was sound asleep.

"Mr. McKinnom spent Thursday at the camp. He was chafing to get away, but Christine insisted upon his having one day of complete rest, so he yielded. In spite of my determination that I would rise early on Thursday, for my first day in the mountains, I over-slept. No one at the Camp arose before ten o'clock. But yesterday morning, as Mr. McKinnom was to leave very early, we arose before sunrise. I shall never forget the wonder of it all, that glorious sunrise in the mountains. How much people do miss who have never been in the mountains. But here I am wandering away from my important news which I have for you.

"We went to bed early last night, and I do not suppose that I should have known anything about what transpired, had not Christine called me. It must have been about midnight. We had agreed that we would, when alone, share the same large sleeping-porch at the camp, for it is much pleasanter to be together. The keeper at the camp, a large, strong man, sleeps in a room just inside the hall-way. He is a man they have employed for years out here, and is very faithful and trustworthy.

"The first thing I remember last night was when Christine came to my bedside and gently shook me by the shoulder. Although it rather startled me at first, I sat up in bed instantly.

"Her face was full of concern, as I saw it in the moon-light. 'Listen' she whispered, 'do you hear that noise?' Even as she spoke I became distinctly aware of certain strange sounds off in the distance. It sounded very much like revelry and music, combined with shouts and laughter.

"Christine assured me that never before had anything like this happened out near their camp. The territory for miles around is supposed to be restricted, and the different camps are owned by folks who are expected to give the utmost pledges of respectability before they are allowed to come into this district and purchase sites for summer camps. She was utterly at a loss to account for the noises. It did not sound like passing travelers, for the sounds remained at the same distance. There seemed to be no letting up.

"When I suggested that we had better arouse Mr. Wells, the keeper, she nodded her head. 'I do not understand why he has not already heard these noises' she said, in a troubled voice. She was concerned for Betty Marie. 'This is decidedly unpleasant,' she went on. 'It has always been considered so safe out here. I do not understand this mystery.'

"To make the story short, Canon, we finally aroused Mr. Wells. I wish you could have witnessed Christine's indignation when she heard his story. The reason why the noises had not disturbed him was because he was accustomed to them. It seems that the

former owner of a camp which is situated about a mile from the McKinnom property, recently sold his place to a group of university students who come out here to their camp for frequent periods together. To our utter amazement we discovered that these students were considered quite respectable, being among the most highly educated in the state. Yet they come here to a lonely mountain camp to spend the midnight hours in revelry, unchaperoned and unconcerned. Mr. Wells informed us that the residents in the neighborhood had at first resented this invasion into their quiet, but they had become accustomed to it and were beginning to show a spirit of indifference over the matter. They were young people bent upon fun and frolic who had a right to indulge in the good times of youth. They were not at the camp all week, usually only during week-ends. Toward morning the noises always subside, and the young people go to their camps and sleep till noon.

"Christine declares this is a very serious discovery. She feels confident that Mr. McKinnom will do something toward starting an investigation. She claims it is this very spirit of lawlessness and disregard for control and authority which is beginning to be manifested everywhere in America. Mr. McKinnom, she believes, will be able to trace this back to the existence of Communism being fostered in the schools and universities of America. The condition of things in the high schools and colleges, in connection with the morality of the students, is becoming worse every year. Everything is shrouded in such mystery, however, that it is difficult to obtain evidence.

"Christine says there is absolutely no danger, for Mr. Wells has assured her that these young people keep to themselves and never bother any one in the neighborhood. Those camps which are situated nearer to University Camp, of course, are the ones whose occupants suffer most from the frequent noises at night. I will let you know later on how the matter develops. So much for the account of this experience. This has been the only note of jarring unpleasantness thus far.

"Now for a touch of the brighter side of the picture. I wish you might see the panorama spreading before me. I am seated on a large moss-covered stone, about a quarter of a mile from the camp. Here is where Christine and I came yesterday morning for our devotionals after Bruce had gone. The view on every side is one vast stretch of rugged mountain peaks. On the farthest mountains there are always the eternal white snow caps. It seems so strange that the sun should be shining so brightly, and yet to see those white snowy peaks in the far distance. These mountains are so different from those in the East which surrounded our

home when we were children. Everything there was green, and the scenery was different. But here there is such height and such solemn grandeur in these mighty open spaces, that it literally takes one's breath. I do love it here. I cannot express the indescribable feeling of nearness to God which comes over me constantly. It seems as though one is so much nearer to eternal things out here in these vast spaces of the earth. Do try to find time to come out, Canon. I would urge you to come also, Stephen, but I realize that the South is calling you. Perhaps next summer you and Ruth can come out here for your honeymoon. Christine has asked me to suggest this to you. I should love to have it so, for Christine says she will insist every summer that I come out here for my vacations. I do not know as yet to what special life work God will call me, Canon, but I know that I would ask for nothing more wonderful than the privilege of spending my vacations here.

"Betty Marie is waking up, so I shall have to close and romp with her for a while. Christine insists that I take the child with me and get out of doors as much as possible while she does the work. It is hard to secure experienced help out here, and we should have brought someone with us. Mr. McKinnom will try to find some competent girl in town very soon. By the way, I have been requested to send a personal message to Mr. Kennedy. She insists that he shall come out here very soon, and that you shall come with him.

"Assuring you that I am looking forward to the possibility of your joining us some time this summer, and hoping to hear from both you boys very soon, I remain,

"Ever yours lovingly,

"ELEANOR."

As Hildreth finished reading the lengthy epistle, he became conscious of Thelma's attitude. He looked at her inquiringly. The girl was leaning forward, her chin in her hands, an eager light in her eyes. Evidently she was all a-quiver to offer some information.

"Well, Thelma," he encouraged her, "I see that you have something to say. Let us have it! I can realize how this letter would affect you." The girl nodded her head, for a moment a far-away look coming into her eyes. Whenever Thelma looked as she did now, they were ready for some fresh revelations.

"All that your sister writes is in keeping with the great plan, all a part of the terrible purpose to capture the youth

of the world. It is connected with the great system which they call the 'Youth Movement.' "

Realizing that fresh disclosures were evident, they listened again as Thelma once more held their undivided attention. First, she brought out the fact that Harriet Hildresky's special work, done under cover, was the furthering of plans in connection with the Student's National Organization, and that in America there were branches in many universities. The fostering of the Youth Movement was the thing of supreme importance in the estimation of many Comrades of Communism. They were constantly winning new recruits by preaching the gospel of the new social order. College students were being taught not only to educate themselves, but incidentally to educate their educators. The work had first been started under the banner of Socialism; but, because of unfavorable public sentiment being stirred up against Socialism, they had changed the name of the organization many times in order to avoid conflict with those who were prejudiced. It was, however, a change in name only. Communism was the power back of this movement. This was only a trick to capture the youth of the country and interest them in Communistic ideas.

"I have heard young Mansfield tell Harriet Hildresky that hundreds of American college students are being won over every year to Communism. These student organizations have been started in dozens of colleges and universities, and these branches are constantly reaching out after new students. The young people of this country are being forced by terrible pressure into this awful system, Dr. Hildreth."

She spoke with an intensity that stirred them profoundly, and she shuddered once or twice. Evidently there was more to follow.

"Clyde Mansfield has said many things about this movement. He was only a student in a big eastern university when he became filled with a desire to know what he

called 'the truth,' even before he commenced to dabble in Communism. He says there was confusion in the minds of many students, and is today, until they begin to 'discover themselves.' Some who had studied Communism burned for action, and they were eager to know what parts they might play in the new world as events shaped themselves. Others less sure wanted enlightenment. So they started study classes which were thrown open for discussion, and which later developed into student organizations. The Russian Revolution is one of their outstanding topics of discussion. He boasts of what he calls 'missionary work of the pioneer order.' He is doing to the young people what his father does to those older. They make havoc and shipwreck of all faith in God."

Hildreth's thoughts went to Barbara and all that she had escaped. He could afford to shudder with *Thelma* as he contemplated the deadly work being carried on and fostered everywhere by the Communists. Every hour, almost, seemed to bring them some new revelation of the hidden plans of this group of powerful radicals who were conspiring against all that was good and true.

"Not only in Russia would they have children despise parental authority, but here in America as well," the girl continued. "Old folks, they say, have no right to expect obedience from their children. This is the reason why so many children today refuse to be controlled by their parents, Dr. Hildreth. Obedience rendered by children and young people they pronounce intolerable. One of the cardinal points in their teaching is that in no relationship between human beings has obedience any rightful place. Each individual must be a law unto himself. Obedience means subjection, the subjection of the weaker to the stronger, and this they claim is an abominable attitude, in the home as well as in the state. Youth refuses to be bound. They are fast reaching the place where they refuse in any way to be shackled. No domination by elders for them, for they must be free to follow their own goals.

Clyde Mansfield says that the manner in which the young people are catching this idea of independence is downright encouraging. But, oh, if people only realized the peril and danger of it all."

She was again under the spell of conditions as they existed in Europe, and as they were fast coming into existence in America. To Hildreth there came home most vividly a conviction that, in the future, Thelma's greatest work would be to go up and down the land, warning men and women everywhere of the great peril in which their children were constantly living.

"In one of Mansfield's articles," the girl's voice went on untiringly, "he says we must 'regain the body,' whatever that may mean. That we are 'Christians no longer.' This letter from your sister suggests most strongly their methods. The lives of young people must be lived *together*, without restraint, as much as possible in the out-of-doors. As they give vent to the yearnings of youth, so shall they find God. Thank God, Dr. Hildreth, I have found Him, but not by following their terrible teachings. I know now that if one follows *their* way, it leads to despair here, and to death hereafter. They may revel in their new freedom for a while, but what a terrible price they will pay in the future. Oh, that the conditions in Russia might serve as a warning to the people here."

Whenever she mentioned Russia she sensed the bond that existed between Hildreth and herself. Even with all their interest this was something in which the others could not completely share.

"As they go forth to solitary places in Europe, so they are now beginning it here," the girl's voice went on. "They claim that the highest expression by which they can give vent to their feelings is through the dance. The experience your sister and Mrs. McKinnom had in Colorado show plainly that their plans are succeeding here. When they 'release the body' and give way to every desire within them, Dr. Hildreth, then they claim they are on the high road

to finding God. They are so confident that they are on the right road. They say it is a road which leads past the path of priests and churches. The torch of a new life, they say, is burning for them and beckoning them onward. When they dance the dance of the earth, then the stars shine within them. You see I am giving it to you just as they have written and talked and sung about it. Oh, it all seems so alluring and mysterious and so poetical, but it all spells death in the most terrible way. I see it all so plainly now through the light Jesus gives me. Instead of the golden future for which they hope, they are going forward into an awful abyss where the Anti-Christ awaits them."

A veritable fire of mystical enthusiasm, which stirred them profoundly, seemed to envelope this girl. As she was holding them spellbound with her recital, the day would come when she might so arouse others. They made no attempt to interrupt her.

"They call themselves 'youthful comrades.' This is the manner in which they address each other. If the youth of all lands would reach their desired goal, they must dare everything and be unafraid. Always they urge the yielding to the call of 'young blood,' and scorn professed modesty. If you feel anything, give in to that feeling regardless of consequences. Forget those who are prudes. If you show signs of weakness, or profess modesty, they laugh you to scorn, until it puts you on your mettle. Their ceaseless cry is to live, live and dare everything, even if it is necessary to tear in pieces what they call the miserable balance sheet of their elders. According to their teaching, you have nothing worth while in this world unless you cast aside every form of prudery and individually live your own lives. They urge good comradeship, and a new freedom of intimate companionship between boys and girls and men and women. That is why you have so much that is morally lax today, Dr. Hildreth."

It was upon Margaret Chandler that the full force and



horror of these revelations seemed to come. Hers was the grave responsibility of rearing to a safe and wholesome manhood her little boy. She turned to Thelma.

"If this is the spirit that is making such headway here," she said apprehensively, almost a look of dread in her eyes, "then how ignorant we mothers have been. What a burden should rest upon the heart of every true mother. I am praying that eventually God will lead you out up and down this land, Thelma, warning our parents of their serious responsibilities. I see so many things more plainly in the light of your revelations."

As she thought of the clear-eyed child whose innocence might possibly change in the years to come, she shivered a little. Within her heart there was the prayer that she might not only be faithful to Dwight, but to the children of other parents who as yet knew nothing of these conditions. She never forgot Thelma's reply. It touched her to the quick.

"You need fear nothing for your boy, Mrs. Chandler," the girl said earnestly, a wistful smile upon her lips now. "I wish every child had a mother as safe as you are. Dwight will never have an opportunity to be fooled by such nonsense. You will see to that. Besides, God will help you for your trust is in Him. No, Mrs. Chandler, Dwight is quite safe."

There was more that she had to tell them of the system being put into operation.

"In the beginning of this youthful crusade they did take chaperones with them, but now they refuse the company of their elders," the girl continued. "They refuse to accept adult supervision of any kind. They organize themselves in Europe, usually in pairs, a boy with every girl, and tramp off to their HEBERGER or rest huts, to hold their festive ceremonies and dances; and, after their night orgies, they go to rest in their huts, or under the trees. This report from Colorado shows that in America they are also commencing the system. They go bareheaded and in

sandals, and wear knickers, claiming that thus they have a triumphant bodily feeling of being one with the air and the sun. The roots of Communism must be planted here in America also, Dr. Hildreth, and they claim that youth is their most promising experiment. In Europe many of their games are held in physical nudity. Just read some of the student magazines, and you will find that this condition is absolutely true in some districts. In other places they have not yet dared to go so far. Look at the American bathing beaches today for a common example. Such things are a disgrace to any country."

How keen an insight God had given her into conditions existing so universally, and how unerring was her instinct. They forgot, as they listened, that the afternoon was well-spent. Her voice went on, untiringly.

"They talk about the beauty of the 'lonely hill-tops in the darkness of the surrounding world, of sitting before the red glow of an open fire, which is shining brightly to lure the youth of other lands to come and join their ranks .....As they sit with friendly beckoning hands, they make the claim that they are a handful of young people, naked and unknowing, pioneers who are striving to realize God in a world of what they call gross materialism. They are searching for a realization of themselves through a higher life. This is their method of appealing to the youth of the world, Dr. Hildreth, in language that is beautiful and mysterious, and inclined to stir the longing for adventure. But, oh, it is the deadly beauty and mystery and fascination of a luring serpent. If only your people would awaken to the terribleness of it all. In the schools and colleges they get the very seeds of this teaching in their student clubs."

At this point Ralph interrupted her.

"You refer to the schools and the colleges, Thelma," he remarked. "Do you happen to know in which schools or universities these things are taught?" She shook her head.

"No, Mr. Kennedy," she replied. "I have not been in

America long enough for that. I have heard Clyde Mansfield discuss all these things with those at the settlement. Also, I have seen their student magazines. You can, however, afford to be on guard against any institution that has either a 'Liberal Society,' an 'Open Forum Club,' or a 'Social Science Club.' It has been admitted that until people in America are educated up to the new conditions, that very often it is necessary to slip their subversive organizations into the life of the university under cover, using camouflage and deception. There are different names for these various organizations, but they are all revolutionary and radical in their tendencies, all connected vitally with a central headquarters. Back of it all is the Communistic system. They sometimes hide their real purpose under such terms as 'giving vent to "spiritual" expression' . . . . Sometimes they call it 'spiritual illumination,' claiming that the Youth Movement is spontaneous, a general movement of the youth of all lands to 'find themselves.' But it is anything but spontaneous. It is a deliberate part of the great plan. The youth are urged to become the forerunners of a new humanity. That is why they exercise their new freedom and go off on these 'wander hikes' to live their own lives, untrammelled by adult control."

It was Kennedy who finally suggested a season of prayer over the gravity of conditions. There was much to do that night in the way of preparation for their departure for Colorado, for the party was to start the following morning. In the light of these fresh disclosures, their need for urgent departure seemed greater than ever. The information and documents in their care must be transferred to Bruce McKinnom with all possible dispatch. Stephen had been instructed about carrying on the work in Ralph's absence. If in Thelma's heart there was a spirit of heaviness over the thought of parting with Margaret Chandler, she did not show it. God was working out His own plan for her young life, and she was learning to place all her trust in Him.

## CHAPTER XV

### AT CAMP MCKINNOM

OUT in the Colorado mountains, at Camp McKinnom, there had been the greatest spirit of expectancy and preparation from the very moment when word had been received of the coming of the travelers. It had been early on Wednesday morning that Christine received the wire from Kennedy in which very briefly he announced the fact that important developments had caused them to plan for their trip to the camp almost immediately. Ralph had made it imperative that word must somehow be sent to Bruce McKinnom at once so that he would not fail to be at the camp over the week-end. The party expected to reach Camp McKinnom possibly on Friday, but not later than Saturday.

In spite of the consciousness that something decidedly unusual must have transpired to bring them to the camp so unexpectedly, Christine and Eleanor were filled with eager anticipation. To Eleanor especially it was a cause for much rejoicing that she should again see her brother.

Bruce, in response to his wife's urgent wire, arrived at home on Friday afternoon, anxious and expectant, wondering very much over the summons. From the telegram sent by Kennedy it was impossible for him to gather very much that was definite and tangible. However, he felt convinced that something important and serious must have developed, or they would never have acted with such urgency.

Stretched out upon a chaise lounge in the living room, on Friday evening, with Betty Marie on the floor beside him playing with her dolls, he stared hard at the softly glowing fire in the grate, rather impatiently hoping that

the travelers might arrive that night. Finally he aroused himself from his deep reverie, looking at his watch. If they had left Frampton on Thursday morning they should reach camp that night, barring any delay through accidents. A good road stretched from Boulder to the camp, and the brilliant moonlight outside made the trail easily passable on this night. Christine and Eleanor were in the kitchen having supper for them under way, in case they arrived without having had any. It was just six o'clock, but to Bruce McKinnom the time seemed to drag. They had already partaken of their evening meal. Nothing should interfere with their getting to business immediately when the men arrived.

It was several hours later, and still they had not come. Christine tried to busy herself with sewing, as she sat opposite Bruce, while Eleanor had fallen asleep in the deep chair. The last hour had dragged itself away when Mrs. McKinnom suddenly dropped her work. Surely there was a new sound from without, very faint, but gaining in volume.

In an instant Bruce McKinnom was on his feet. "They have come!" he exclaimed. Going to the door he flung it open wide. It was the sound of a motor slowly chugging up a steep incline a few rods from the house.

For the next half hour the camp was a scene of much activity. Thelma, standing back out of sight, was finally brought forward and taken in hand by Christine. The presence of the Russian girl added an unusual touch to the situation. A few minutes later, going into the kitchen with Eleanor, Mrs. McKinnom waxed enthusiastic in regard to Thelma.

"How wonderful that we shall have this girl to help at the camp," she exclaimed, exultantly. "It is very fortunate that so far Bruce has not been able to secure anyone."

It was after the hot supper that the men immediately pulled their chairs together, Mrs. McKinnom and Eleanor deciding that they would not remain up, but would wait

until the morning to hear the details. Hildreth had briefly told them at supper the gist of the contents which the documents contained. McKinnom realized the vast importance of such a discovery. Before Thelma left the room he stopped her.

"What Dr. Hildreth has just told us, Thelma, gives me even now an idea of how much we are indebted to you for your bringing to him these documents," he said, kindly. "You are to feel from now on, for the present at least, that your home is to be with us. This is a very important discovery, and one which will be productive of great results, I am sure." His eyes, fascinated, went to the documents in his hand.

Before the women left the room with the sleeping child, Dr. Hildreth went to Eleanor, for a moment holding his sister close in his arms. The great joy in the girl's heart, as she realized that, for the first time since his return, he would sleep under the same roof with her, and the consciousness of his nearness, had filled her eyes with a starry brightness. Together they had rejoiced in their wonderful deliverance from the yoke which had been such a dread and disgrace to them.

Standing at the other end of the room, taking in the little scene before him, Ralph's heart was filled with a great hope. There was no time for personalities upon this first night, but later his time would come, God willing. Eleanor's eyes had momentarily dropped when he had first greeted her. He was unable to keep out of his gaze the gladness he felt because he could be with her again. A great expectancy surged up within him—surely not in vain had God so permitted the crossing of their paths.

When the men had the living-room to themselves, they settled down to business. For hours they discussed this new situation, McKinnom with a growing amazement taking in the astounding facts presented to him as revealed through the documents. They examined countless maps, trying to focus their attention upon the various localities

which were referred to with such baffling vagueness in the documents describing the coming convention. Added to his own knowledge of certain facts, however, McKinnom had a pretty shrewd insight into the plans of the scoundrels. He was confident that he could determine just where the convention was likely to be held. In these documents undoubtedly lay the key to the entire situation. Many things which had baffled even McKinnom's clever brain for months in his research work were now made plain to him. He was warm in his commendation of the invaluable service which Thelma Poloski had rendered to him and to the government. McKinnom and Hildreth were definitely deciding upon their immediate plan of action.

They finally discovered that Ralph had fallen asleep, and they did not awaken him. He would be unable to help them in any way. They determined that no time must be lost, but that they would leave camp on Saturday morning. The thing of supreme moment now was to reach the place where the convention would be held, and keep all plans to themselves. No hitch must be allowed to come in their arrangements.

When at last the two men arose from their chairs, yawning tiredly, after hours in the same position, they found that the first rays of the sun were coming up in the east. It would be necessary for them to get some rest before they would be able to go on their trip. They did not awaken Kennedy, but McKinnom took the precaution to throw over him an Indian blanket.

It was just a short while later, however, that Ralph began to struggle back to consciousness. Always in the habit of arising early at home for his devotional hour, the force of the custom was upon him. At first he could not decide where he was, or what had taken place. Then, as the events of the night previous came crowding in upon his active mind, he realized that he had fallen asleep while the others had been talking and that they had not awak-

ened him. The sun had just arisen, and was shining in upon him. How glorious it was—sunrise in the mountains! Kennedy thrilled as he realized what a privilege lay before him. In another moment the blanket was tossed aside, and he was upon his feet, ready for a new day.

The house was very quiet. Evidently he was the first one to arise. Through the open windows there came into the room the freshness of the morning air in the mountains. The wonder and beauty of these towering mountains exhilarated him. What an invigorating atmosphere, and what a wonderful fragrance came from the magnificent pines without! How the eternal snowcaps on the far mountains toward the east sparkled and glittered in the morning sunshine—brilliant in their cold austere beauty. This was going to prove to be indeed a great experience for him. He must not stay in the house another minute. He had worked hard during the past year; and now, with all the enthusiasm of a boy out for a holiday and with new life tingling in his veins, he took his cap and his Bible and started forth. He would have his devotional hour out of doors. As he paused for a moment outside the camp, he stood inhaling deep breaths. The glory of this mountain life got into his blood, affecting him as it did everyone who came out here. The camp, ideally situated, was a charming place to spend a holiday. With almost boyish impatience he wondered when his opportunity would come to speak alone with Eleanor.

He nodded a bright good-morning to the keeper who had arisen ahead of him and was outside doing early morning chores.

"I fell asleep while the others were talking last night, and am ashamed of it," Kennedy remarked, laughing in spite of himself. The man caught the infection of his boyish personality. "This is a rich experience for me, tired city pastor as I am." The keeper did not express himself, but he wondered whether ever before in his expe-



rience he had seen anyone who looked less tired, or more buoyant than this splendid specimen of manhood.

Kennedy started out to walk up the steep incline that rose rather sheer and high almost directly to the right of the camp. He was going somewhere; he did not care where, just so he might go higher, perhaps a mile or so, and then look down from real heights. After climbing for a few minutes, however, and making a sudden turn in the path, he paused abruptly. He had caught sight of a girl's white skirt. The next moment, after taking a few more steps forward, he came unexpectedly upon Eleanor Hildreth. Seated upon a moss-covered rock, her open Bible upon her lap, she presented a picture he never forgot. For just a moment she started, then realizing who it was, she smiled up at him as she arose and gave him her hand. While her composure was perfect, she could not hide the flush that came to her face. Not realizing his attitude, he stood for a moment, staring down into the up-turned face, his own heart beating rapidly. The suddenness of the encounter had taken him unawares.

"I guess my retreat has been discovered this morning, Mr. Kennedy," she said, still smiling, as he dropped her hand. "But I am willing to share it with anyone who has sufficient ambition to arise early in the morning as you have done, and who wants to come up higher. I tell Mrs. McKinnom she does not realize how much she misses because she does not come up here early in the morning. To me this is the most precious hour and the most sacred place of the entire day." With cordial generosity she pointed to the other end of the rock as she reseated herself. His glance, leaving her face for a moment, fell to her open Bible. He was utterly unaware of the longing which shone in his eyes. If Eleanor noticed it, she had herself under perfect control. Then, suddenly, Kennedy became calm. Believing always in God's providential care and arrangement of all personal plans, he wondered if this might not be the God-provided opportunity.

He turned to her with a new determination, a gentle deference in his manner which caused Eleanor to drop her eyes for a moment.

"I am very thankful that I came up here this morning, Miss Hildreth," he said. His voice was low, as was customary with him when possessed by strong feeling. "I presume you have been up here for some little time." She assured him that she had. "It is indeed a wonderful place. I am glad to see that open Bible, for in a place like this one gets so near to God and to Jesus Christ. You see I came up here for the same purpose." He pulled from his pocket his little worn, much-used Bible.

For a while they talked about things which were eternal, the things in which they were commonly interested. After the first few minutes, when the unexpectedness of the encounter had worn away, they could not feel that there was anything unusual in the situation. Somehow the feeling came over both of them that they had been friends for a long time. Eleanor finally opened the Bible to the one hundred and fourth Psalm. She told him of having read this particular Psalm in this place on a previous occasion, and assured him that from that morning on the place had been her trysting place with the Lord.

He asked her, very quietly, if she would read it to him. As she consented, Kennedy leaned back against a tree, his eyes closed, listening to the voice of the girl beside him. She seemed to make the entire passage live anew in his very soul. What a marvelous picture of nature as God had given it to man in His Word. Could any description by man be as real or as simply sublime as this one?

When she reached the end of the chapter he opened his eyes. The girl's lips curved into a smile as she looked away at the beauty of the scene before her. Kennedy knew that this picture lived also in the soul of the girl before him.

Feeling convinced that this was the time above all others,

and realizing that God was with him, Kennedy finally spoke.

"May I be perfectly frank with you, Miss Hildreth?"

With an almost imperceptible turn of her head the girl's gaze came away from the mountains in the distance. For a moment she met his look, then the high color again came into her cheeks and stayed there. It was impossible to misunderstand his attitude. Into his voice there came the longing which has possessed men and women all through the ages.

She did not reply audibly, but with her eyes now turned away from him, she nodded her head slightly.

He told her, then, that from the first time he had seen her, several months before, there had come into his heart and life a living hope and a new interest. Never before had he met any woman for whom he really cared. She alone had won his heart. He did not say much, for there was no need for many words, but he indicated that his life would be filled with its crowning earthly happiness if she could return the love he had for her. For him she was the embodiment of everything fine and splendid and good. He drew from his pocket the little picture which Canon Hildreth had so generously allowed him to keep.

"I have talked with your brother, Eleanor," he said. He used her name, almost without realizing it. The girl thrilled as she heard it. "I have told him of my love for you, and that it will become my greatest pleasure to make you happy if this is God's will. I have not had much time to think about such things, as other men have had, and I realize that perhaps this comes to you suddenly. In the midst of my busy life of late, however, I have looked forward to this present moment when such an opportunity should become mine. Canon has given his generous consent providing you can return my regard. I did not seek this opportunity quite so early in my visit out here, but I thank God that He has allowed it to take place right here, amid such surroundings. What does your own heart say, Eleanor?"

The girl's eyes were brimming with happy tears. As she turned her face toward him and put her hand in his, he had his answer. The silence that fell between them was perfect. Into their hearts and lives that morning there came the perfect satisfaction of a crowning Christian love which should last together through this life and into eternity. Upon such a union God's greatest blessing was sure to rest supreme.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the breakfast table, as the entire household gathered at nine o'clock, in the long, low-raftered dining-room, Kennedy made the announcement that Eleanor had promised to become his wife. Upon their return together to camp, after a word to Christine who was in the kitchen where Thelma was already being initiated into the work ahead of her, the girl had gone directly to her room. Not even to Christine McKinnom could the girl speak immediately. The first hour was precious and sacred to her alone. When Ralph very simply broke the news, Eleanor's heart rejoiced over the glad happiness of the hour. Stealing a look at Canon, amid the many congratulations, the girl thrilled as she realized his satisfaction. He said very little, but his look expressed much.

Immediately after breakfast the two men commenced preparations for their departure, and several hours later they were gone. The week which followed, while full of concern and expectancy in regard to the outcome of the trip, was nevertheless a busy and happy one at the camp. Thelma fitted as silently and harmoniously into the life of Camp McKinnom as she had done into the household in Frampton. Christine thanked God daily and hourly, not only for the help the girl was proving to be in connection with the actual work of the camp, but also for her seemingly exhaustless fund of information. She and Eleanor became immediately attached to each other. Christine laughingly declared that, when Eleanor was not out

in the mountains with Ralph, she and Thelma might be found together in some spot, utterly absorbed in each other's company. The hours seemed to go by on golden wings. Betty Marie was in her element. She not only had her dear mother, but two new aunts—Aunt Thelma and Aunt Eleanor. Many times was Christine's heart made glad over the faith and love which Thelma Poloski had within her heart for her recently found Saviour.

Twelve days later a wire came one morning from Bruce.

"Successful. Coming home at once. Arriving Thursday. Bruce McKinnom."

As they commenced again preparations for the coming of travelers, glad that in some way the men had succeeded, Christine remarked that they were living this summer in one constant round of expectation. The thing which was naturally uppermost in their minds was conjecture as to just what further developments had taken place in connection with their investigations.

Christine felt sure that they would arrive during the day. She proved to be correct in her surmise. It was about ten o'clock on Thursday morning when they heard the sound of the touring car. Bruce had taken his own sturdy, well-built machine, knowing that it could stand much wear and tear. The men had stopped over night in a town in Nebraska and, after a good breakfast, had started out for the camp very early that morning. After the greetings had been exchanged, it was Christine who spoke as she turned to Bruce.

"We have everything so planned at the camp that we are entirely free from all responsibility for the rest of the day," she said. "Therefore there is nothing to hinder us from hearing the entire story, even if it takes a day to tell it. I can see that you have very much to tell. You are just brimming over with news, Bruce. The other time we women were left out of the recital, but today we are ready for the whole story, the best or the worst as the case may be. Thelma, during the past days, has told us enough

to make us realize that tremendous issues are at stake."

They had gone into the living-room. Ralph's glance fell upon a bundle of newspapers under McKinnom's arm. Glancing at the man's tightly compressed lips, he realized, from the severity of his expression that the men had discovered much more that would probably be news to them all.

McKinnom came at once to the point. There was no time to lose in beating about the bush.

"We were completely successful in unearthing the nest of conspirators," he began. "There is much to tell, besides what is contained in these papers. In spite of a strong attempt to suppress this information, I was able to get the editors of several large dailies to publish the accounts. As a result, many of the details have been emblazoned throughout a number of eastern cities. Now for a general description of our entire trip.

"We were correct in our surmise that this illegal convention was to be held in one of the middle western states. From certain descriptions given in the fourth document, I was able to recognize the locality in spite of the fact that names of towns and individuals were carefully avoided. We went directly to the constabulary of the state; and from the first moment of our appearance, we received from them the most splendid assistance, as we also did later from the county officials. Thanks to the chain of evidence in our possession, and owing to the fact that we worked with the utmost secrecy and caution, we were enabled to make one of the greatest raids in the history of this country. We had no time to lose, however, for the convention had already commenced, and was in full progress. That convention, and the documentary evidence we later secured, has simply staggered us, Christine, by the immensity of the program being planned in our very midst. The most colossal conspiracy ever hatched against the United States has been unearthed during this raid. We did have in our possession two barrels full of documentary evidence, which

is now in the hands of the state authorities. It is this evidence which will help us immensely in opening up to public understanding the terrible condition of affairs which exists today in America."

As they listened, Christine and Eleanor realized that, up until the present time, they had known comparatively nothing of the seriousness of the danger in their midst. During the hour which followed, they were almost staggered by the revelations made to them by Bruce and Dr. Hildreth. It seemed almost inconceivable. The convention had been held on a wooded estate about five miles from a railroad, a most ideal place for secrecy and concealment. Hillocks completely surrounded the old rambling farm house which had been rented for the occasion. The raid had been made suddenly. When the illegal conspirators and violators of the law realized that they had been outnumbered, they had necessarily taken to flight. A few of their important leaders had made good their escape, but seventeen had been caught red-handed. All papers, important documents and bulletins had been dumped into the earth, where a hole several feet deep had been dug at the back of the farm house. This precaution had been taken before the convention began, in case discovery should come during the convention. In their haste to get away, however, they had failed to sufficiently conceal this place of hiding. From this hole in the ground there had been secured much documentary evidence—all the proof which was needed to convict this precious group of scoundrels.

Names, records, checks from prominent men and women in America, instructions from Moscow, questionnaires filled out by the delegates themselves giving most incriminating evidence against the conspirators, everything had been brought to light. It was, in fact, the entire machinery and written propaganda of an underground organization which had been discovered. Many of the outstanding facts, as well as some details, had been given to the public:

but it had been simply impossible to get the news into certain papers. It had been laconically pronounced by some editors to be too agitational.

He paused for a moment, reaching for one of the papers. No one cared to break the silence. Under the spell of such revelations, words seemed trivial.

"It is all given here," he explained slowly, "the gist of what has taken place. When I tell you that the avowed purpose of this organization, this hell-born system of Communism, is the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force of arms, and that we have definite proof that condemns every participant in that convention, you will readily understand that in the last analysis the situation is very serious and beyond anything which we have even conceived."

Ralph finally broke the silence, as he glanced up from one of the papers which he had been scanning.

"But now that this thing has been discovered, and these documents unearthed, Bruce, is not the danger at an end? Cannot the Government of the United States do something to prevent this thing from spreading any further? Surely the people of America need not tolerate this thing any longer now that this is once known to be the condition of affairs."

When McKinnom spoke, his voice was hard and strained.

"It may be an astounding fact to you, but one which is nevertheless true," he said, "that the laws of the United States actually protect the radicals who aim at the destruction of our Government. This seems incredible, but I have carefully investigated this point. It is a fact. That is what enhances the gravity of the situation. An American citizen can go to Washington and walk down Pennsylvania Avenue with a bomb in his hand, announcing his intention to destroy property and to overthrow the Government. The only law he violates in so doing is a police regulation against disturbing the peace. If he is not



arrested, he can, after making this announcement, proceed to the Capitol and blow up the building; and the only ground upon which he can be arrested is for the destruction of Government property, not for conspiring against the Government. Americans may conspire against the Government to their hearts' content; but, until they have committed an overt act, they cannot be touched. So you see the inadequacy of our present laws."

In referring to the fact of radicals in Congress, which information had also been secured from certain documents which had been discovered, he emphasized the fact that this constituted another grave danger. Taking from his pocket some sheets of closely-typed paper, he explained that this was one of the manifestoes which he had copied from one of the documents found in the raid.

He read the copy to them.

"Orders from Moscow:

"The Central Committee of the Communist Party of America must direct its particular attention at present, and with increasing vigilance, to the progress of the strike of the miners of America. Agitators and propagandists must be sent to the strike regions. It is necessary to arouse the striking coal miners to the point of armed insurrection. Let them blow up and flood the shafts. Shower the strike regions with proclamations and appeals. This arouses the revolutionary spirit of the workers and prepares them for the coming revolution in America.

"Signed by the President of the Communist International, Russia."

As he folded up the copy of this manifesto, containing in a nutshell the explanation of the cause for so many strikes in America, he added:

"We have learned during the past week that this desire to stir up revolutions everywhere seems to be the keynote of their plans in reaching the working classes in America. I have for months suspected this, but only here and there have I been able, after much hard work, to secure occa-

sional scraps of evidence regarding this conspiracy. It has remained for God to raise up this girl, Thelma Poloski, to bring to our doors this information which has proven to be invaluable. Christine, I am not ashamed to confess to you today that, during this trip, I have come to a new faith and realization in God through Jesus Christ. In such a marvelous manner has He worked that I can no longer doubt His miraculous power. While I shall leave no stone unturned to inform people of the danger which exists here in America, nevertheless I am beginning to see toward what an end affairs are heading up. There is nothing which we can do at present to crush these people and their nefarious schemes. Whether or not it is possible to crush them, I do not know, but I shall immediately begin the preparation of a volume in which I shall give forth to the public the information in detail as contained in many of the most important documents we have unearthed."

With shining eyes, and a heart lighter than it had been for months, Christine went over to her husband. She was not ashamed of the tears which stood in her eyes, as she said in a voice which shook with much depth of feeling:

"Oh, Bruce, how my heart rejoices with you over what you have found—this peace of heart which I have prayed through these years you might have. Grave as the danger is, everything rests in His hands. We need fear nothing while our trust is in Him. My heart rejoices greatly this day. I am sure you will agree with me when I tell you that I want to adopt Thelma. She is to become our daughter in the truest sense of the word."

As Bruce McKinnom nodded, smiling kindly upon the girl whom God had so marvelously used, he pressed Christine's hand understandingly, falling in immediately with her suggestion, glad to welcome as a daughter the girl who was already winning her way into their hearts.

There was more which he wanted to tell them; so, after a few moments, he continued.

"It will take months for me to sift out all the countless

details and mass of evidence which we have found," he said. "It is a most dastardly plot which the Communists have on foot for the destruction of all the law-abiding governments on earth. Their particular campaign at present is being directed against America. It is now known, and can be positively proven by the documents discovered, that the precious group of rascals who control the affairs in Russia with such a powerful hand, radicals to the last degree every one of them, are behind this movement in America. I have for months felt this to be so, but have lacked the necessary evidence for coming out boldly with this claim. Just think for a moment of the significance which is becoming attached to the word 'RED' here in America. Has it ever struck you how the word is becoming almost universally used, also the prominence of the color itself? Many corporations are using firm names now with the word 'RED' in them. Watch this develop in the days to come, also the great confusion which is coming into the minds of people as they begin to look for a universal ruler, some super-man who will lead them out of all difficulties. I have here a pamphlet which contains a most significant statement. It is written by a man we met last week, who has recently returned from Russia after an imprisonment."

He took from his wallet a folded paper and read a few lines.

"'During my stay in Russia, a Commisar said to me, "When you return to America, you will find that we have put our propaganda in your schools, in your colleges, in your women's organizations, and in your churches." Then he added this striking and significant remark, "Where we cannot convince, we will confuse the minds of individuals."' It is this confusion, Christine, which is existing everywhere today. People hardly know where to turn for enlightenment in the midst of the chaotic conditions existing on every hand. The work of the Communists in confusing the minds of Americans seems to have been as suc-

cessful as their propaganda which has assumed appalling proportions, their membership in the United States being today practically as large as in Russia. Another statement made by this man, which furnishes food for much thought, is to the effect that, in countries which are called advanced, they are propagating a filthy, disgusting and senseless literature. Look at our magazines and periodicals today, and you will see that a large percentage of it seems deliberately prepared for the corruption of the minds of our rising generation. A sinister suggestion also comes to us in connection with the many games and pastimes of Americans today. While a prisoner in Russia, this man had access to a torn copy of 'The Protocols,' and he was much impressed by this statement: 'To prevent people from reaching independent decisions, we will commence to divert their minds by amusements, games and pastimes, and before long will begin to offer prizes through the press in the field of arts and sports, and contests of all kinds. Such attractions will definitely deflect the mind from problems over which we should otherwise have to fight with the people. By losing more and more the custom of independent thought, they will begin to talk in unison with us.' Look at the hours which supposedly intelligent Americans spend over things that are verily trifles. Independent thought is rapidly becoming stifled and deadened in America. People are drifting along blindly, going with the current, not realizing the dangers existing in their very midst."

To Eleanor, seated upon a stool beside Ralph, his arm thrown protectingly about her, as though he would ever shield her from contact with any of these grave dangers, it seemed as if God had marvelously permitted this glimpse into the future concerning many things of which she had been utterly ignorant. Bruce McKinnom's story was nearly finished now. The hands of the clock pointed well past the hour of noon.

"The very secrecy of their work, their method of plant-

ing agents in labor organizations and in an underhanded manner 'boring from within,' constitutes another grave danger. Looking at the phenomenal manner in which the membership of the organization has grown, you can see how we can now begin, for the first time, to measure and estimate the seriousness of the menace. Some of the documents would seem to intimate that the number may be estimated at hundreds of thousands of members. They have the two branches, the 'legal' and the 'illegal.' It is a vast underground organization that is being carried on in America in secret. The ramifications of the organization are now well known. It can be proven that agents of the Communists are working secretly through legal bodies, in labor circles, in society, in churches, in professional walks of life, in the Army and Navy of the United States, in schools and colleges throughout the country, in banks, in business concerns, among the farmers, among the negroes, on the stage and in the movies; in fact, in every conceivable walk of life in America. Their definite outstanding ambition is to incite the masses to armed insurrection, their purpose being, if possible, to utterly overthrow and destroy completely the United States Government, and the American institutions of Church and Home. The three cardinal principles of Communism, given in a nutshell, are: to debauch all governments, wreck family life, and destroy religion. Upon the ruins of this wholesale destruction they propose to build what they call the ideal Soviet State. This, in brief, is their objective, toward which they are working day and night, and the proof of all these plans is now in safe keeping. Upon this mass of evidence I shall work in the future."

During the prayer hour which followed the unfolding of these plans, the group at Camp McKinnom entered into the spirit of united prayer as they had never entered into it before, asking that God's mighty protecting power should be shown toward the people of America. There was, indeed, very little which could be done. Kennedy

prayed with particular earnestness that a special power and guidance might be given to Bruce McKinnom as he would soon enter into a work which would tax him to the utmost. It would be no light task to prepare such a volume for the benefit of Americans. Only as special wisdom should be given to him would he ever be able to succeed in the undertaking.

It was when they had arisen from their knees that Canon Hildreth turned to the rest of the group, before they should separate. Into his eyes there had come a great light.

"He is faithful that promised," he said, and a hush fell over the little circle. "Let us not be unmindful of God's precious word of promise as He gives it to us in Revelation: 'Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold, I come quickly.' This is our consolation and comfort."

Eleanor, her eyes shining in their brightness, looked up through her tears. The prayer service had touched her deeply.

"'Even so, come, Lord Jesus'.....'Come quickly,'" she said in a hushed voice. Standing thus in their mountain camp with the wonders of God about them, and their attitude one of great reverence, they joined together in the singing of the chorus which they had heard and sung many times before.

"Oh, Lord Jesus, how long? how long  
Ere we shout the glad song?  
Christ returneth; Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Amen."

THE END

